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*Should all our Cities be
Governed by Commission?*

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Harriman's Right Hand Man

*First Chapters of
a New and Striking Novel*
by LEROY SCOTT

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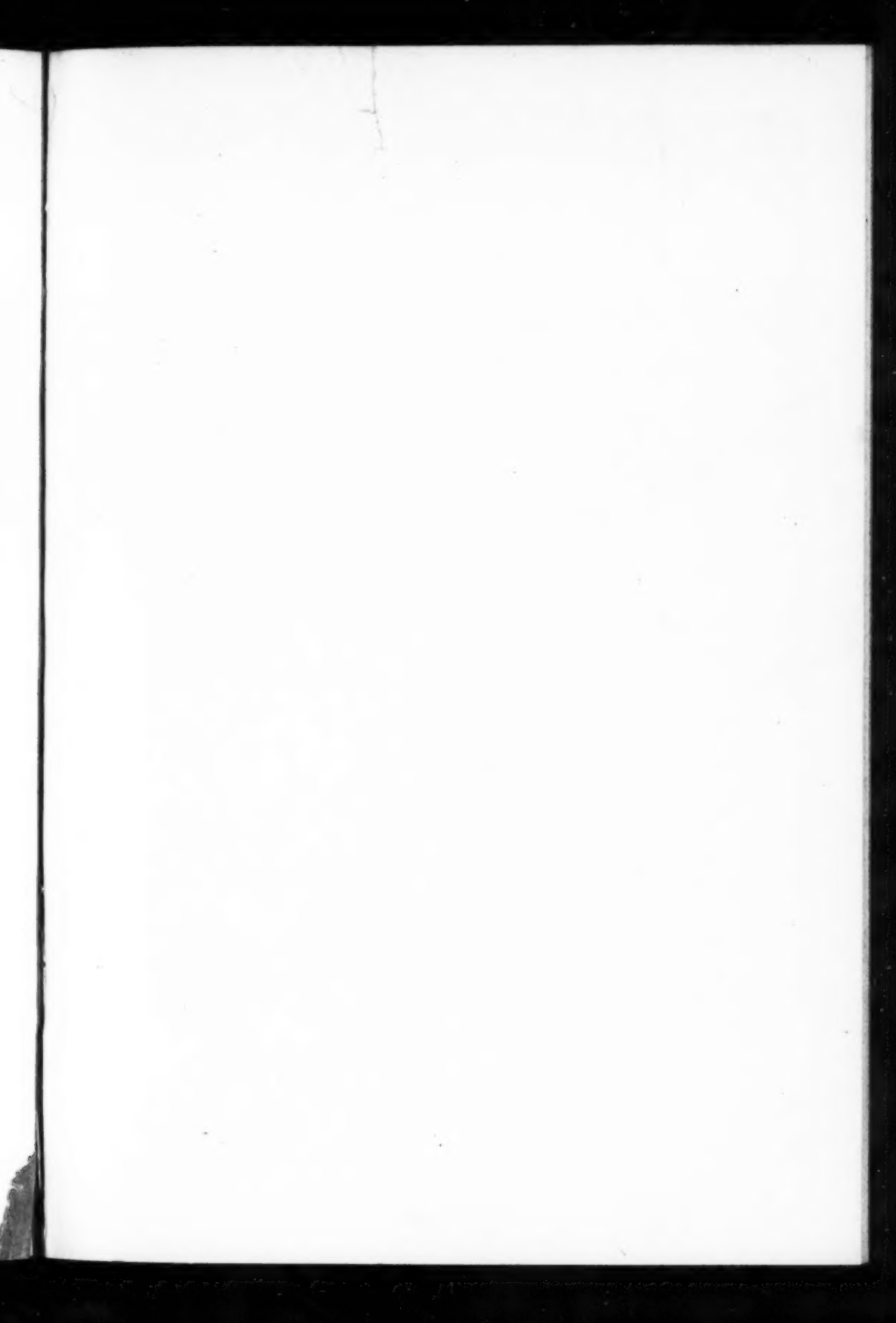
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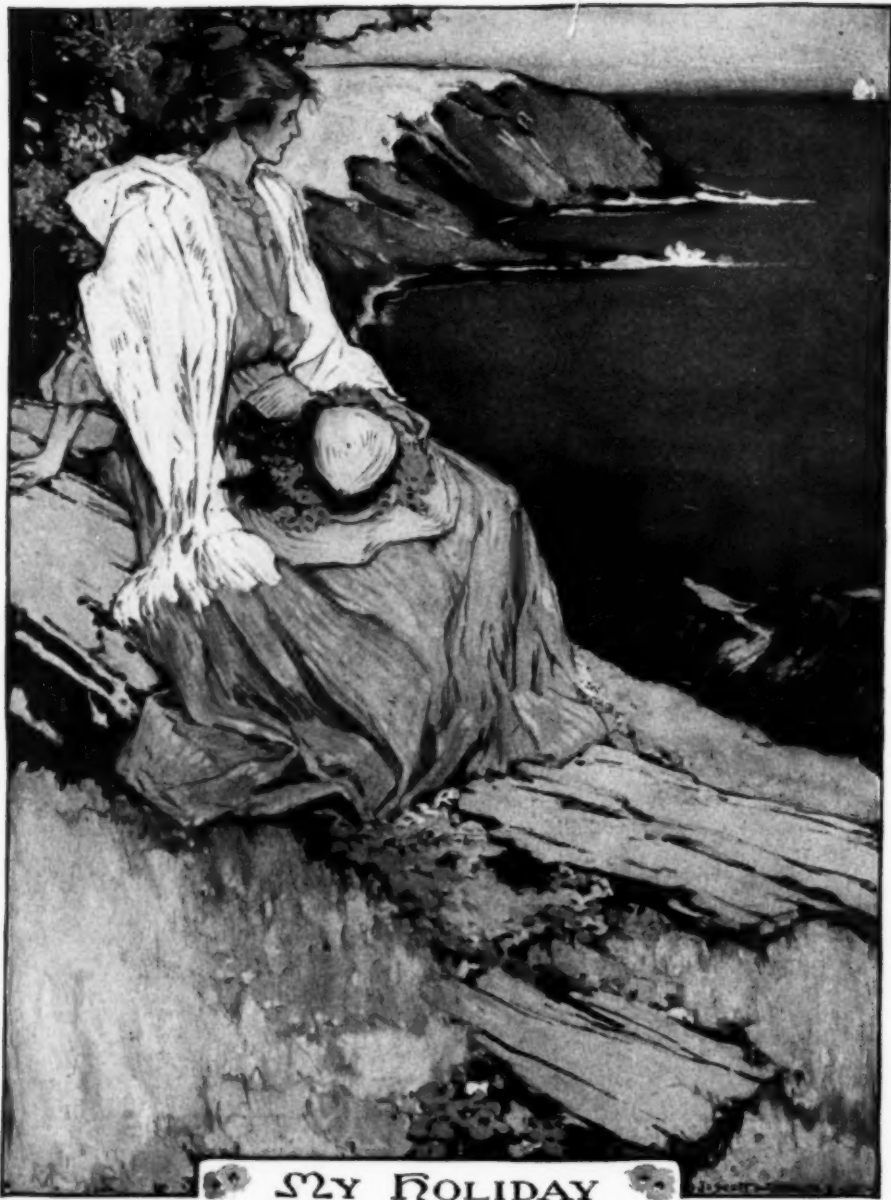
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GUARD thou my peace, O sea, for, far away,
 I hear the tireless world's tumultuous rush!
 Now, lest its clamor mar my holiday,
 Repeat thy gentle waves' oft-murmured "Hush!"
 Bid me, this one blest day, to fear no gale,
 But search with quiet gaze the distance dim,
 Where the white flutter of a friendly sail
 Gives greeting, ere it sinks beneath the rim!

Mary Coles Carrington



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Number V

THE ONWARD SWEEP OF CITY GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION

BY JUDSON C. WELIVER

WE Americans are a sanguine lot. We are proud of our own town, even when it has cobblestones where asphalt ought to be, or asphalt at three dollars the yard which ought to have been laid for half the price.

Goodness knows, we have been told often enough that the "genius of our institutions" hasn't much lent itself to the development of ideal municipal conditions. We're sorry about that, of course; but not having seen any model cities, we insist on



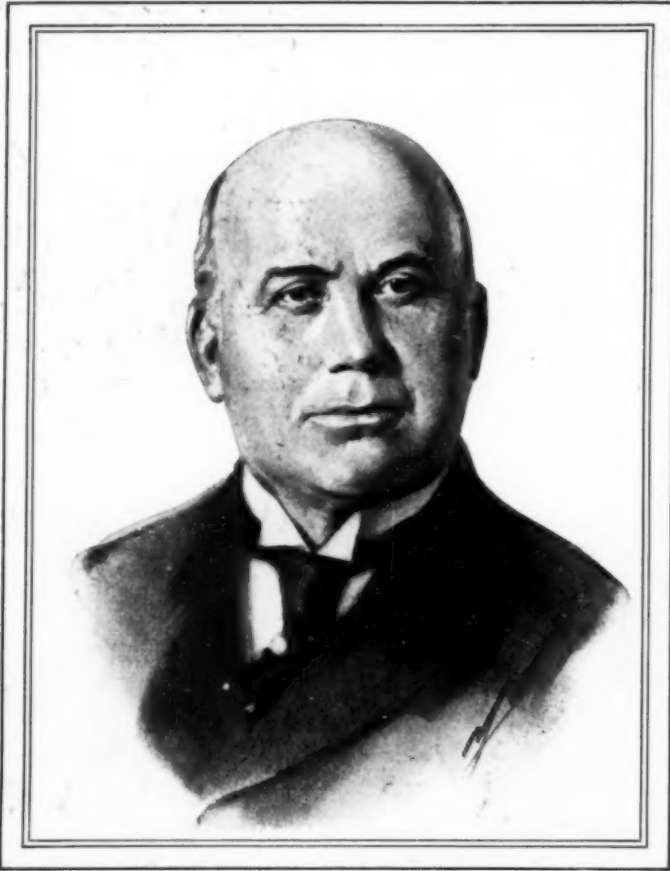
JOHN MACVICAR, A FORMER MAYOR OF DES MOINES, IOWA, AND A LEADER IN
THE MOVEMENT FOR COMMISSION GOVERNMENT

From a photograph by Webster, Des Moines

being as pleased as possible with what we have. At least we can brag about the bigness and rapid growth of our cities, and it serves the purpose, at least till some statistical fiend comes along and insists that they are not growing faster than some of the European ones.

fight when he was earnestly assured that New Orleans really had a worse smell in summer than the water-front of the Hub!

It's a good thing, though, that everybody persists in being proud of his town. If we can only set up a better standard by which to measure; if we could get as much news-



FRANK K. MOTT, MAYOR OF OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, THE LARGEST AMERICAN CITY NOW GOVERNED ON THE COMMISSION PLAN

Drawn by M. Stein from a photograph

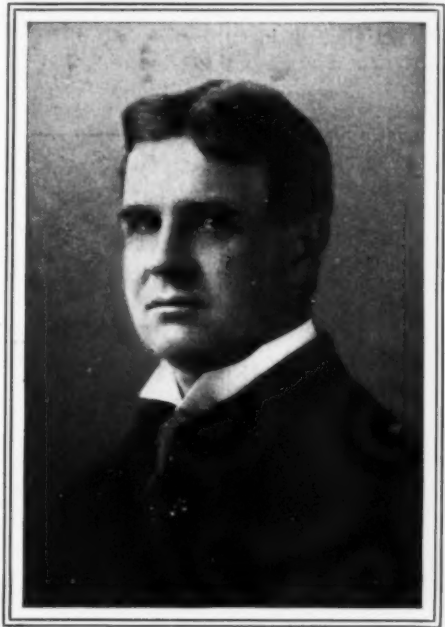
Mere bigness, of course, isn't very satisfying, when you think of it. Why should our town be pleased that it has twenty-nine per cent more human beings condemned to breathe miasmatic air and drink typhoid germs than it numbered ten years ago? Yet we have all heard the fulminations of the Chicago man who plumes himself on the superlative wide-openness of his city; and I once saw a Bostonian peel his coat for a

paper space for the most honest alderman as for the biggest boodler; if a public work erected at small cost commanded as much interest as one produced at preposterously high cost; if towns would brag about how well their working people were housed, instead of how many they had—then we should be on the road to better municipal things, and the ancient reproach of bad city government in America would close.

That new standard, in fact, has already been established. The movement for better city government is one of the most important, and in its implications one of the most far-reaching, now going on.

It is ridding us of the city boss, who has intimate relationship to State and national boss-ships. It is making our cities cleaner, better, more healthy both morally and physically. It is nailing tins over a vast lot of rat-holes into which we have poured our city revenues. It is teaching the people the value of public-service franchises, the need to protect them, and the possibility of securing good public service at reasonable prices. It is reducing the cost of living to the denizens of the towns, and giving better living.

All this betterment is being wrought in various ways in different cities; but the system of city government by commission, with its direct responsibility to the people, its close concentration of authority, and its simplification of procedure, is the particular phase which is here to be considered. It marks a departure from ancient superstitions about the tripartite division of government, and has done much toward disproving some of those wise old saws which, having fallen too often upon nails, have lost the



ERNEST A. SHERMAN, OF CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA,
PROMINENT IN THE MOVEMENT FOR
COMMISSION GOVERNMENT

edge of their applicability to present conditions. In its beginnings, men of academic mind viewed it askance because it sought to amalgamate legislative and executive authority. Horrific thought!—except that the plan has worked well.

The commission plan of government proposes to merge the legislative functions, once exercised by the city council of one or two chambers, and the executive powers, formerly held by the mayor; to repose both in a small commission, commonly of five members; to have this commission elected by the people of the entire city, rather than by wards, as formerly; to make the commissioners subject to recall by the people at any time; to give the people a right to veto the commission's legislation through the referendum, and to supplement it through the initiative.

In its best development, the plan takes all party politics out of municipal government. No party name, emblem, or slogan can be attached to any man's candidacy. The office-seeker must run as a citizen, not as a partizan, standing on his own policies, not on a platform made by a convention that can never hold him to accountability.

It was practically as a war measure that



W. M. HOLLAND, MAYOR OF DALLAS, TEXAS

commission government originated in Galveston. The disaster of 1900, which almost destroyed the Texas city, made extreme methods justifiable. In that day of utter chaos, three men, without warrant or color of law, took charge of things, established military rule, and set about restoring order. They ruled by the same right as stone-age chieftains—the right of that strength which equipped them to dominate their fellows and their situation. Usurpers they were, indeed, for they were legislature and executive, judge, jury, and executioner; but they made it possible to save Galveston.



W. D. DAVIS, MAYOR OF FORT WORTH, TEXAS

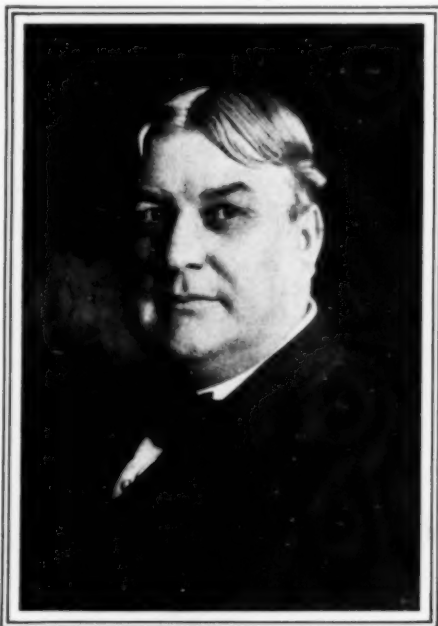
They did more. They stumbled upon a new idea in city rule, and to-day, with various modifications, that idea is being seized upon by cities from one end of the country to the other. It has invaded Canada; it has set its pegs from New Brunswick to California, from British Columbia to Florida; and it has entered upon a campaign which seems likely to pervade all municipal life.

In those days of chaos, at Galveston, the Texas Legislature passed a law under which the Governor named a majority of the stricken city's commissioners. The courts held this to be an infringement of local self-



DANIEL DINEEN, MAYOR OF DECATUR, ILLINOIS

From a photograph by Van Deventer, Decatur



ALBERT A. SMITH, MAYOR OF SIOUX CITY, IOWA

From a photograph by Genelli, Sioux City

government, and then all the commissioners were made elective. The wards were abolished, and the commissioners chosen from the entire city.

For seven years the plan worked well in Galveston, though it was not yet perfected. In that period only one other city, Houston, adopted it. Then some Iowa people with interests in Texas had their attention drawn to it. Des Moines needed reform. For its size, it was perhaps as sad an example of the corrupt and machine-ridden town as could be found in the country.

At this period the democratic features of initiative, referendum, and recall had not been engrafted on the commission plan. Los Angeles had these features, but did not have the commission. There was sincere and well-grounded protest against the new plan without these checks, because it was liable to develop into an autocracy. Five men vested with power to levy and expend taxes, to make appointments for all offices, and to pass all ordinances, could easily make themselves a very sanhedrin of bossism.

Before the reformers had bethought them of tempering the commission's boss-ship with the democratic instruments of direct popular control, the Galveston plan was submitted to the Iowa Legislature and rejected. Then came the suggestion of combining the Galveston commission with the Los Angeles provisions for direct legislation and recall. This answered much of the objection. But there was still a weakness which some people considered vital. The city government might yet fall into the hands of politicians, be connected with Congressional and State machines, and become a menace.

Governor Cummins insisted that all party politics ought to be completely eliminated, and it was he who invented the next pro-



W. J. HINDLEY, MAYOR OF SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

posal—that of the double, non-partizan election. This was the finishing touch. It was adopted, and the Legislature passed an enabling act, permitting Des Moines, by popular vote, to adopt the new system if it chose.

MAIN FEATURES OF THE PLAN

Here are the essentials of the plan which Des Moines and Cedar Rapids both adopted and simultaneously set in operation on April 6, 1908:

The old division of the city into wards, each choosing an alderman, was wiped out.

Political conventions and party names were abolished so far as concerns city affairs.

The ancient system of having a long "city ticket" of mayor, engineer, treasurer, auditor, and so forth, elected each alternate year, by the vote of the entire city, and of having an alderman elected from each ward, was ended.

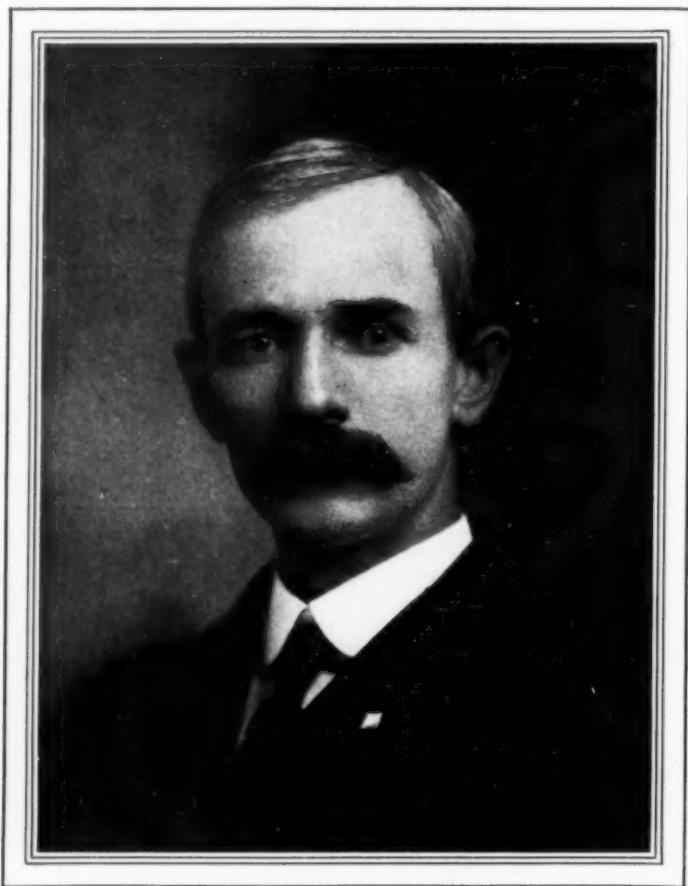
Under the new plan, nobody was elected

but five commissioners. One of these was called mayor, and presided over the commission; but he had only the same vote as any other commissioner, and no veto.

Any citizen could be a candidate for mayor or commissioner by securing the petition of twenty-five citizens. This required that his name be placed on the ticket at the first or primary election. Names

mayor, and the four for commissioners, receiving the largest votes, were declared elected.

The commission thus elected chose by ballot all other officers and employees, practically all from civil-service merit lists. The city's business was divided into five administrative departments, each headed by a commissioner, thus:



JAMES R. HANNA, MAYOR OF DES MOINES, IOWA

From a photograph by Webster, Des Moines

were arranged alphabetically on the ticket; no party name or emblem was allowed.

The eight candidates for commissioner, and the two for mayor, having the highest votes in the primary election, then made up the ticket for the final election. This was again arranged alphabetically and without political designation.

At the final polling, the one candidate for

Public affairs, headed by the mayor.

Accounts and finance.

Public safety.

Streets and public works.

Parks and public property.

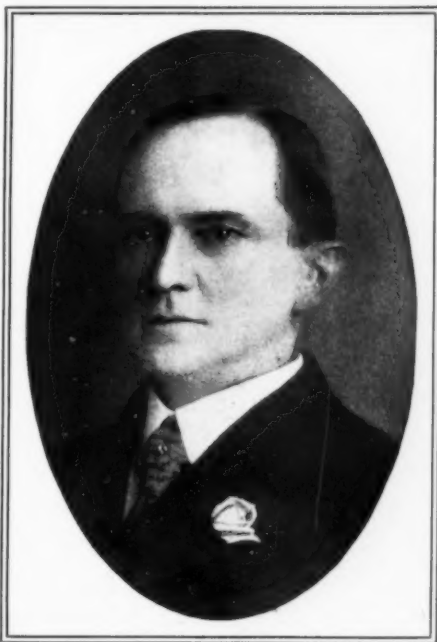
Each commissioner had general supervision in his department, running it just as if he were executive head of a department of a great business. The five, sitting as a

commission, made policies, passed ordinances, prepared the budget, levied taxes, and generally bossed the town.

They could not, however, give away any public franchise. They could frame and recommend a grant, which must be submitted to the voters at a special election, and get a majority vote, to become effective.

Such is the referendum as to franchises. As to legislation, the plan provides that if the council passes objectionable legislation, twenty-five per cent of the voters, by petition, may require that its operation shall be suspended, and that an election shall be called to pass on it. Likewise, if the council refuses to pass any desired legislation, then a like petition can command the commission to submit this legislation to a special election. In either case, the legislation stands or falls as the majority of the people vote.

Similarly as to the recall. If the people get a "grouch" against a commissioner, a like petition requires the commission to call an election to fill his place. He is a candidate, if he so desires; other nominations are made as already described; and in the election the man with the majority of votes wins.



W. H. GIBBES, MAYOR OF COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA
From a photograph by Howie, Columbia

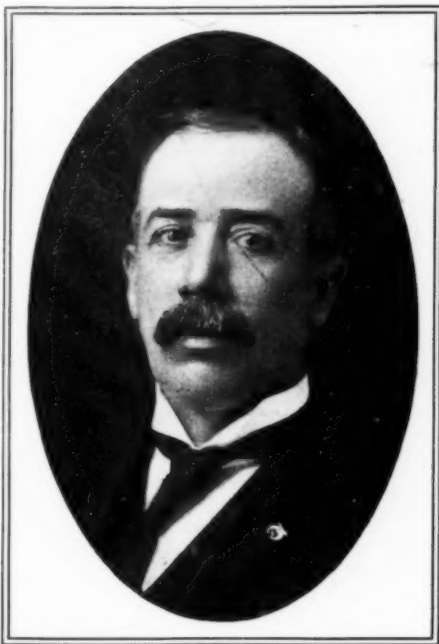
By this plan party politics is eliminated. The city administration cannot be subordinated to and used by any political organization. Appointments are made on the basis of merit, during good behavior and service, from lists of eligibles certified by the civil service commission as the result of competitive examinations.

Under this system, responsibility is centralized, politics eliminated, the spoils system rendered impossible.

POSSIBLE DANGERS OF THE PLAN

In the beginning there was fear of building up a more dangerous, because more centralized, boss-ship than before. One class of objectors feared that the initiative, referendum, and recall would keep agitators circulating election petitions day and night, and the people voting constantly on unimportant issues. Another feared that the commission would be so powerful that it could prevent any special elections, perpetuate itself in office, and work its own will.

Between these two pessimistic but antipodal views there was much debate. Theorists shook their heads ominously, and pointed out that the plan violated that fundamental of representative government

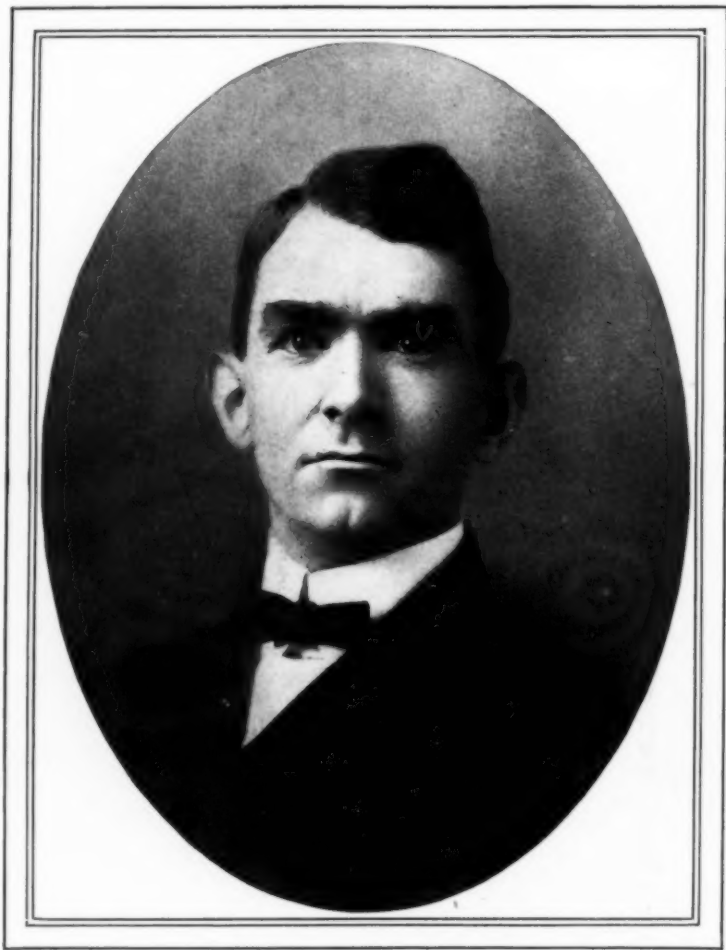


JOHN J. BELL, MAYOR OF PORT HURON, MICHIGAN
From a photograph by Biddlecomb, Port Huron

which requires complete separation of legislative, executive, and judicial functions; the legislative became also the executive body. And so they debated long and learnedly.

The proof of the pudding, however, is not in the chewing of the rag. Experience proved that both sides of the argument were

uplifted finger of admonition. The recall has been invoked less than a half-score of times in the experience of all the cities now operating under this plan—often enough to prove it workable, seldom enough to prove it a safe instrument in the hands of a sane people.



EDWARD H. CRUMP, MAYOR OF MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

wrong. The commission didn't become an all-powerful but irresponsible quinquévrate, and on the other hand the people didn't spend all their time running around in initiative, referendum, and recall circles. In the experience of more than a hundred American cities, the initiative, referendum, and recall have proved, not the unbridled menace of mobocracy, but the impressively

It is not the purpose of this brief writing to argue the merits and weaknesses of the commission plan, but rather to tell something of its remarkable advance in public favor. Here is one illustration, however, of its efficacy in making city government the people's government.

In almost every city that has adopted it, the plan was first advocated by the "sub-

stantial business interests." The "best citizens" have favored it. By and large, I have never cared much for our "best citizens," as we find them running city governments. They look exceedingly impressive in evening clothes, addressing welfare meetings and directing uplift movements. But in too many cases their claw-hammer suits have concealed pockets, like those that magicians use, in which franchises and fat contracts, public deposits and private grafts, are stowed away by processes of political legerdemain, in full view of the unseeing audience.

DES MOINES AND JOHN MacVICAR

The best citizens, however, have very commonly favored the commission plan, which seems to prove that they are not so bad, after all. In Des Moines they favored it. They believed that it would make government cheaper, without breaking in on their domination. At the beginning they undertook to dictate that certain people should not be elected to the commission. Particularly did these leading citizens oburgate one John MacVicar, who under the old system had once been mayor of the town.

MacVicar had been dreadfully unpopular with the water company, the gas company, the lighting concerns, the street-car corporation, and other "interests." He had tried to make them give cheaper or better service. He had been unmannerly enough to question the claim of the street-car company to a perpetual franchise, and had started a lawsuit about it. The corporations and the gangsters had financed his defeat; and for nearly ten years, with most people regarding him as the best man in town to be its mayor, he had no chance at any office.

So, when the question arose of adopting the commission plan, the best citizens arranged to support it with the understanding that when it was adopted all respectable folks were to unite in preventing the election of MacVicar to a place on the commission. The public service corporations, the banks, the politicians, and the newspapers were united on this point. They had kept MacVicar effectually suppressed for ten years under the old plan; he must be kept suppressed under the new.

And he was—except that when the people went to the polls MacVicar received fourteen thousand of the sixteen thousand votes cast, led the polling, and smashed all calculations!

The old city hall gang controlled the new régime, except that it failed to beat MacVicar. The "reformers," who had intended to turn out the city hall crowd and beat MacVicar, were themselves beaten all along the line. It looked like a bad start; it proved an excellent one, because the system worked.

John MacVicar has been for many years secretary of the American League of Municipalities, of which he was also the first president. He is known as a leading authority on progressive, efficient municipal management, and a splendid administrator. He has been a dominating force in the government of his home city since it adopted the commission plan.

Incidentally, the courts have since found that the Des Moines street-railway system had no franchise at all, instead of a perpetual one worth many millions. Can you see the stake in the game?

Best citizens with axes to grind have generally been disappointed in the commission plan. The rest of the people have uniformly approved its working. In Des Moines, though it was started in the hands of its enemies—always excepting MacVicar—its excellences were such that it produced good results.

From being a dirty, ill-governed, crime-ridden town; the Iowa capital has become one of the show-places of the middle West. The new civic center, formed by grouping public buildings on both sides of the Des Moines River, is widely regarded as the finest effect of the kind in any American city. That the handsomely boulevarded, generously parked, gorgeously lighted, well-ordered place which Des Moines is to-day, could be developed in so short a time from the Des Moines of four years ago, is simply a wonder. If it could be brought to the realization of other cities, it would be certain to prove the most potent argument for the new system.

RESULTS IN CEDAR RAPIDS

Another illustration is the experience of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a town of about thirty-five thousand inhabitants, which reorganized its government under the commission plan simultaneously with Des Moines.

The former government had regularly spent more than its income; its warrants were commonly at a discount, compelling excessive prices for supplies. When heavy warrants were outstanding, and there was

no cash to pay them, the city would fund them into bonds; and so a bonded debt of \$712,000 existed when the new government took hold.

Immediately the city's business was put on a strictly cash basis. Warrants that had formerly sold at eighty-five cents jumped to par; the town began claiming the cash discount given by dealers. An inventory of city property was made, and, when all liabilities were deducted, it was found that the city had net values of \$453,000.

When the new plan had been in operation for three years a new inventory was made. The three-year showing was that the city had—

Reduced taxes each year.

Spent more on public improvements in three years than in the preceding ten years.

Paid off \$155,000 of its bonded debt.

Paid its bills every week, and regularly received the cash discounts.

Employed more men than ever before, and paid higher wages.

A good exhibit, this, for a town which had never even known before how it stood, except that year by year its general financial condition was a little worse than before!

From the beginnings, the Des Moines plan attracted wide-spread attention. Its novelty made appeal to imagination. Believers in the theory that "the cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy," found justification of their faith. The whole country had been aroused to realization of the need for better city government. Anything that made confident promise could get respectful hearing.

EVANGELISTS OF THE NEW GOSPEL

So Des Moines and Cedar Rapids suddenly found themselves the cynosures of nation-wide attention. Middle-class cities all over the central West began studying and agitating the new plan. Leagues and clubs and committees were organized to urge it. Cedar Rapids and Des Moines, and other cities as they gained experience under the new system, were called upon for expert testimony; and this presently brought forward Ernest A. Sherman, of Cedar Rapids, and John MacVicar, of Des Moines, as traveling evangelists of the new gospel.

Sherman had been a newspaper-publisher in Cedar Rapids. Under the old system, he had bitterly and persistently attacked the city council; and one day, when a vacancy occurred in that body, it played a grim joke

on Sherman by electing him to fill the vacancy.

Sherman was game, and accepted. He said little and sawed wood till he had learned how the council was organized. He found that a minority of vigorous men were running everything, and doing it badly. He bided his time, talked to the inactive but honest councilmen, finally organized them under his own leadership, and one day, in a sensational fight, succeeded in defeating the old ring.

From that time on Sherman was the boss, and things began to improve. For this service the people elected him a commissioner when the commission plan was adopted.

Pretty soon demands were pouring in for speakers to explain the plan in other cities. Sherman became the chief expositor. He was in so much demand that at the end of his term he declined reelection, and placed himself at the disposal of the various State and local leagues, now fast springing up, to urge adoption of the new idea. For the last year he has campaigned under such auspices all over the country, even accepting invitations to assist in campaigns in Canadian cities.

At St. John, New Brunswick, Mr. Sherman found a remarkable exhibit. A few months ago he was called there to help explain the plan to the people, a campaign for its adoption being in progress. W. E. Anderson, secretary of the local board of trade, showed him a file of several hundred letters from cities all over the United States, where the plan was in operation. Sixty-seven cities were represented. The letters were from business men, professional men, publicists, journalists, who had been asked for frank expressions of opinion based on their cities' experience.

Every letter received declared that the plan had unqualifiedly succeeded, and recommended it to other cities.

A St. John publisher, leading the fight against the plan, sent his editor to Cedar Rapids and Des Moines to get materials with which to confound and confute the Sherman arguments. The editor came back converted to the plan!

St. John voted for a commission government.

No other movement in public affairs has in recent time made its way so fast. The Iowa law became the basis and model. Montana lifted it bodily from the Iowa statute-books. The New Jersey act authorizing

cities to adopt the plan is almost an exact copy from Iowa.

These States now have laws under which cities may adopt the plan—Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, Idaho, California, Iowa, Missouri, West Virginia, Louisiana, Tennessee, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Michigan, Washington, Montana, New Jersey, Massachusetts. At the time of writing, similar bills are pending in Connecticut, Indiana, and Pennsylvania.

IN THE EMPIRE STATE

In New York State there has been organized the Commission Government Association, with Professor H. L. Fairchild, of Rochester University, as president. More than sixty cities have active local organizations affiliated with this State body, working to secure legislative authorization for cities to adopt the new plan.

Buffalo has forced a test at Albany, preparing a commission-plan charter and submitting it to the Legislature, which rejected it. The Commission Government Association got behind the Buffalo charter, and tried to induce the legislators to act favorably, so that the experiment might be tried. Mayor Samuel A. Carlson, of Jamestown, a vice-president of the association, wrote to State Senator Charles M. Hamilton, asking his support for the bill. The Senator's reply throws a characteristic light on the sort of statesmanship prevailing at Albany:

MY DEAR MAYOR:

I found your favor of May 4 awaiting me here upon my return this week. I noted carefully what you say in regard to the Buffalo City Charter bill. I expect to support this legislation, unless opposition to it is made a party measure by the Republicans, in which case I will probably be obliged to consider myself bound by party caucus. I do not think that this is likely to be the case, but have heard some talk of it.

Very sincerely,

C. M. HAMILTON.

Senator Hamilton was for the measure, but couldn't promise his support till King Caucus issued his edict! Between Republicans of that sort and the Tammany Democrats, the plan was sadly handicapped, and at last defeated. The defeat was assisted by such expressions of editorial toryism as the following, from an important New York newspaper:

The initiative, referendum, and recall were unfortunately included in the experiment, and the

wisdom of permitting a trial of these is very doubtful. . . . They are capable of converting representative government into a travesty.

That editor ought to advocate the abolition of jury trials as a dangerous innovation, and perhaps a repeal of the Decalogue on the ground that it has proved susceptible of abuses!

IN PENNSYLVANIA AND NEW JERSEY

The Voters' League of Pittsburgh, backed by the public opinion of a city that has suffered its full share through corrupt government under older plans, submitted to the Pennsylvania Legislature a commission government charter. The tory bosses of Pennsylvania were horrified. There was a period of jockeying, and at last the Republican bosses put out the alarming story that the national administration, having declared against the recall in Arizona, would be scandalized if safe and sane Pennsylvania permitted an experiment with it! The charter finally passed, with these provisions left out.

Pennsylvania, however, has its Commission Government Alliance, with A. M. Fuller, of Meadville, as president, and Ira W. Stratton, of Reading, as secretary. This body is pushing the fight in all the minor cities, and the State's sentiment is such that the officers of the organization are confident of early success.

Small wonder that the glorious Pennsylvania machine views with alarm such seditious proposals as non-partizan city government! Where would the State machine be if the city machines were destroyed, if city jobs and spoils were wrenched away from politicians, if Philadelphia and Pittsburgh should become decently governed?

Turning to New Jersey, we find refreshing contrast. The Legislature having authorized cities to adopt the commission plan almost exactly as in Iowa, the whole State is now in the throes of the fight. Trenton, Jersey City, Newark, Plainfield, Hoboken, Passaic, and most of the other important towns, have petitions circulating or elections called to vote on the plan. Governor Wilson, after helping to force the enabling act through, plunged into the campaign in the cities, speaking in favor of the movement. New Jersey is Eastern, like New York and Pennsylvania; it has a long record of "conservatism" to its credit, or discredit; but it seems to be going in for commission government, recall and all.

In a recent speech Governor Wilson said:

In municipalities government begins for seventy per cent of the people who live in this republic. Municipal government, like the larger forms of our governments, has become so enmeshed in political machinery that it is practically impossible to fix responsibility for anything that goes wrong.

Like many thousands of other people, I am tired of making a fool of myself in the matter of blindly voting the tickets in municipal elections made for me by the boss-controlled machines. It was for this reason that I urged the passage of the bill giving the people opportunity to take their government into their own hands.

In the Eastern campaigns for the commission plan, it is constantly urged that a system suited to the comparatively small cities of the West will not serve the purposes of the great municipalities of the East. A man in a New Jersey audience that I addressed on the subject protested that a little town of fifteen thousand or so, like Des Moines, could hardly enlighten the big Jersey communities. He was surprised when I explained that Des Moines is just outside the hundred-thousand class, and is straining toward that figure in expectation of reaching it in another five years.

The truth is that the plan works just as well in the biggest cities that have adopted it as in the smallest. Its benefits are rather more obvious, because government in a big town touches the people at more points.

I asked a student of municipal affairs in New York whether the plan would work there. He replied that the Board of Estimate and Apportionment corresponds very closely to the commission; it is in a large way the real governing body; but it is so hampered by the complexities of borough organizations, the board of aldermen, and other features which disintegrate responsibility, that it does not give the results that a pure commission government would. He declared that the Des Moines plan, unmodified in essentials, would, in his opinion, work as well in New York as in Des Moines, and vastly improve the administration of the American metropolis.

COMMISSION-GOVERNED CITIES

Certain it is that the best authorities in such great cities as Buffalo and Pittsburgh have unreservedly committed themselves to the new plan. The latest avail-

able list of cities that have adopted it includes one hundred and twenty-two, in twenty-six States. With the populations of those having more than twenty-five thousand in 1910, they are:

Alabama—Montgomery (38,136) and Birmingham (132,685).

California—Berkeley (40,434), Modesto, Los Angeles (319,198), Riverside, San Diego (39,578), San Luis Obispo, Oakland (150,174).

Colorado—Colorado Springs (29,078), Grand Junction.

Idaho—Lewiston, Boise.

Illinois—Aurora (29,807), Carbondale, Moline, Rock Island, Springfield (51,678), Decatur (31,140), Dixon, Elgin (25,976), Ottawa, Kewanee.

Iowa—Des Moines (86,386), Cedar Rapids (32,811), Davenport (43,028), Burlington, Sioux City (47,828), Fort Dodge, Keokuk, Marshalltown.

Kansas—Kansas City (82,331), Coffeyville, Leavenworth, Wichita (52,450), Hutchinson, Abilene, Girard, Iola, Independence, Cherryvale, Newton, Marion, Neodesha, Topeka (43,684), Wellington, Parsons, Pittsburgh, Emporia, Anthony, Caldwell, Dodge City, Eureka.

Kentucky—Newport (30,309).

Louisiana—Shreveport (28,015).

Massachusetts—Lynn (89,336), Haverhill (44,115), Chelsea (32,452). A modified form of commission government also exists in Boston (670,585), Taunton (34,259), and Gloucester.

Michigan—Port Huron, Harbor Beach.

Mississippi—Clarksdale, Hattiesburg.

Minnesota—Mankato.

North Dakota—Mandan, Bismarck, Minot, Grand Forks, Fargo.

Missouri—St. Joseph (77,403).

New York—Mount Vernon (30,919).

New Mexico—Roswell.

North Carolina—High Point, Greenville, Charlotte.

Oklahoma—Ardmore, Bartlesville, Duncan, Enid, Miami, MacAlester, Muskogee (25,278), Purcell, Sapulpa, Tulsa, Guthrie, Wagner, Oklahoma City (69,205), Claremore.

Oregon—Baker City.

South Carolina—Columbia (26,319).

South Dakota—Dell Rapids, Huron, Pierre, Rapid City, Sioux Falls, Yankton, Vermillion.

Tennessee—Memphis (131,105), Etoawah, Bristol, Clarksville, Richard City.

Texas—Arkansas Pass, Austin (29,860), Beaumont, Corpus Christi, Dallas (92,-104), Denison, Fort Worth (73,312), Galveston (36,981), Greenville, Houston (78,-800), Kennedy, Lyford, Marble Falls, Marshal, Palestine, Port Lavaca, Sherman, Texarkana, Anthony.

Washington—Tacoma (83,743), Spokane (104,402).

Wisconsin—Eau Claire, Appleton.

West Virginia—Bluefield, Huntington (31,161), Parkersburg.

The list is by no means complete. The movement is spreading so fast that it is impossible to make a census of commission cities to-day, with any assurance that it will be useful a month hence. Georgia is in the throes of several campaigns; Montana's leading cities are all struggling with the question at the date of writing; New Jersey seems likely to add several names this year.

In connection with the list of commission-governed cities, here is a suggestive reinforcement of the proposition that good government pays. There were in the United States just twenty-two cities of more than twenty-five thousand people that doubled their population between 1900 and 1910, according to the Federal census returns. Of these, no fewer than thirteen to-day have commission government. In all, there are forty commission-governed cities above twenty-five thousand; thirteen of them, as I have said, doubled their population in ten years. There are one hundred and eighty-eight non-commission-governed cities of the same class; only nine of them doubled.

The city with the yearning for good government seems to have had one chance

in three to double its population within the decade; the others had one chance in twenty-one.

Conservative people are frequently fearful of the initiative and the recall; but in experience these provisions have seldom been invoked, and when they have been, the percentage of successful and desirable results has been decidedly higher than in municipal elections held under the older systems.

Recently three members of the Dallas school board were recalled. Los Angeles, which has initiative, referendum, and recall without the commission plan proper, threatened to recall a mayor, but he resigned before the blow fell. Seattle did recall a mayor who was accused of violating campaign pledges. An alderman in San Diego was recalled. That the recall is so seldom employed is explained by commission-government advocates on the ground that the double, non-partizan election assures the selection of men whom it is not necessary to recall.

With State and local leagues forming in all parts of the country to urge the new plan; with constantly increasing volume of educational work and literature placing the system before the people; with the commission plan able still to boast that it has recorded no failure, that no city after once adopting has ever abandoned it; with so many Legislatures passing statutes that authorize municipalities to adopt the commission system, there is every indication that the number of American cities governed by this plan will increase at a rapid rate, and that in another decade it will be recognized as the long-awaited solution of our problem of city government.

HOMESICKNESS

ALL night the pounding hoof-beats go
Upon the asphalt far below;
Back home, the roses, row on row,
And hollyhocks in stately show.
All night the city writhes in heat;
Back home, the breeze is cool and sweet.

All night the city's currents flow
And billow, frothing, to and fro;
Back home the clover odors blow
From meadows deep in daisy-snow.
All night the city's pulses beat;
Back home, the moonlight on the wheat!

Walter G. Doty

HOW OUGHT WE TO SPELL?

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

FIRST CHAIRMAN OF THE SIMPLIFIED SPELLING BOARD

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, the foremost of English portrait-painters, was also a man of unusual shrewdness. It was not for nothing that he had studied the characteristics of individual sitters; he had gained thereby an insight into the characteristics of humanity as a whole. Scattered through his instructive and stimulating "Discourses on Painting" there are not a few passages which display this sturdy common sense. Here, for example, is a statement of indisputable validity:

Opinions generally received and floating in the world, whether true or false, we naturally adopt and make our own; they may be considered as a kind of inheritance to which we succeed as tenants for life, and which we leave to our posterity very nearly in the condition in which we received it, it not being much in any one man's power either to impair or improve it. The greatest part of these opinions, like current coin in its circulation, we are used to take without weighing or examining; but by this inevitable inattention many adulterated pieces are received, which, when we seriously estimate our wealth, we must throw away.

In our youth we take over from our forefathers, without thinking, a host of ready-made opinions about politics and about religion; and as we come to maturity, and as we begin to think for ourselves, we are likely often to feel that it is akin to filial impiety for us to depart from the prejudices thus inherited. And yet this departure may be a condition of progress. The world would cease to move, and civilization would soon stagnate, if we all resolutely refused to change any of these parental views, and if we resolved absolutely to abide by all the opinions derived from the generations that went before. Indurated conservatism is as dangerous to the commonwealth as reckless radicalism.

Most of us have a natural and healthy

affection for things as they are; we dislike change of any kind; and specially do we detest sudden and frequent changes. This tendency of ours is wholesome, if it is not allowed to dominate us and domineer over us. We must ever preserve the ancient landmarks, of course; and yet it is only at our peril that we reject all the modern improvements. As Mr. Chesterton once pointed out—

All conservatism is based upon the idea that if you leave things alone you leave them as they are. But you do not. If you leave a thing alone you leave it to a torrent of change. If you leave a white post alone it will soon be a black post. If you particularly want it to be white, you must be always painting it again.

But this which is true even of inanimate things is in a quite special and terrible sense true of all human things. An almost unnatural vigilance is really required of the citizen because of the horrible rapidity with which human institutions grow old.

Of all the opinions we have thus taken over, none seem to most of us so imperative as those which were drilled into us at school. The rules of grammar, for example, which we were taught, take on a sanctity almost religious. To depart from them, to modify them, strikes the average man as little short of sacrilege. The way we were brought up to use the language is the right way, and the only right way; this we insist upon; and to doubt this would be to cast reflections upon the knowledge and the wisdom of our masters and of our parents.

Yet the shrewd Sir Joshua declared, more than a century ago, that "there are some rules whose absolute authority, like that of our nurses, continues no longer than while we are in a state of childhood." The rules of grammar are human, after all; they were not divinely revealed; and like all else that pertains to mere man, they are at best only

doubtful attempts to ascertain the law. We all know this well enough, and yet we do not always bear it in mind. When Mr. Kipling published his noble and resonant "Recessional," one of its lines—

The shouting and the tumult dies—

evoked shrill shrieks of protest from some who were shocked by the imperial poet's failure to conform to the alleged rule that two nominatives always require a verb in the plural.

One irascible person was so outraged by this departure from the strict letter of the law as he had learned it that he boldly declared his desire to have Mr. Kipling sent to night school "to acquire the elements of English grammar." The tone of this protest could scarcely have been more violent if the protestant had been personally insulted; and perhaps he felt that what seemed to him a wanton disregard of the laws of language, as he had been taught them, was in fact an insult to those who had taught him—an insult which he was loyal enough to resent. He did not remember that the absolute authority of a grammarian is like that of a nurse, in that it "continues no longer than while we are in a state of childhood."

ENGLISH HAS NO FIXED AND FINAL FORM

Many of those who have not devoted special attention to the study of language are tempted to assume that our mother tongue has taken on a fixed and final form, that it is bound by hard and fast rules, that certain usages are inevitably right, and that any departure therefrom is inevitably wrong. The usages to which they are accustomed they hold to be binding also on everybody else. They believe that they know the proper way, and the only proper way, to express themselves grammatically, to pronounce certain words, and to spell other words; and they naturally desire to compel others to conform to their own practise.

For this stern attitude of theirs there is, of course, no warrant. The English language has not taken on its fixed and final form. It is alive now, and not dead; and as long as it is a living speech, vital in the mouths of men, it will grow, like every other living thing. It will change to meet new needs. Its grammar will authorize to-morrow what it forbade yesterday; and it will condemn in this century what it permitted two centuries ago.

Old words will acquire new meanings; and new words will win acceptance. Long-established pronunciations will be modified from one cause and another; *tea* was once pronounced to rime with *say* and *Rome* to rime with *boom*. In our own time we have heard *either* and *neither* modify their first vowel-sound from *ee* to *eye*. At one moment a word may have a pronunciation accepted by all; then, in time, a different pronunciation may begin to spread sporadically, and for a period, long or short, as the case may be, there will be two contending pronunciations; until at last one or the other succeeds in imposing itself.

What is now the proper pronunciation of *either*, of *oasis*, of *automobile*, of *squalor*, of *peremptory*, of *octopus*, of *onyx*? The dictionaries do not agree; and at best the dictionaries cannot create usage, they only record it.

NO SINGLE STANDARD OF SPELLING

What is true of pronunciation is equally true of orthography. As pronunciation is constantly changing, so is orthography; and in neither case is there any authority to which we can appeal for a declaration of absolute right or wrong. There never has been any period in the history of the English language when its spelling was not more or less uncertain and irregular, not to call it chaotic. Even at the present moment no two of the influential dictionaries are in agreement as to the proper spelling of several thousand words.

Most of the dictionaries printed in Great Britain spell *honour* and *waggon* and *gaol* and *plough*, while most of the dictionaries printed in the United States spell *honor* and *wagon* and *jail* and *plow*, simplifications introduced in America a century ago by Noah Webster. And though the chief of the American dictionaries agree in accepting these four simple and more sensible forms, they disagree about a host of other words, many of them in daily use. Which is right, *traveller* or *traveler*? *Gipsy* or *gypsy*? *Gelatine* or *gelatin*? *Omelette* or *omelet*? *Theatre* or *theater*? *Whiskey* or *whisky*? *Esthetic* or *aesthetic*? *Technic* or *technique*? *Programme* or *program*? *Hearken* or *harken*? *Maneuver* or *manœuvre*? *Domicil* or *domicile*? *Check* or *cheque*? *Skeptic* or *sceptic*? *Stedfast* or *steadfast*? *Licorice* or *liquorice*? *Mullen* or *mullein*? *Controller* or *comptroller*? *Clew* or *clue*? Who shall decide when dictionaries disagree?

And the dictionaries have no authority of their own in orthography any more than in pronunciation. The most they can do is to record the fact that in the case of the words just listed both of the variant spellings are employed.

It is true that the editor of a dictionary can apparently go one step further—he can declare his own preference for one of these spellings rather than the other. But, after all, this is only his own individual choice between two spellings both of which are in reputable use.

The spellings we find in the great Oxford Dictionary are those which its editor-in-chief, Sir James Murray, has chosen to please himself; and the spellings we find in the Century Dictionary are those which its editor-in-chief, the late Professor William Dwight Whitney, chose to please himself. Two more competent editors could not be found for this delicate task than Sir James Murray and Professor Whitney, the first foremost among linguistic scholars of Great Britain and the second foremost among the linguistic scholars of the United States. Yet in hundreds of cases they did not agree; one chose one spelling and the other chose another—as each had a perfect right to do. A stream cannot mount higher than its source; and the authority of these dictionaries is the authority of their editors, no more and no less.

The United States government has created a board to decide on the official spellings of all geographical proper names; and the decisions of this board have been generally followed by the makers of atlases and by the publishers of school geographies. Thus there is substantial unanimity throughout the country—or, at least, in all official publications—as to the orthography of place-names. But other spellings remain as fluctuating as they always have been. Neither the government of the United States nor the government of the British Empire has ever ventured to declare an official orthography for the ordinary words of the language. No university, no learned body recognized by the government of either country, has ever attempted anything of the sort.

PROGRESS TOWARD SIMPLIFICATION

There is not, and there cannot be, any final standard of English orthography to which we can all appeal. We may regret this as much as we please, but we cannot alter the fact. The spelling of our lan-

guage is not fixed; it never has been; and it never will be. It has always been changing slowly, and it will continue to change until that far distant day when English shall cease to be a living tongue. The works of Chaucer and of Shakespeare are now printed in a modern orthography which would seem very strange indeed to them; and we can be sure that a time will come when the works of Emerson and Tennyson will be printed in an orthography which they in their turn would have held to be very peculiar.

After all, these changes in spelling are not as upsetting as they seem at first sight; and it is no difficult task for us to master the peculiarities of the Chaucerian and Shakespearean orthographies. The chief difference between the spelling of Shakespeare and the spelling of Tennyson is that the latter is simpler, that it represents the pronunciation more directly. Where Shakespeare—or his printers—spelt *dogge* and *sunne*, Tennyson spelt *dog* and *sun*; and this tendency to drop out useless letters, and to simplify spelling as far as possible, is certain to work many changes in English orthography in the next century, and to bring into general use many simplifications that Tennyson did not foresee.

THE CONSERVATISM OF PREJUDICE

No doubt, this will be opposed by the ultra-conservatism which resents all change of any kind, and which is always satisfied with things as they are. But although this ultra-conservatism may retard that progress toward a more exact relation between sound and symbol, which we can trace far back through the ages, it cannot arrest this movement altogether. There is certain to be an advance toward a more rational spelling; and it is to encourage and to guide this unconscious movement that the Simplified Spelling Board was organized a few years ago in the United States, and that the Simplified Spelling Society has been established more recently in Great Britain. To these two bodies belong all the leaders in linguistic science in the two countries, the editors of most of the leading dictionaries, and the professors of English in many of the leading universities. Oxford and Cambridge have joined hands with Yale and Columbia in the arduous task of helping our noble speech to acquire an orthography which shall be simpler and more regular than that which it now possesses.

There is no cause for surprise that this movement has been greeted with the derision which is always aroused by any effort to awaken people out of a contented lethargy. As Sir Joshua Reynolds asserted, to quote once more from his sagacious pages:

The prejudices in favor of fashions and customs that we have been used to, and which are justly called a second nature, make it often difficult to distinguish that which is natural from that which is the result of education; they frequently even give a predilection in favor of the artificial mode.

The spellings which we learned at school may be artificial, but they seem to us natural now, since we are so used to them that they may be "called a second nature." And it is not to be wondered at that the large majority of those who have been educated are more or less unwilling to surrender the orthographic habits they have acquired at the cost of years of toil and trouble.

Most of those who have paid no special attention to the subject do not really notice how very arbitrary and artificial many of our spellings are. Why should we represent the same sound by *ie* in *believe* and by *ei* in *perceive*? Why should we spell *fancy* with an *f* and *phantom* with a *ph*? Why should *ough* have half a dozen different sounds, in *though*, *through*, *cough*, *hiccough*, *rough*, and *plough*?

This last anomaly is so obviously absurd that most Americans now write *hiccup* and *plow*, and that Tennyson insisted always on writing *tho'*. The National Education Association some years ago cut *through* down to *thru*; and this bold simplification has been approved by the Simplified Spelling Board. It may be noted here that Tennyson so disliked the fantastic complexity of *through* that he employed a simplification of his own—*thro'*, which will be found in the final edition of his poems, prepared by himself. Besides *thru*, the Simplified Spelling Board has recommended *tho*, *altho*, *thoro*, and *boro*, with their compounds *thruout*, *thoroly*, and so forth.

These examples may serve to show that there is not now any authoritative and uniform orthography of the English language binding upon all of us, and also that strenuous efforts are now being made to arouse public interest in the chaotic condition of our spelling, with the hope and expectation that many minor improvements will be adopted. Attention is being called to the significant fact that the Germans and the

French, who are the two chief commercial rivals of the English-speaking peoples, have already taken in hand the problem of simplifying the spelling of their languages, although in neither of them is the orthographic condition as bad as it is in our own. Attention is also being called to the fact that the Italians and the Spaniards long ago succeeded in simplifying their spelling; indeed, in neither of these languages is there any need of a spelling-book, since the orthography is so simple that a child can master its principles in a few days.

Surely, what the French and the Germans are trying to do, we ought also to try to do. Surely, what the Italians and the Spaniards have done, should not be impossible for us, who are wont to pride ourselves on our practical achievements.

A DIFFICULT AND IMPORTANT PROBLEM

The importance of the problem before us cannot be questioned by any one, nor the difficulty of solving it. Yet there are many other important questions pressing for consideration; and we have each of us our own special reform—child-labor, or pure food, or civic beauty, or whatever else may seem most immediately necessary for the welfare of the people as a whole. It is quite unreasonable to suppose that any very large proportion of the citizens of the United States will drop the special reforms in which they are severally interested, and concentrate their attention upon the single problem of simplifying English spelling.

But while there is no call upon them to take this extreme step, they ought not to allow the prejudice of the nursery and of the schoolroom to excite their active opposition to the simplified spelling movement. They may not be willing to enlist in the service of the cause, but they ought not to volunteer to swell the ranks of its unenlightened opponents. Even if they are disinclined to help along any change, they ought to keep their minds open, and allow those who are interested to do what can be done to make our orthography more rational, simpler for us, easier for the child and for the foreigner. They ought to be willing to stand aside, to take an attitude of toleration, even if they are content to do nothing themselves.

Our spelling will be simplified more or less in the future—that is certain, for it has been simplified more or less in the past; and the same force is at work now, as irresistible as an avalanche. We can help this along;

we can hinder it a little; or we can do nothing at all, looking on while the battle rages. For the present, this last is likely to be the attitude of the large majority, although the ranks of those who are trying to help seem to be growing daily, and although the number of those who are trying to hinder seem to be shrinking as the question is more clearly understood.

A more or less tolerant approval of the principle that our spelling ought to be bettered does not commit any one to the acceptance of any specific simplification. For example, we may detest and denounce the cutting down of *through* to *thru*, and still believe that simplification is advisable in other directions. We may cling to this or that old-fashioned spelling, and yet be willing enough to see other orthographies made to conform with analogy. And most of us are too busy to take the time or the trouble needed to commit to memory the several thousand new spellings which have been formally recommended by the Simplified Spelling Board.

"WHEN IN DOUBT, USE THE SHORTER"

But there is one simple rule which every one can follow with the least possible trouble. This is to use the shorter of two forms, whenever in doubt. Any one who does thus much will be throwing the weight of his influence in favor of the cause.

In other words, those who do not care to be bothered to learn any new spellings, or to unlearn any old spellings acquired painfully in school-days, need only resolve always to use the simplest spelling which comes to the end of the pen. Most Americans now spell *honor* and *plow* and *jail*; and they are not likely ever to go back to the awkward *honour* and *plough* and *gaol*. Many Americans spell *theater* and *center*, rather than *theatre* and *centre*; and in so doing they are returning to the good old spelling of Queen Elizabeth's time, for this is the more rational form found in Shakespeare's plays.

Why should we spell *metre* one way and its compound, *thermometer*, another? Why

should *program* and *toilet* be forced to wag useless tails, as they do when they are written *programme* and *toilette*? Why not write *check* and *controller* and *gipsy* and *technic* rather than the less logical *cheque* and *comptroller* and *gypsy* and *technique*?

Whenever we happen to note any simpler spellings, we may resolve to use them the next time of writing, if we happen to recall them then; and we shall recall a few of them from time to time. No one who has ever seen *tho* and *altho* and *thoro* thus printed is likely to forget those simpler forms; and there is little difficulty in learning to use them, instead of the cumbersome *though* and *although* and *thorough*.

The use of these abbreviated spellings will not bring upon any one nowadays the charge of illiteracy. *Tho* has the authority of Tennyson; and all the others have now the sanction of reputable authors. Indeed, these briefer orthographies have now been employed by so many writers, and are seen so often in leading periodicals, that they no longer seem "queer" to anybody.

George Eliot once declared that of all forms of error prophecy was the most gratuitous; but although this is true, one may venture the prediction that most of the simplifications now struggling for acceptance will succeed in establishing themselves within the next few years. There is no overt eccentricity in employing them now. What we need to do is to lay hold firmly of the fact that as long as a language is alive on the lips of men, its pronunciation and its orthography are, and must be, constantly changing. This change is a condition of vitality; and therefore there is not and there cannot be any final standard of usage.

As Professor Krapp has recently declared, in his suggestive discussion of "Modern English; Its Growth and Its Present Use," in the simplification of our spelling, as in all other development in language, we must trust "to a frank interchange of opinion and a ready acceptance of the best for the accomplishment of changes that shall be of permanent and general value."

INK

DARK messenger of sweetness and of light—
Bearer of thoughts that live through time's long blight,
Of words whose wisdom and inviolate grace
Have met supernal beauty face to face!

William H. Hayne

HIS FIRST PENITENT

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THOMAS JEFFERSON BROWN," "THE HONOR OF THE BIG SNOWS," ETC.

IN a white wilderness of moaning storm, in a wilderness of miles and miles of black pine-trees, the Transcontinental Flier lay buried in the snow.

In the first darkness of the wild December night, engine and tender had rushed on ahead to division headquarters, to let the line know that the flier had given up the fight, and needed assistance. They had been gone two hours, and whiter and whiter grew the brilliantly lighted coaches in the drifts and winnows of the whistling storm. From the black edges of the forest, prowling eyes might have looked upon scores of human faces staring anxiously out into the blackness from the windows of the coaches.

In those coaches it was growing steadily colder. Men were putting on their overcoats, and women snuggled deeper in their furs. Over it all, the tops of the black pine-trees moaned and whistled in sounds that seemed filled both with menace and with savage laughter.

In the smoking-compartment of the Pullman sat five men, gathered in a group. Of these, one was Forsythe, the timber agent; two were traveling men; the fourth a passenger homeward bound from a holiday visit; and the fifth was Father Charles.

All were smoking, and had been smoking for an hour, even to Father Charles, who lighted his third cigar as one of the traveling men finished the story he had been telling. They had passed away the tedious wait with tales of personal adventure and curious happenings. Each had furnished his share, of entertainment, with the exception of Father Charles.

The priest's pale, serious face lit up in surprise or laughter with the others, but his lips had not broken into a story of their own. He was a little man, dressed in somber black, and there was that about him which told his companions that within his tight-drawn coat of shiny black there were hidden tales which

would have gone well with the savage beat of the storm against the lighted windows and the moaning tumult of the pine-trees.

Suddenly Forsythe shivered at a fiercer blast than the others, and said:

"Father, have you a text that would fit this night—and the situation?"

Slowly Father Charles blew out a spiral of smoke from between his lips, and then he drew himself erect and leaned a little forward, with the cigar between his slender white fingers.

"I had a text for this night," he said. "but I have none now, gentlemen. I was to have married a couple a hundred miles down the line. The guests have assembled. They are ready, but I am not there. The wedding will not be to-night, and so my text is gone. But there comes another to my mind which fits this situation—and a thousand others—'He who sits in the heavens shall look down and decide.' To-night I was to have married these young people. Three hours ago I never dreamed of doubting that I should be on hand at the appointed hour. But I shall not marry them. Fate has enjoined a hand. The Supreme Arbiter says 'No,' and what may not be the consequences?"

"They will probably be married to-morrow," said one of the traveling men. "There will be a few hours' delay—nothing more."

"Perhaps," replied Father Charles, as quietly as before. "And—perhaps not. Who can say what this little incident may not mean in the lives of that young man and that young woman—and, it may be, in my own? Three or four hours lost in a storm—what may they not mean to more than one human heart on this train? The Supreme Arbiter plays His hand, if you wish to call it that, with reason and intent. To some one, somewhere, the most insignificant occurrence may mean life or death. And to-night—this—means something."

A sudden blast drove the night screeching over their heads, and the wailing of the pines was almost like human voices. Forsythe sucked a cigar that had gone out.

"Long ago," said Father Charles, "I knew a young man and a young woman who were to be married. The man went West to win a fortune. Thus fate separated them, and in the lapse of a year such terrible misfortune came to the girl's parents that she was forced into a marriage with wealth—a barter of her white body for an old man's gold. When the young man returned from the West he found his sweetheart married, and hell upon earth was their lot. But hope lingers in young hearts. He waited four years; and then, discouraged, he married another woman. Gentlemen, *three days* after the wedding his old sweetheart's husband died, and she was released from bondage. Was not that the hand of the Supreme Arbiter? If he had waited but three days more, the old happiness might have lived.

"But wait! One month after that day the young man was arrested, taken to a Western State, tried for murder, and hanged. Do you see the point? In three days more the girl who had sold herself into slavery for the salvation of those she loved would have been released from her bondage only to marry a murderer!"

II

THERE WAS a silence, in which all five listened to that wild moaning of the storm. There seemed to be something in it now—something more than the inarticulate sound of wind and trees. Forsythe scratched a match and relighted his cigar.

"I never thought of such things in just that light," he said.

"Listen to the wind," said the little priest. "Hear the pine-trees shriek out there! It recalls to me a night of years and years ago—a night like this, when the storm moaned and twisted about my little cabin, and when the Supreme Arbiter sent me my first penitent. Gentlemen, it is something which will bring you nearer to an understanding of the voice and the hand of God. It is a sermon on the mighty significance of little things, this story of my first penitent. If you wish, I will tell it to you."

"Go on," said Forsythe.

The traveling men drew nearer.

"It was a night like this," repeated Father Charles, "and it was in a great wilderness like this, only miles and miles away.

I had been sent to establish a mission; and in my cabin, that wild night, alone and with the storm shrieking about me, I was busy at work sketching out my plans. After a time I grew nervous. I did not smoke then, and so I had nothing to comfort me but my thoughts; and, in spite of my efforts to make them otherwise, they were cheerless enough. The forest grew to my door. In the fiercer blasts I could hear the lashing of the pine-tops over my head, and now and then an arm of one of the moaning trees would reach down and sweep across my cabin roof with a sound that made me shudder and fear. This wilderness fear is an oppressive and terrible thing when you are alone at night, and the world is twisting and tearing itself outside. I have heard the pine-trees shriek like dying women, I have heard them wailing like lost children, I have heard them sobbing and moaning like human souls writhing in agony—"

Father Charles paused, to peer through the window out into the black night, where the pine-trees were sobbing and moaning now. When he turned, Forsythe, the timber agent, whose life was a wilderness life, nodded understandingly.

"And when they cry like that," went on Father Charles, "a living voice would be lost among them as the splash of a pebble is lost in a roaring sea. A hundred times that night I fancied that I heard human voices; and a dozen times I went to my door, drew back the bolt, and listened, with the snow and the wind beating about my ears.

"As I sat shuddering before my fire, there came a thought to me of a story which I had long ago read about the sea—a story of impossible achievement and of impossible heroism. As vividly as if I had read it only the day before, I recalled the description of a wild and stormy night when the heroine placed a lighted lamp in the window of her sea-bound cottage, to guide her lover home in safety. Gentlemen, the reading of that book in my boyhood days was but a trivial thing. I had read a thousand others, and of them all it was possibly the least significant; but the Supreme Arbiter had not forgotten.

"The memory of that book brought me to my feet, and I placed a lighted lamp close up against my cabin window. Fifteen minutes later I heard a strange sound at the door, and when I opened it there fell in upon the floor at my feet a young and beautiful woman. And after her, dragging him-

self over the threshold on his hands and knees, there came a man.

"I closed the door, after the man had crawled in and fallen face downward upon the floor, and turned my attention first to the woman. She was covered with snow. Her long, beautiful hair was loose and disheveled, and had blown about her like a veil. Her big, dark eyes looked at me pleadingly, and in them there was a terror such as I had never beheld in human eyes before. I bent over her, intending to carry her to my cot; but in another moment she had thrown herself upon the prostrate form of the man, with her arms about his head, and there burst from her lips the first sounds that she had uttered. They were not much more intelligible than the wailing grief of the pine-trees out in the night, but they told me plainly enough that the man on the floor was dearer to her than life.

"I knelt beside him, and found that he was breathing in a quick, panting sort of way, and that his wide-open eyes were looking at the woman. Then I noticed for the first time that his face was cut and bruised, and his lips were swollen. His coat was loose at the throat, and I could see livid marks on his neck.

" 'I'm all right,' he whispered, struggling for breath, and turning his eyes to me. 'We should have died—in a few minutes more—if it hadn't been for the light in your window!'

"The young woman bent down and kissed him, and then she allowed me to help her to my cot. When I had attended to the young man, and he had regained strength enough to stand upon his feet, she was asleep. The man went to her, and dropped upon his knees beside the cot. Tenderly he drew back the heavy masses of hair from about her face and shoulders. For several minutes he remained with his face pressed close against hers; then he rose, and faced me. The woman—his wife—knew nothing of what passed between us during the next half-hour. During that half-hour, gentlemen, I received my first confession. The young man was of my faith. He was my first penitent."

It was growing colder in the coach, and Father Charles stopped to draw his thin black coat closer about him. Forsythe relighted his cigar for the third time. The transient passenger gave a sudden start as a gust of wind beat against the window like a threatening hand.

"A rough stool was my confessional, gentlemen," resumed Father Charles. "He told me the story, kneeling at my feet—a story that will live with me as long as I live, always reminding me that the little things of life may be the greatest things, that by sending a storm to hold up a coach the Supreme Arbiter may change the map of a world. It is not a long story. It is not even an unusual story.

"He had come into the North about a year before, and had built for himself and his wife a little home at a pleasant river spot ten miles from my cabin. Their love was of the kind we do not often see, and they were as happy as the birds that lived about them in the wilderness. They had taken a timber claim. A few months more, and a new life was to come into their little home; and the knowledge of this made the girl an angel of beauty and joy. Their nearest neighbor was another man, several miles distant. The two men became friends, and the other came over to see them frequently. It was the old, old story. The neighbor fell in love with the young settler's wife.

"As you shall see, this other man was a beast. On the day preceding that night of terrible storm, the woman's husband set out for the settlement to bring back supplies. Hardly had he gone, when the beast came to the cabin. He found himself alone with the woman.

"A mile from his cabin, the husband stopped to light his pipe. See, gentlemen, how the Supreme Arbiter played His hand. The man attempted to unscrew the stem, and the stem broke. In the wilderness you must smoke. Smoke is your company. It is voice and companionship to you. There were other pipes at the settlement, ten miles away; but there was also another pipe at the cabin, one mile away. So the husband turned back. He came up quietly to his door, thinking that he would surprise his wife. He heard voices—a man's voice, a woman's cries. He opened the door, and in the excitement of what was happening within neither the man nor the woman saw or heard him. They were struggling. The woman was in the man's arms, her hair torn down, her small hands beating him in the face, her breath coming in low, terrified cries. Even as the husband stood there for the fraction of a second, taking in the terrible scene, the other man caught the woman's face to him, and kissed her. And then—it happened. It was a terrible fight; and when it

was over the beast lay on the floor, bleeding and dead. Gentlemen, the Supreme Arbiter *broke a pipe-stem*, and sent the husband back in time!"

III

No one spoke as Father Charles drew his coat still closer about him. Above the tumult of the storm another sound came to them—the distant, piercing shriek of a whistle.

"The husband dug a grave through the snow and in the frozen earth," concluded Father Charles; "and late that afternoon they packed up a bundle and set out together for the settlement. The storm overtook them. They had dropped for the last time into the snow, about to die in each other's arms, when I put my light in the window. That is all; except that I knew them for several years afterward, and that the old happiness returned to them—and more, for the child was born, a miniature of its mother. Then they moved to another part of the wilderness, and I to still another. So you see, gentlemen, what a snow-bound train may mean, for if an old sea tale, a broken pipe-stem—"

The door at the end of the smoking-room opened suddenly. Through it there came a cold blast of the storm, a cloud of snow, and a man. He was bundled in a great bearskin coat, and as he shook out its folds his strong, ruddy face smiled cheerfully at those whom he had interrupted.

Then, suddenly, there came a change in his face. The merriment went from it. He stared at Father Charles. The priest was rising, his face more tense and whiter still, his hands reaching out to the stranger.

In another moment the stranger had leaped to him—not to shake his hands, but to clasp the priest in his great arms, shaking him, and crying out a strange joy, while for the first time that night the pale face of Father Charles was lighted up with a red and joyous glow.

After several minutes the newcomer released Father Charles, and turned to the others with a great, hearty laugh.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you must pardon me for interrupting you like this. You will understand when I tell you that Father Charles is an old friend of mine, the dearest friend I have on earth, and that I haven't seen him for years. I was his first penitent!"

THE SUNSET

A PLEASANT smile and a light caress—
I ask not more and I want not less;
I do not plead for an ardent love,
That mantles the heavens or spans the sea;
I only ask that time shall prove
That you will be gentle and kind to me.

While memories flicker as sunsets fade,
And every ghost of the past is laid;
With love a truant and passion dead,
There still comes a glimmer of sweet sunshine,
As I think of the night when you bowed your head—
Bowed it and mingled your tears with mine.

Song and laughter that come and go,
Love and passion that ebb and flow,
The past seems a dim and receding shore—
The past with its vanishing, shattered years;
But the face that looks longest through memory's door
Is pallid with sorrow and wet with tears.

And so I ask, as the twilights fade,
That you walk beside me still unafraid;
As we watch the flow of the ebbing tide,
And near the shores of the unknown sea,
That you nestle closer by my side,
And share your sorrows with none but me.

Sam P. Davis

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

XXXII—GEORGE IV AND MRS. FITZHERBERT

BY LYNDON ORR

IN the last decade of the eighteenth century, England was perhaps the most brilliant nation of the world. Other countries had been humbled by the splendid armies of France, and were destined to be still further humbled by the emperor who came from Corsica. France had begun to seize the scepter of power; yet to this picture there was another side—fearful want and grievous poverty, and the horrors of the Revolution. Russia was too far away, and was still considered too barbarous, for a brilliant court to flourish there. Prussia had the prestige that Frederick the Great won for her, but she was still a comparatively small state. Italy was in a condition of political chaos; the banks of the Rhine were running blood where the Austrian armies faced the gallant Frenchmen under the leadership of Moreau. But England, in spite of the loss of her American colonies, was rich and prosperous, and her invincible fleets were extending her empire over the seven seas.

At no time in modern England had the court at London seen so much real splendor or such fine manners. The royalist *émigrés* who fled from France brought with them names and pedigrees that were older than the Crusades, and many of them were received with the frankest, freest, English hospitality. If, here and there, some marquis or baron of ancient blood was perforce content to teach music to the daughters of tradesmen in suburban schools, nevertheless

they were better off than they had been in France, harried by the savage gazehounds of the guillotine. Afterward, in the days of the Restoration, when they came back to their estates, they had probably learned more than one lesson from the *bouledogues* of Merry England, who had little tact, perhaps, but who were at any rate kindly, and willing to share their goods with pinched and poverty-stricken foreigners.

The court, then, as has been said, was brilliant with notables from Continental countries, and with the historic wealth of the peerage of England. Only one cloud overspread it; and that was the mental condition of the king. We have become accustomed to think of George III as a dull creature, almost always hovering on the verge of that insanity which finally swept him into a dark obscurity; but Thackeray's picture of him is absurdly untrue to the actual facts. George III was by no means a dullard, nor was he a sort of beefy country squire who roved about the palace gardens with his unattractive spouse.

Obstinate enough he was, and ready for a combat with the rulers of the Continent, or with his self-willed sons; but he was a man of brains and power, and Lord Rosebery has rightly described him as the most striking constitutional figure of his time. Had he retained his reason, and had his erratic and self-seeking son not succeeded him during his own lifetime, Great Britain might very possibly have entered upon other ways than

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral and psychological problems which they illustrate. Recent articles in the series have dealt with "The Story of Rachel" (August, 1910); "The Story of Aaron Burr" (September); "King Charles II and Nell Gwyn" (October); "Marie Antoinette and Count Fersen" (November); "Lola Montez and King Ludwig of Bavaria" (December); "The Story of Pauline Bonaparte" (January, 1911); "Robert Burns and Jean Armour" (February); "The Story of Richard Wagner" (March); "Honoré de Balzac and Evelina Hanska" (April); "The Story of the Carlyles" (May); "The Story of Mme. de Staël" (June), and "Charlotte Corday and Adam Lux" (July).

those which opened to her after the downfall of Napoleon.

THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE

The real center of fashionable England, however, was not George III, but rather his son, subsequently George IV, who was made Prince of Wales three days after his birth, and who became prince regent during the insanity of the king. He was the leader of the social world, the fit companion of Beau Brummel, and of a choice circle of rakes and fox-hunters who drank pottle-deep. Some called him "the first gentleman of Europe." Others, who knew him better, described him as one who never kept his word to man or woman, and who lacked the most elementary virtues.

Yet it was his good luck, during the first years of his regency, to be popular as few English kings have ever been. To his people, he typified old England against revolutionary France; and his youth and gaiety made many like him. He drank and gambled; he kept packs of hounds and strings of horses; he ran deeply into debt that he might patronize the sports of that uproarious day. He was a gallant "Corinthian," a haunter of dens where there were prize-fights and cock-fights, and there was hardly a doubtful resort in London where his face was not familiar.

He was much given to gallantry—not so much, as it seemed, for wantonness, but from sheer love of mirth and chivalry. For a time, with his chosen friends, such as Fox and Sheridan, he ventured into reckless intrigues that recalled the amours of his predecessor, Charles II. He had by no means the wit and courage of Charles; and, indeed, the house of Hanover lacked the outward show of chivalry which made the Stuarts shine with external splendor. But he was good-looking and stalwart, and when he had half a dozen robust comrades by his side he could assume a very manly appearance. Such was George IV in his regency and in his prime.

He made that period famous for its card-playing, its deep drinking, and for the dissolute conduct of its courtiers and noblemen, no less than for the gallantry of its soldiers and its momentous victories on sea and land. It came, however, to be seen that his true achievements were in reality only escapades, that his wit was only folly, and that his so-called "sensibility" was but sham. He invented buckles, striped waistcoats, and flamboyant collars, but he knew nothing of the

principles of kingship or the laws by which a state is governed.

The fact that he had promiscuous affairs with women appealed, at first, to the popular sense of the romantic. It was not long, however, before these episodes were trampled down into the mire of vulgar scandal.

One of the first of them began when he sent a letter, signed "Florizel," to a young actress, "Perdita" Robinson. Mrs. Robinson, whose maiden name was Mary Darby, and who was the original of famous portraits by Gainsborough and Reynolds, was a woman of beauty, talent, and temperament. George, wishing in every way to be "romantic," insisted upon clandestine meetings on the Thames at Kew, with all the stage trappings of the popular novels—cloaks, veils, faces hidden, and armed watchers to warn her of approaching danger. Poor Perdita took this nonsense so seriously that she gave up her natural vocation for the stage, and forsook her husband, believing that the prince would never weary of her.

He did weary of her very soon, and, with the brutality of a man of such a type, turned her away with the promise of some money; after which he cut her in the Park, and refused to speak to her again. As for the money, he may have meant to pay it, but Perdita had a long struggle before she succeeded in getting it. It may be assumed that the prince had to borrow it, and that this obligation formed part of the debts which Parliament paid for him.

It is not necessary to number the other women whose heads he turned. They are too many for remembrance here, and they have no special significance, save one who, as is generally believed, became his wife so far as the church could make her so. An act of 1772 had made it illegal for any member of the English royal family to marry without the permission of the king. A marriage contracted without the king's consent might be lawful in the eyes of the church, but the children born of it could not inherit any claim to the throne.

It may be remarked here that this withholding of permission was strictly enforced. Thus William IV, who succeeded George IV, was married, before his accession to the throne, to Mrs. Jordan (Dorothy Bland). Afterward, he lawfully married a woman of royal birth, who was known as Queen Adelaide.

There is an interesting story which tells how Queen Victoria came to be born because



GEORGE IV, KING OF ENGLAND, FAMOUS BY THE ILL-DESERVED TITLE OF
"THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE"

From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence

her father, the Duke of Kent, was practically forced to give up a morganatic union which he greatly preferred to a marriage arranged for him by Parliament. Except the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Kent was the only royal duke who was likely to have children in the regular line. The only

daughter of George IV had died in childhood. The Duke of Cumberland was, for various reasons, ineligible; the Duke of Clarence, later King William IV, was almost too old; and therefore, to insure the succession, the Duke of Kent was begged to marry the young and attractive woman, a

princess of the house of Saxe-Coburg, who was ready for the honor. It was greatly to the duke's credit that he showed deep and sincere feeling in this matter. As he said himself, in effect:

"This French lady has stood by me in hard times, and in good times, too—why should I cast her off? She has been more than a wife to me. And what do I care for your plans in Parliament? Send over for one of the Stuarts—they are better men

than the last lot of our fellows that you have had!"

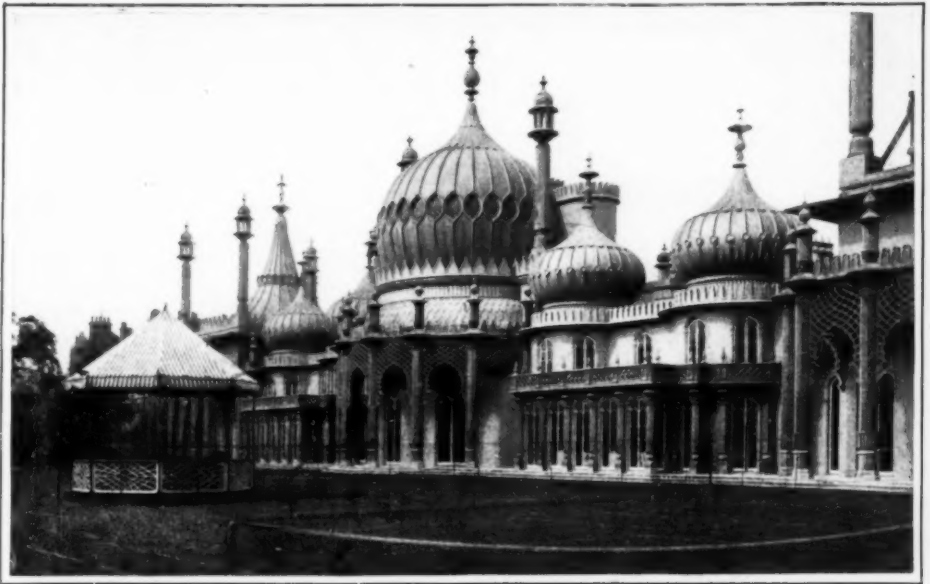
In the end, however, he was wearied out and was persuaded to marry, but he insisted that a generous sum should be settled on the lady who had been so long his true companion, and to whom, no doubt, he gave many a wistful thought in his new but unfamiliar quarters in Kensington Palace, which was assigned as his residence.

Again, the second Duke of Cambridge,



MARIA ANNE SMYTHE, MRS. FITZHERBERT, WHO WAS MARRIED TO GEORGE IV,
BY A CEREMONY WHICH HAD NO LEGAL STATUS

From the portrait by John Russell



THE PAVILION AT BRIGHTON, WHICH WAS BUILT BY GEORGE IV, AND IN WHICH HE LIVED FOR SEVERAL YEARS WITH MRS. FITZHERBERT.

who died only seven years ago, greatly desired to marry a lady who was not of royal rank, though of fine breeding and good birth. He besought his young cousin, as head of the family, to grant him this privilege of marriage; but Queen Victoria stubbornly refused. The duke was married according to the rites of the church, but he could not make his wife a duchess. The queen never quite forgave him for his partial defiance of her wishes, though the duke's wife—she was usually spoken of as Mrs. FitzGeorge—was received almost everywhere, and two of her sons hold high rank in the British army and navy respectively.

THE REAL LOVE-STORY OF GEORGE IV

The one real love-story in the life of George IV is that which tells of his marriage with a lady who might well have been the wife of any king. This was Maria Anne Smythe, better known as Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was six years older than the young prince when she first met him in company with a body of gentlemen and ladies in 1784. He fell at once a victim to her fascinations.

Maria Fitzherbert's face was one which always displayed its best advantages. Her eyes were peculiarly languishing, and as she had already been twice a widow, and was

six years his senior, she had the advantage over a less experienced lover. Likewise, she was a Catholic, and so by another act of Parliament any marriage with her would be illegal. Yet just because of all these different objections, the prince was doubly drawn to her, and was willing to sacrifice even the throne if he could but win her.

His father, the king, called him into the royal presence, and said:

"George, it is time that you should settle down, and insure the succession to the throne."

"Sir," replied the prince, "I prefer to resign the succession and let my brother have it, and that I should live as a private English gentleman."

Mrs. Fitzherbert was not the sort of woman to give herself up readily to amorganatic connection. Moreover, she soon came to love Prince George too well to entangle him in a doubtful alliance with one of another faith than his. Not long after he first met her, the prince, who was always given to private theatricals, sent messengers riding in hot haste to her house, to tell her that he had stabbed himself, that he begged to see her, and that unless she came he would repeat the act. The lady yielded, and hurried to Carlton House, the prince's residence; but she was prudent enough to take with her the

Duchess of Devonshire, who was a reigning beauty of the court.

The scene which followed was theatrical rather than impressive. The prince was found in his sleeping-chamber, pale, and with his ruffles blood-stained. He played the part of a youthful and love-stricken wooer, vowing that he would marry the woman of his heart, or stab himself again. In the presence of his messengers, who, with the duchess, were witnesses, he formally took the lady as his wife, while Lady Devonshire's wedding-ring sealed the troth. The prince also acknowledged it in a document.

Mrs. Fitzherbert was, in fact, a woman of sound sense. Shortly after this scene of melodramatic intensity, her wits came back to her, and she recognized that she had merely gone through a meaningless farce. So she sent back the prince's document and the ring, and hastened to the Continent, where he could not reach her, although his detectives followed her steps for a year.

At the last she yielded, however, and came home to marry the prince in such fashion as she could—a marriage of love, and surely one of morality, though not of parliamentary law. The ceremony was performed "in her own drawing-room in her house in London, in the presence of the officiating Protestant clergyman and two of her own nearest relatives."

Such is the serious statement of Lord Stourton, who was Mrs. Fitzherbert's cousin and confidant. The truth of it was never denied, and Mrs. Fitzherbert was always treated with respect, and even regarded as a person of great distinction. Nevertheless, on more than one occasion, the prince had his friends in Parliament deny the marriage, in order that his debts might be paid, and new allowances issued to him by the Treasury.

THE PRINCE'S COURT AT BRIGHTON

George certainly felt himself a husband. Like any other married prince, he set himself to build a palace for his country home. While in search of some suitable spot, he chanced to visit the "pretty fishing-village" of Brighton, to see his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland. Doubtless he found it an attractive place, yet this may have been not so much because of its view of the sea, as for the reason that Mrs. Fitzherbert had previously lived there.

However, in 1784, the prince sent down his chief cook to make arrangements for the

next royal visit. The cook engaged a house on the spot where the Pavilion now stands, and from that time Brighton began to be an extremely fashionable place. The court doctors, giving advice as was agreeable, recommended their royal patient to take sea-bathing at Brighton. At once the place sprang into popularity.

At first, the gentry were crowded into lodging-houses, and the accommodations were primitive to a degree. But soon handsome villas arose on every side; hotels appeared; places of amusement were opened. The prince himself began to build a tasteless but showy structure, partly Chinese and partly Indian in style, on the fashionable promenade of the Steyne.

During his life with Mrs. Fitzherbert at Brighton, the prince held what was practically a court. Hundreds of the aristocracy came down from London and made their temporary dwellings here; while thousands who were by no means of the court made the place what it is now popularly called, "London by the Sea." There were the Duc de Chartres, of France; statesmen and rakes, like Fox, Sheridan, and the Earl of Barrymore; a very beautiful woman, named Mrs. Couch, a favorite singer at the opera, to whom the prince gave at one time jewels worth ten thousand pounds; and a sister of the Earl of Barrymore, who was as notorious as her brother. She often took the president's chair at a club which George's friends had organized, and which she had christened the Hell Fire Club.

Such persons were not the only visitors at Brighton. Men of much more serious demeanor came down to visit the prince, and brought with them quieter society. Nevertheless, for a considerable time, the place was most noted for its wild scenes of revelry, into which George frequently entered, though his home life with Mrs. Fitzherbert, at the Pavilion, was a decorous one.

No one felt any doubt as to the marriage of the two persons who seemed so much like a prince and a princess. Some of the people of the place addressed Mrs. Fitzherbert as "Mrs. Prince." The old king and his wife, however, much deplored their son's relation with her. This was partly due to the fact that Mrs. Fitzherbert was a Catholic, and that she had received a number of French nuns, who had been driven out of France at the time of the Revolution. But no less displeasure was caused by the prince's racing and dicing, which swelled

his debts to almost a million pounds, so that Parliament and, indeed, the sober part of England were set against him.

a mother. She had no children by her two former husbands, and Lord Stourton testified positively that she never had either



CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK, THE UNHAPPY QUEEN OF GEORGE IV, AND HER DAUGHTER, PRINCESS CHARLOTTE

From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence

Of course, his marriage to Mrs. Fitzherbert had no legal status; nor is there any reason for believing that she ever became

son or daughter by Prince George. Nevertheless, more than one American claimant has risen to advance some utterly visionary

claim to the English throne by reason of alleged descent from Prince George and Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Neither William IV nor Queen Victoria ever spent much time at Brighton. In King William's case it was explained that the dampness of the Pavilion did not suit him; and as to Queen Victoria, it was said that she disliked the fact that buildings had been erected so as to cut off the view of the sea. It is quite likely, however, that the queen objected to the associations of the place, and did not care to be reminded of the time when her uncle had lived there so long in a morganatic state of marriage.

GEORGE IV AND QUEEN CAROLINE

At length the time came when the king, Parliament, and the people at large insisted that the Prince of Wales should make a legal marriage, and a wife was selected for him in the person of Caroline, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick. This marriage took place exactly ten years after his wedding with the beautiful and gentle-mannered Mrs. Fitzherbert. With the latter, he had known many days and hours of happiness. With Princess Caroline he had no happiness at all.

Prince George met her at the pier to greet her. It is said that as he took her hand he kissed her, and then, suddenly recoiling, he whispered to one of his friends:

"For God's sake, George, give me a glass of brandy!"

Such an utterance was more brutal and barbaric than anything his bride could have conceived of, though it is probable, fortunately, that she did not understand him, by reason of her ignorance of English.

We need not go through the unhappy story of this unsympathetic, neglected, rebellious wife. Her life with the prince soon became one of open warfare; but instead of leaving England, she remained to set the kingdom in an uproar. As soon as his father died, and he became king, George sued her for divorce. Half the people sided with the queen, while the rest regarded her as a

vulgar creature who made love to her attendants, and brought dishonor on the English throne. It was a sorry, sordid contrast between the young Prince George who had posed as a sort of cavalier, and this now furious, gray old man, wrangling with his furious German wife.

Well might he look back to the time when he met Perdita in the moonlight on the Thames, or when he played the part of Florizel, or, better still, when he enjoyed the sincere and disinterested love of the gentle woman who was his wife in all but legal status. Caroline of Brunswick was thrust away from the king's coronation. She took a house within sight of Westminster Abbey, so that she might make hag-like screeches to the mob, and to the king as he passed by. Presently, in August, 1821, only a month after the coronation, she died, and her body was taken back to Brunswick for burial.

George, himself, reigned for nine years longer. When he died, in 1830, his executor was the Duke of Wellington. The duke, in examining the late king's private papers, found that he had kept, with the greatest care, every letter written to him by his morganatic wife. During his last illness she had sent him an affectionate missive, which, it is said, George "read eagerly." Mrs. Fitzherbert wished the duke to give her back her letters; but he would do so only in return for those which he had written to her.

It was finally decided that it would be best to burn both his and hers. This work was carried out in Mrs. Fitzherbert's own house, by the lady, the duke, and the Earl of Albemarle.

Of George it may be said that he has left as memories behind him only three things that will be remembered. The first is the Pavilion at Brighton, with its absurdly oriental decorations, its minarets and flimsy towers. The second is the buckle which he invented, and which Thackeray has immortalized with his biting satire. The last is the story of his marriage to Maria Fitzherbert, and of the influence exercised upon him by the affection of a good woman.

SUFFICIENT

LIFE asks of human hearts no more than this—

The will to bear a burden cheerfully;

A sure belief that truth ne'er works amiss;

A heart of love that hears a hurt soul's plea.

Arthur Wallace Peach

DR. CRAWFORD W. LONG, DISCOVERER OF ANESTHESIA

BY ROSA PENDLETON CHILES

AT the last meeting of the British Medical Association, held in London in July, 1910, the subject of anesthesia received more than ordinary attention.

There were several reasons for this. One was the fact that the Pathological Museum was replaced by the Medical Museum—a change which permitted the display of anesthetic apparatus, and other exhibits on the subject of anesthesia, which had not been possible in a museum given to pathology. The family of the late Dr. Crawford Williamson Long, of Georgia, had been invited to exhibit his original papers, determining his claim to the discovery of anesthesia. The invitation was accepted, and Dr. Long's papers received conspicuous place in the museum.

As the original proofs of no other claimant were solicited, this may be regarded as an acknowledgment upon the part of Great Britain that Dr. Long was the discoverer of anesthesia. Indeed, the English have acknowledged this for years. Dr. George Foy, F.R.C.S., F.R.A.M., of Dublin, Ireland, author of "Anesthetics, Ancient and Modern," and other valuable contributions to medical history, has earnestly declared his opinion on this subject in a biographical sketch of Dr. Long, in which he memorializes him as the discoverer of general anesthesia. In a letter to Dr. Long's daughter, dated March 26, 1910, Dr. Foy writes:

Of one great fact I am sure, to wit: the principal anesthetists of London recognize that your father's claim to the discovery of general anesthesia is well founded. And in their hospital classes they so inform their students. No writing or talking can now affect his position. It has been accepted, and is acknowledged by writers and teachers.

When the late King Edward awakened from his etherized slumber, after his opera-

tion for perityphlitis, one of the first questions he asked was:

"Who discovered anesthesia?"

"Dr. Crawford Long, your majesty," was the reply.

When the king showed further interest in the matter, Dr. Foy presented him with a copy of his biography of Dr. Long, which his majesty subsequently acknowledged in an autograph letter.

"Vaccination and anesthesia," wrote Dr. J. Marion Sims, one of the most distinguished contributors to the advancement of medicine and surgery, "are the greatest boons ever conferred by science on humanity. England gave us one, America the other. England recognized the labors of Jenner; America should recognize the labors of Long."

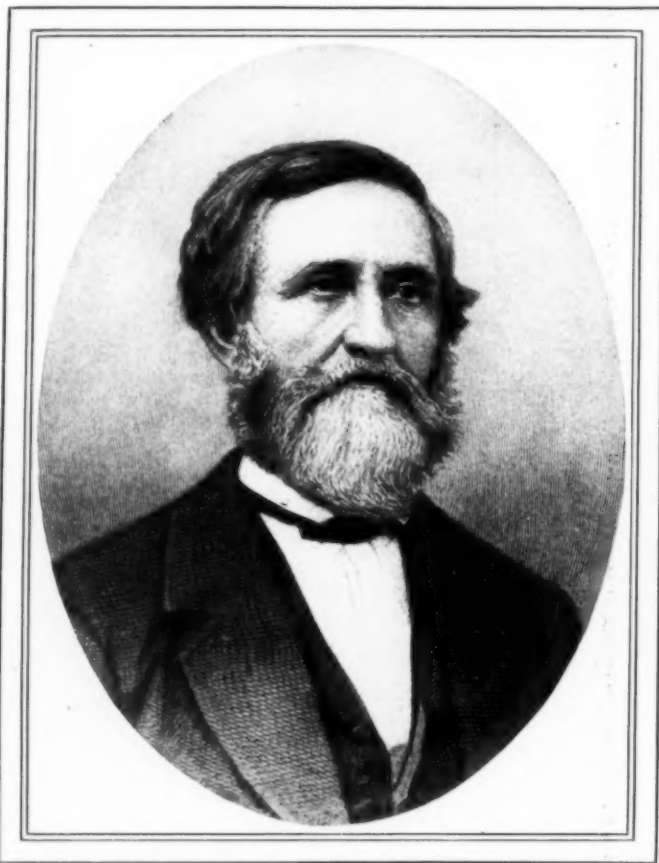
If we compare these two benefactions of Jenner and Long, it is difficult to decide which has done more for the relief of mankind. Primarily, vaccination, as affording protection from smallpox, is of less importance than anesthesia, especially at the present time, when sanitation has become a science, and the danger of smallpox is minimized by common measures of preventing disease. On the other hand, the widening scope of surgery makes its handmaid, anesthesia, increasingly useful.

Comparison of secondary benefits is more difficult. Vaccination furnished suggestion to Pasteur and others for the study of serum therapy, and the principle evolved from it has become one of the greatest in medical history. Anesthesia has also transcended the limits of its original purpose—to render suffering mortals oblivious to the torturing cruelty of the knife—and has multiplied the possibilities of surgery. Its use in experiments upon animals has done invaluable service in the war against disease.

Dr. Foy, placing the discovery of anesthesia far above Jenner's work with vaccine, says that it ranks second only to Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood. Yet, if we compare the rewards of

tion that arises is—what constituted that discovery?

Not the idea of anesthesia. That has been in the minds of men almost as long as the idea of pain itself. It was apparently



CRAWFORD WILLIAMSON LONG, THE GEORGIA PHYSICIAN WHO FIRST USED ETHER TO PRODUCE ANESTHESIA DURING A SURGICAL OPERATION

From a photograph taken near the end of Dr. Long's life

the two men, Jenner far outranks Long. In his case, although there were other claimants before Parliament, the British legislators unanimously voted to reward Jenner, and he received thirty thousand pounds from the public purse. On the other hand, America, as a nation, did not even bestow a medal upon Long.

THE DISCOVERY OF ANESTHESIA

In considering the conflicting claims to the discovery of anesthesia, the first ques-

tion in the mind of the old Hebrew chronicler who wrote of the "deep sleep" which the Creator caused to fall upon Adam. The Assyrians are said to have compressed the carotid arteries to produce insensibility to pain. The Egyptians used Indian hemp and the product of the poppy for the same purpose. Homer wrote of the "sorrow-easing-drug," nepenthe. Pliny the Younger, Galen, and others, described the ability of mandragora to paralyze sensation. An old Chinese manuscript states that a phy-

sician named Hoa-tho, in the third century, employed a preparation of hemp to produce a measure of unconsciousness under surgery.

The "sleeping sponge" was used in the fifteenth century; a sixteenth-century manuscript mentions something similar, and Shakespeare wrote of "drowsy syrups." Later, toward the end of the eighteenth century, Priestley made discoveries regarding the properties of gases, and their power of producing insensibility was discussed. In 1800, Sir Humphry Davy discovered that nitrous oxide gas causes unconsciousness, and suggested its use in surgery, but his suggestion went unheeded.

In 1818, Faraday announced the anesthetic effects of sulfuric ether, and the American physicians Godman (1822), Jackson (1833), Wood, and Bache (1834) confirmed his report. But all such observations were considered "scientific curiosities," and the world was almost as ignorant of the nature, possibilities, and practical demonstration of anesthesia in 1842, when Dr. Long started a new era in surgery, as it was in the days of Adam.

At that time the following points were entirely unknown:

1—To what degree insensibility can be carried with safety.

2—The certainty with which ether, or any other gas, can be used to produce insensibility, and the general effect upon the immediate and later condition of the patient.

3—The possibilities of long-continued anesthesia in surgery.

The elucidation of these three vital points may be said to have constituted the discovery of anesthesia.

Having determined what the discovery was, the next consideration is Dr. Long's claim to it.

In case of such a discovery, the rules of his profession require a physician to establish his claim as the discoverer by independent verification; to use his discovery for the benefit of his patients as soon as he is satisfied of safety in its employment; and, at such time as he is assured by exhaustive demonstration of the safety with which less experienced operators may use it, to give it to the profession as a whole.

As an illustration of a physician's duty in regard to this last requirement, the case of Dr. Ehrlich, in his recent discovery of a new preparation of arsenic, may be cited.

He had treated seven thousand cases successfully with this compound, but upon being asked when he would give his formula to the world, he replied:

"Not until I have received reports of twenty or thirty thousand injections."

Such exhaustive test is not required in the case of every new process, but in a matter as important as anesthesia, with the danger attendant upon its use, a reasonable time should certainly have been given the discoverer for extensive experiment before publishing his results. Yet the only thing that has cheated Dr. Long of many of the honors due him was the criticism, in the days of the so-called "ether controversy," that he did not give his work to the profession early enough.

DR. LONG'S EARLIEST EXPERIMENTS

During all of his course as a medical student in the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Long was eager to find something that would alleviate pain in surgery, and believed that somewhere in the universe the Creator had placed an agency sufficient for the need. In those days, he was fond of experiment, and was recognized as a man of independent thought. It was, however, by accident that he finally found the agent for producing oblivion to pain. His genius lay in applying the accident to the need which appealed to his sympathies, and experiment quickly followed.

In the first half of the last century, sulfuric ether was used in New England, and in certain sections of the South, to furnish the principal entertainment at private social gatherings. These curious affairs were called "ether frolics." Young people inhaled the gas for its properties as an excitant, and the strange antics of those under its influence caused merriment for the rest of the party.

Dr. Long, when he was about twenty-six years old, inhaled it with other young people, and at times became uncontrollable under its influence, falling over objects and bruising himself quite badly. Feeling no pain at the time, and being unconscious of injury until afterward, it occurred to him that the safe agency for painless surgery had been found. After considering the matter carefully, on the 30th of March, 1842, he successfully performed the first authenticated operation without pain to the subject. This fact has never been disputed.

James M. Venable, a young man who

had inhaled ether at "ether frolics," consented to have a tumor removed while under the influence of the gas. He had postponed the operation from time to time in dread of pain, and was glad to try the new agency of oblivion. He was so amazed at the success of the experiment that upon recovering consciousness he refused to believe that the tumor had been removed until Dr. Long showed it to him. Two months later the same man had another tumor removed with equal success.

There were four witnesses of the first operation, and all of them bore testimony to its complete success. They were young men studying in Dr. Long's office, and their evidence as to the experiments conducted by the Georgia physician is proof of his earnest study of the subject. The preceptor and his pupils, behind closed doors, anesthetized one another time and again to make sure of the process and its results.

It may be worth while to reprint the bill which Dr. Long rendered to Venable, as copied from the physician's books:

JAMES VENABLE TO DR. C. W. LONG, Dr.
1842

January 28. Sulfuric ether.....	.25
March 30. Ether and exsecting tumor.....	2 00
May 13. Sulfuric ether.....	.25
June 6. Exsecting tumor.....	2 00

It has been stated that Dr. Long abandoned the use of anesthesia in surgery after his first success with it, but the affidavits of those who were associated with him, and who knew his work, disprove the charge. Living in a small town, with most of his practise in the country, his surgical cases were not numerous, but whenever ether was applicable, and the patients consented to its use, he employed it.

Dr. J. F. Groves, who began the study of medicine under Dr. Long in 1842, states that, "owing to the prejudice and ignorance of the populace, Dr. Long was prevented from using ether as often as he might have."

This would have been the experience of any physician in the early use of a new and supposedly mysterious agency.

From the first, Dr. Long offered his discovery to the doctors of his section, and urged them to adopt it. They were afraid of fatal results, however, and in only one case was it used—in 1844, when Dr. J. B. Carlton, of Athens, Georgia, one of the most prominent physicians of the State, extracted

a tooth while the patient was insensible from ether-inhalation. That the physicians who knew of his work would finally have employed anesthesia, however, as Dr. Long's successes were multiplied, may be judged from a statement of Dr. Carlton, in which he says that while assisting Dr. R. D. Moore, another physician of Athens, in amputating the leg of a colored boy, Dr. Moore expressed regret that he did not bring sulfuric ether along, so that he "could try Dr. Long's great discovery."

As further evidence of the fact that Dr. Long's use of anesthesia in surgery was well known and often discussed, Dr. Ange Delaperriere made the following affidavit in 1854:

I, Ange Delaperriere, M.D., do certify that I resided in Jefferson, Jackson County, Georgia, in the year 1842, and that some time in that year I heard James M. Venable, then of said State and county, now deceased, speak of Dr. C. W. Long, then of Jefferson, in the county of Jackson, Georgia, now of Athens, Georgia, cutting two tumors from his neck while under the influence of the inhalation of sulfuric ether without pain or being conscious of the performance of the operation.

I do further certify that the fact of Dr. C. W. Long using sulfuric ether by inhalation to prevent pain in surgical operations was frequently spoken of and notorious in the county of Jackson, State of Georgia, in the year 1842.

It is plain, then, that Dr. Long met the requirements of his profession. He had discovered general anesthesia, made repeated experiments to determine its effects, demonstrated it openly, employed it in all cases in which it was possible for him to employ it, and made an earnest effort to persuade other physicians to use it. He had achieved one of the greatest triumphs in the history of medicine—the victory over pain. The world should find it easy, then, to forgive his one mistake of withholding his discovery from the profession at large longer than proved, later, to be best for his own interests.

He had good reason for waiting. He had been in practise, exclusive of hospital work, less than a year. What would his discovery mean to the body of senior physicians in the great world outside of Georgia? How presumptuous his claim! Twenty-six years old, and a discoverer! He knew that such new departures, even when announced by much older physicians, were often regarded as erratic, and that important suggestions were often unheeded, as in the case of Sir Humphry Davy.

The first case that came under his care where its use was applicable after my going ~~into~~ into his office was not till January 8th 1845 which was the case of a negro boy having two fingers to amputate, caused by a neglected burn. I as the only student, still, with the Doctor he had me to accompany him to see the operation and assist in the administration of the ether. The first finger was removed while under the influence of ether, the little fellow wincing no pain, the second without ether, the child suffered extremely.

At the request of Mrs. Francis Long Taylor I have prepared the above statement of facts in regard to her father's discovery of anaesthesia. All of which I certify to be true to the best of my recollection. The above and foregoing statements were sworn to and subscribed before me

J. F. Groves M. D.

Decr. 15th 1874

Wm. H. Wilson C. P. & J. D.

FACSIMILE OF PART OF AFFIDAVIT BY DR. GROVES, WHO WAS ONE OF DR. CRAWFORD W. LONG'S ASSISTANTS

According to Dr. Long's own statement, the disfavor with which the medical profession regarded mesmerism in surgery influenced his delay to some extent, but the chief deterrent was his desire to furnish exhaustive proofs of the reality, safety, and efficiency of anesthesia, and to ascertain whether the constitutional differences of individuals might necessitate changes in its administration. His opportunities for such study were not large, and especially were cases of capital surgery rare in his practise. By his own declaration, Dr. Long was waiting to report on major operations.

It must not be forgotten that the young

Georgia doctor was a hundred and thirty miles from a railroad, with but meager mail facilities, with no hospital in which to make his demonstrations, and no press-agents at his back. As a distinguished physician has said, "Dr. Long's failure was one of environment, and not of intention"; but the postponement of a published account of his work was well-nigh fatal to his interests.

THE "ETHER CONTROVERSY"

About two years after the modest Southerner had begun his experiments, others, to whom his work was unknown, began investigations of a similar nature. An energetic

trio in New England were aiming at the same general object—to establish the effectiveness of a state of unconsciousness in surgery produced by the inhalation of gas.

In 1844, Horace Wells, a dentist of Hartford, Connecticut, heard a wandering lecturer, C. Q. Colton, lecture on nitrous oxide, and saw him administer the gas. A gentleman who had inhaled it fell, and sustained a slight injury, of which he manifested no consciousness at the time.

This circumstance gave Wells a valuable suggestion. As early as 1840 he had conceived the idea that nitrous oxide gas might be used to lessen pain in the extraction of teeth, but he did not use it. If he had done so, the history of anesthesia might have been written differently. After the incident in 1844, however, Wells courageously had the gas administered to himself, and had a sound molar extracted, experiencing no pain.

He then used nitrous oxide in his practise, and in the next year he went to Boston to introduce his discovery to the world, but his first public demonstration was not a success. The failure produced severe nervous shock, resulting in serious illness. In the following year he went to Paris, to place his claims before the French Institute, only to find that other claimants had preceded him.

Dr. William T. G. Morton, a dentist of Boston, had been Wells's partner before the latter's experiments with nitrous oxide gas, and knew something of his work. He doubted the entire efficiency of nitrous oxide, however, and sought another agency. In 1846, when he was studying medicine with Dr. Charles T. Jackson, a distinguished physician and chemist, and was living in Jackson's home, the latter suggested to him the anesthetic properties of ether, which Morton tried successfully. Shortly afterward he etherized a patient in the Massachusetts General Hospital, and Dr. John C. Warren, a prominent Boston surgeon, removed a tumor from the man's neck—an operation which recalls that performed by Dr. Long on Venable four years earlier.

Then followed the great controversy for first honors in the discovery and demonstration of anesthesia. Jackson claimed not only that he suggested the use of ether to Morton, but that he had conceived its anesthetic properties some years before. A war of pamphlets followed. Morton and Jackson succeeded in obtaining recognition by the

French Academy and a joint patent right from the United States government; but Morton afterward controlled the patent, with a concession to Jackson.

Later, an effort made by both to secure from the government a grant of a hundred thousand dollars in recognition of the discovery. This was combated by the friends of Wells, then dead, and later by the New York Medical Association. The war was waged for five years before Dr. Long, who disliked controversy and did not care to strive after honors, could be persuaded to take part in it. Finally, upon the urgent insistence of his friends, he wrote to Senator Dawson, of Georgia, who had charge of the bill in the Senate, after its passage by the lower House, giving an account of his work, similar to the account he had given several years earlier to the Medical Society of Georgia.

Senator Dawson requested Dr. Jackson to investigate Dr. Long's claim, which Jackson did, visiting Dr. Long at his home. After this Jackson, although he was so deeply interested personally, wrote to Senator Dawson that he was convinced of the justice of Dr. Long's claim. When this was stated before the Senate, it proved a death-blow to the bill to reward Jackson and Morton.

The strife continued, but Dr. Long took no further part in it. He was almost forgotten by the world, which had constantly before it the lifelong contest of the other claimants. However, in 1877, Dr. J. Marion Sims espoused his cause, and wrote an able argument in his defense. Dr. Sims went abroad shortly after this, and the next year Dr. Long died, so the matter again dropped out of the public eye. Now, after sixty years, the name of the modest Southerner is receiving the honor that is unquestionably its due.

Last year the Medical Society of Georgia erected a monument to Dr. Long. The infirmary at the University of Georgia is also a memorial to him, but the highest honor thus far accorded him has been his selection by unanimous vote of the Georgia Legislature for a place in Statuary Hall, in Washington. His statue, with one of Alexander Stevens, Dr. Long's roommate in college and intimate friend through life, will be in the Capitol within two years, I am told.

Reverting to the "ether controversy," the publication of the discovery to the world

came finally from the distinguished surgeons Warren, Haywood, and Bigelow. Upon this ground not one of the claimants could assert priority, for none of them published a line about anesthesia until after Warren, Haywood, and Bigelow had made their announcement.

LONG'S CAREER AND PERSONALITY

In considering Dr. Long's achievement, a little space should be given to the man himself. He was of excellent descent. His paternal grandfather, an immigrant who settled at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, rendered distinguished service during the Revolutionary War, and was one of Lafayette's officers at Yorktown. A little later, heading a Scottish-Irish colony, he moved to Georgia, where his son, James Long, the father of the discoverer of anesthesia, became widely known as a man of light and leading. He was a philanthropist and a politician, deeply learned in the principles of law and jurisprudence, and the friend and closest adviser of William H. Crawford, successively United States Senator, Secretary of War, Secretary of the Treasury, minister to France, and candidate for the Presidency. Dr. Long was named after Crawford.

Crawford Long graduated at nineteen, second in a large class. He then made his way—on horseback for most of the distance—to the University of Pennsylvania, where he made a brilliant record in the study of his profession. He next went to New York for hospital practise. After this he was advised to enter the navy as a surgeon, but preferred to go back to his native State, where he began practise in the obscure village of Jefferson.

Last year, at the unveiling of the monument to Dr. Long, Dr. Woods Hutchinson said of the discoverer of anesthesia:

In many matters he was ahead of his day and generation. He was one of the first to hold the belief that tuberculosis is curable, and that fresh air and diet will effect cures of this dread malady. He was one of the first to discover that the bilious fever of the South is a form of malarial fever, and that quinin is its specific remedy. He was among the first to treat typhoid patients in almost the identical way in which the physicians of to-day handle that disease. He was fifty years ahead of the record in the removal of a cancer by the now well-known Holstead operation.

A more intimate touch is given by Dr. A. A. Lipscomb, president of Franklin Col-

lege, now the University of Georgia, who knew him well:

The man and the physician were united in singular closeness in the character of Dr. Long. The truthful emotions, the unhurried painstaking, that cautiously wrought out its conclusion; the resolute patience, that kept his judgment suspended until all the facts were noted and analyzed; the prompt and courageous vigor with which he acted when his mind was made up; the composure of his mien; the watchful solicitude, begotten of anxiety of heart for his patients; the beneficence so responsive to the wants of the poor; and the deep tenderness toward womankind in the sorrows of life—all these were conspicuous in his whole life. These qualities were inherent in him, and diffused themselves as a subtle aroma about his person. Such a life naturally commanded the respect and admiration of all classes.

To the writer, nothing bespeaks more the moderation of the man, his modesty, his consideration of others, and his high sense of professional ethics, than his letter to Dr. Jackson, mentioned above as one of the claimants to the discovery of anesthesia:

I design to prepare an article with the proofs of the priority of my claims of the discovery of the anesthetic powers of ether and of its applicability to surgical operations. I design to have this published in pamphlet form for distribution among the members of the medical profession, and I expect to present such proof with the article as will satisfy all that I am entitled to all I claim.

Ours are rival claims, and permit me, sir, to say that although our claims are conflicting, I would not knowingly say anything in the article which would be displeasing to you. I entertain high respect for you as a gentleman and man of science, and feel honored by your acquaintance.

Still it becomes each one of us to use all honorable means to advance his own claims, and I know you will not blame me for attending to this matter, which so much concerns my reputation.

Shall it meet with you approbation, I may refer to your admissions to Hon. W. C. Dawson and myself of the belief of the correctness of my claims. I will, however, make no allusion to your letter to Mr. Dawson, or to the conversation held with myself, unless it meets with your sanction.

It is a strange fact that all of the contestants in the controversy over the discovery of anesthesia died in a dramatic way, but Dr. Long's end came as he had always desired it, and the last circumstance of his life was not the least to mark his greatness.

Wells, a sensitive man, was so overcome by the rejection of his claims by the French Academy that he lost mental poise and committed suicide in 1848.

Morton died in 1868, from congestion of the brain induced by excitement over an article seeking to deprive him of his honors.

Jackson, like Wells, became insane from the bitter contention over the disputed honors, and died in an asylum in 1880.

Long, in the fullness of service, was stricken with apoplexy at the bedside of

a woman patient. His first words upon recovering consciousness were:

"How is she?" His last conscious utterance embodied directions for his patient's comfort. Such was the splendid close of a noble, unselfish life, in which not even the dark shadow of death could cause forgetfulness of duty.

THE CLOUD-MEN

BEING A FOREPRINT FROM THE LONDON NEWS SHEET OF
MARCH 9, 1915

BY OWEN OLIVER

AUTHOR OF "JUDGMENT," "THE ANNIHILATOR," ETC.

GOVERNMENT NOTICES

THIS newspaper is published under the authority of the News Act, 1915, which directs the printing of a single newspaper in the United Kingdom. Under the provisions of the act, the paper will be exclusively devoted to the plain statement, without colorable matter, of important events, and to articles useful to the community.

It is provided by Section 3 of the act that the communication of false news is punishable as follows:

First offense—two years' penal labor.

Second offense—five years' penal labor.

Third offense—death.

Readers are reminded that the Unprofitable Employments Act has been repealed only to the extent indicated above. The writing or perusal of fiction, therefore, remains a penal offense.

The census of the United Kingdom, taken under the Act for the Settlement of the Population, has been completed, with the following results:

Males, total.....	51,504
Males, unmarried (age 20 to 60).....	9,212
Females, total.....	52,214
Females, unmarried (age 18 to 50).....	8,901

Under Section 2 of the act, persons between the ages specified who have not arranged marriages by April 1 next will be paired by the local committees appointed under the act.

A list of the centers selected for the concentration of the inhabitants of this country is published on page 4. The inclusion of Edinburgh and Dublin is provisional only, and depends upon sufficient persons desiring to reside in those cities.

Choice of residence in the selected centers can be allowed only so far as is compatible with the public welfare. For instance, the necessity of a coal supply will require a certain population for Newcastle. Forms of choice will be distributed during the week.

The consultative committee of the governments of Europe, North America, and Japan has decided that the capital penalty must be enforced for the second offense of wilful idleness, as, in the present crisis, this despicable crime threatens the continued existence of the human race.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT OF LONDON—NOTICES

The weekly train for the North will start at 10.15 on Saturdays in future. Free passes may be obtained at the council offices, on good reason for the journey being shown.

Persons taking possession of vacant houses should affix a notice to the front door, stating that they are in occupation. Otherwise the houses will be liable to be reappropriated.

In consequence of the universal disarmament, a large number of naval and military uniforms are available for conversion into workmen's clothing. Applications should be made at the office of the clothing committee.

A *crèche* has been opened in the building in Whitehall formerly known as the War Office.

EDITORIAL NOTICES

We desire to publish articles describing the experiences of any persons who came into close contact with the so-called Cloud-Men. Photographs will be especially welcome.

The following article is by Mr. John Pender, now superintendent of the Food Bureau. He and his wife, Mary Pender, formerly Melville, are the only persons known to us who have survived firsthand acquaintance with these terrible beings; but it is thought that there may be others.

THE EXPERIENCES OF JOHN AND MARY PENDER

IT is common knowledge that a great darkness set in during the later weeks of August, 1914. This was ascribed to the formation of clouds of exceptional thickness, and to their gradual descent toward the earth. At the time this was attributed to abnormal atmospheric conditions, although scientific authorities differed greatly as to the nature of the disturbances.

It is now believed that the clouds contained elements from some extinct world; dissipated in the form of gaseous matter and encountered in the journey of the earth through space. This question will be dealt with in a later article by Dr. John Dodd. I shall confine myself to my personal experience of these elements as reincarnated in terrestrial forms—adopting Dr. Dodd's view—and to the disastrous events which I actually witnessed.

At two o'clock upon the afternoon of Friday, August 30, 1914, I was walking in the Strand, to the east of Bedford Street. Some newsboys were making a great clamor. One placard said, "The Clouds Alive—Descent Upon Paris—Great Slaughter." Another said, "War of the Worlds—Wells Justified." There was a great rush to secure papers, and, consequently, I did not notice what was happening around.

I had just obtained a paper, and was standing under an electric light to read it, when I heard a great shouting. People near me screamed and ran, and I looked up and saw the clouds descending into the roadway, in long, thick rolls. They fell upon the vehicles and their occupants, and upon groups of foot-passengers, and appeared to smother them.

I dropped the newspaper, and turned and ran in the direction of Charing Cross. I was thoroughly unnerved, not only by the shrieks, but by the abrupt manner in which they ceased wherever the clouds fell; and I find myself unable to recall the exact impression which they first produced upon me.

I was soon stopped by a barrier of vehicles which had jammed together, a number having come into collision and overturned, in their attempts to escape. Other

vehicles followed till they were brought up by the blockade, and I had difficulty in finding standing space between.

I was one of a group of about ten who took refuge among the debris of two wagons and an overturned motor-bus. A very good-looking young lady, who was one of the party, seemed much distressed, and I talked to her. She said that the clouds reminded her of the unearthly visitants in some of the tales of one Owen Oliver. I had not then heard of him, but I believe him to be one of the persons very properly convicted by the present government for wasting his time in writing fiction.

I suggested that the clouds were only a heavy—and possibly poisonous—vapor; but the young lady declared that they were alive, and were deliberately killing people; and a white-faced man said that that was certainly so. He had seen a cloud settle on a bus near him, and, when it left the bus, the passengers all had the appearance of having been drowned.

A woman sobbed that she had just bought a new mantle, and it was "so greatly reduced" and "such value in the materials." A loafer tried to snatch my watch, and I knocked him down. A flower-girl started singing and dancing. I think the fright had unhinged her mind.

Then the clouds began to descend on us, and most of our group smashed their way through the overturned motor-bus. I should have gone with them, but the young lady fainted; so I remained, supporting her on one arm.

The clouds were of a blackish-gray color, and appeared to be of stouter material than vapor. Their size varied. I do not mean merely that they differed from one another in magnitude, but that the same cloud expanded and contracted, rising as it drew out and falling as it drew in. Their proportionate dimensions remained the same, the shape being that of a cylinder with spherical ends, and the length about twice the diameter. When they first hung overhead the diameter was usually about twenty-five feet.

They had a black, diamond-shaped patch in front, which I believe to have been an organ of vision, and eight small circular patches at the sides and the other end, which were, I think, in some mysterious way, the sources of their horizontal movements. From time to time they made a faint whirring sound. Afterward I had

reason to believe that this was a kind of musical language, depending upon the pitch and quality of the note, and not upon the articulate sound, which was always the same—whir-r-r-r! At least, it seemed so to me. My wife thinks that there were four kinds of whirs, and three different ways of rolling the r's in each. However, she agrees that the language depended partly, if not wholly, upon the pitch.

The clouds came down one by one upon the vehicles near us, and the knots of people jammed between them. The victims shrieked until they were enveloped; then all sound ceased. When the clouds left them, they had the appearance of drowned persons, as the white-faced man had said.

I will not dwell on the subject. The sight is one which most of my readers have seen. Let those who have not be thankful!

I crawled under a wagon and a cab, dragging the young lady, and reached a shop-window, just as a cloud fell upon us. I had hoped to get to the shop-door and inside, but could not. This was our salvation, probably; for it was clear, afterward, that the clouds searched the houses.

As we were being wrapped all round, I smashed the plate-glass with my fists, cutting myself rather badly, and put our heads through the opening. The cloud did not enter inside the glass, and we were able to breathe. We were enveloped to the necks by what felt like a heavy, wet blanket—a blanket that seemed to be, in some horrible way, alive—for about five minutes. Then we were left.

My limbs were limp and helpless. I slipped down on the pavement, with the young lady's head resting on my shoulder, and stared at the tops of the vehicles, which were all that I could see. The busses were full of "drowned" bodies, lolling against one another. A wagon-driver on a high seat had fallen forward, but his legs still held in the apron, and he hung head downward, leering horribly. A dead horse was at my back. I leaned against it.

It was very quiet now. The shrieks, that ended so suddenly, came from farther and farther away.

After a time the girl opened her eyes and looked round. She tried to speak, and could not. Neither could I.

I opened my lips after a quarter of an hour.

"The Lord have mercy upon us!" I groaned.

"Amen!" said the girl on my shoulder.

She had not moved except to clutch at my jacket.

I held out my hand to her. When she was about to take it she saw the gashes that the broken glass had made, and cried out piteously.

"Hush!" I said. "They may have ears!"

For I never doubted that they were alive after the wet monster had touched me. It felt like a blanket that was all fingers!

She nodded, took out her handkerchief, and bound my cuts gently. She asked in a whisper how I had done it, and I told her in a whisper how I had broken the glass, and why.

"Thank you," she said. "That isn't much to say for a life, is it? I mean more."

She looked at me and tried to smile. It was pitiful, very pitiful.

"Life isn't much to be thankful for now," I said; "except—that there is *some one* left. There is no one else, I think. We will help each other."

"We will help each other," she said.

Her voice and look were those of a steadfast woman; and so she proved.

Presently we crawled through the vehicles and the "drowned" people till we got into a restaurant. We found "drowned" waiters and customers there. Mary—that was my companion's name—sank on a seat. She would not have cried, I think, but I put my hand on her shoulder.

"Cry, dear woman," I said. "It will help you."

She sat with her face in her hands, and her body quivering, for a while. Then she wiped her eyes with my handkerchief, and smiled the pitiful smile.

"You are good to me," she said.

We ate and drank, and then we explored the upper rooms. The people in these were "drowned," too; and those in the other houses that we entered, creeping stealthily from one to the next. We heard the whirling sound sometimes, and saw the cloud cylinders pass by. Most of them were high above the houses, and were going toward Whitehall. We noticed a sound of firing from that direction, and guessed that soldiers were trying to defend the War Office—which, as we learned long after, was really the case.

After a few moments the firing ceased. Soon after that, the electric lights went out. They had been going for several days, and

probably the power had failed; or one of the cloud-cylinders had fallen on those who controlled it—some brave men who stood at their post till the end. There were many such.

II

WE stayed in the house for two nights and a day—a day that was no different from the night—groping about in the dark for food, and sitting on a sofa, leaning against each other, when we slept for a short time. She was afraid to be alone, she said. I did not say that I was afraid, but I was.

After that time—it must have been the forenoon of the 1st of September—the darkness decreased to that of a dull twilight. We peered from the windows, and saw none of the cloud-rolls about, and heard no sounds. So we ventured out.

We got into the side streets, which were less obstructed, and into Whitehall. We then went over Westminster Bridge—it was strange to see the vessels drifting helplessly on the river—and wandered on till we reached Camberwell Green. We saw no sign of life all the way; men, women, children, horses, dogs, cats, even birds, were all “drowned,” as I call it. The clouds had fallen upon humanity, and the dependents of humanity, and wiped them out.

The girl cried sometimes; but she was very brave. She told me about herself as we walked along. She was Mary Melville, a mistress at a high-school.

“And I shall never see my little girls again,” she said. “They were such dear, naughty little girls, and I loved them so much! I liked to think that some day they would be good women.”

We went into a house, the door of which was open. We found meat and drink there. She slept on a sofa while I watched; and then she watched while I slept. After breakfast we went on. We did not know where we were going; but we could not rest.

In the Peckham Road we met a man. He was dusty and travel-worn. His eyes blinked, and he spoke as if he were half asleep. He had walked up from Rochester, he said. The cloud-men—that was what he called them—had “wiped every one out,” he told us. He had crept between two mattresses of a bed, and so escaped their search. He was going to Piccadilly Circus to look for his “girl.” She was a waitress in a restaurant there.

“We were going to be married next month,” he said.

Then he burst suddenly into tears. He was a big, strong fellow—a fitter in the dockyard, he said.

A large party of soldiers had encountered the cloud-men on Chatham Lines, he told us. They had come upon a handful of the survivors running over Rochester Bridge. They had scattered some of the cloud-men, at first, by explosive shells; but the cloud-men had expanded into thin vapor, which the shells did not seem to harm, and advanced upon the army in that form till they had encompassed it in mist. Then they contracted into “things like long balloons,” and dropped upon the soldiers and “smothered them.”

I suggested that, as we seemed to be all of the world that was left, we should make an appointment to meet again in, say, a week; but the man from Rochester shook his head.

“If I don’t find my girl,” he said, “and it stands to reason I won’t, I’ll go into a chemist’s and take what comes handy till I hit upon something that settles me. Of course, if I find her, we’ll come all right. You’d like her; quite a lady in her way, she is—was, I suppose. She—I’ll be making a fool of myself if I start talking about her. So-long, and good luck!”

“God bless you and help you,” said Mary, “and—and you will find her here—or there.”

She pointed to the sky.

“Here or there,” he said. “That’s it. Good luck!”

He went on at a tired trot toward the city; and we walked on away from it.

“To be left alone,” Mary said. “To be left alone! It is an awful thing. Alone! If you left me!” I looked at her reproachfully. “No, no! I don’t mean that, only—if anything happened to you—”

Her lips trembled.

“We are in the hands of God,” I said. “my dear. I shall never leave you while I am alive.”

“No, dear,” she answered.

That was all our love-making in those days—that we called each other “dear.”

III

WE found our way to Dulwich by the afternoon. At the station we came upon a collection of about thirty people. They greeted us as if we were old friends, and

we greeted them so. They had taken refuge in a cricket pavilion, they explained, and the clouds had omitted to search it. Every one else in the place was "drowned," as they too called it. They were lucky to have one another, they said; "so many of us"—and some of the women cried.

One young fellow was an electrical engineer. He had ascertained by the telegraph that the clouds were settling upon all the large towns, and destroying the inhabitants. This applied to the Continent and America, as well as Great Britain. Now he could get no answer from anywhere.

We walked together toward Forest Hill, and found nine survivors in Dulwich Park. A black mist drove upon us there. It was "only mist," we assured one another, clinging desperately together. But it condensed into the infamous cylinders. Our company ran in various directions, crying out till the clouds settled upon them.

Mary and I ran hand in hand, till she dropped exhausted. I sat beside her, and lifted her in my arms. We kissed each other. Then four of the cylinders came up, and one lowered itself upon us. The damp folds were enveloping us; and then a fifth cylinder, with four white bands—which were, I think, the insignia of high rank—made a whirring noise, changing the pitch as if it sang.

This was when I realized that they had a language. The cylinder that was smothering us lifted itself; and the belted cylinder drew near and settled on the ground, and shrank till it was not more than eight feet long. It pressed against us as if it examined us. It felt about as hard as a sofa-cushion in its contracted form; a hard cushion that was all hands and terribly alive. It stared at us with its diamond-shaped eye. Then it "sang" again, and somehow I knew that its song meant that we were spared.

Two other cylinders pushed us on our feet, and held us, and urged us forward. They took us to a large house, and into a long drawing-room; and one stayed by the window, and one by the door, to keep us there.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, we were the only persons who were deliberately spared by the cloud-men; and many conjectures have been made as to their reasons. Professor Dodd holds that we were selected as "specimens" for a museum which the cloud-men proposed to establish;

but, if so, I do not know why I was chosen. Mary, indeed, is, in my opinion, a singularly handsome woman; but I cannot claim any distinction of personality, except that I am a good deal above the average in size and strength.

We remained in this house—which, curiously enough, I cannot identify—for nine days, during which we had every opportunity of studying the cloud-men, as we came to call them; for the house and its vicinity seemed to be a kind of *rendezvous*.

I will give a few particulars which we noticed.

Their shape, as I have said, always remained the same, but their size varied greatly, and as it varied they appeared to be composed of quite different substance. At the largest, they seemed to be nothing but dark smoke, and one lost all perception of outline in them, except that the "eye" remained as a little dark cloud floating in the smoky mist. As they contracted, they took definite shape in the cloud-cylinders which I have already described, and which felt like a wet blanket; a blanket which divided and "flowed" round one like water, exerting a discriminating pressure, like that of countless fingers. When they had further contracted to the size at which the belted cloud-man had shrunk when he settled on the ground, they were, as I have said, of the density of a rather hard but springy sofa-cushion; but, in spite of their hardness, a good deal of their pliability remained.

One that was probably not full grown sometimes played with us, pushing us round the room, and, though firm, he did not hurt like a hard substance. When they were resting, they grew much smaller—at the extreme, not more than a foot in length. They then looked like black metal, and were so heavy that Mary and I together could barely move them. They felt as hard as iron, and we could make no impression on them; but yet they could fold round an object and handle it without crushing or injuring it in any way. I have seen them hold a flower, the metallic substance seeming to divide as they did so.

When they were in this state a hissing sound came from the eight circular disks, which appeared to control their motion, whenever they moved; and their whirring was sharper and clearer. It sounded like the playing of a musical instrument in a chromatic scale. We even learned to un-

derstand the meaning of certain series of notes, and especially of one which indicated that we might go out from our room and find something to eat—a privilege only accorded to us after a good while.

We were very near being starved at first. There was no food in the room, and no water, except some in which flowers had stood. We were reduced to drinking that. We tried vainly to get by the sentinel at the door; but he always enveloped us and pushed us back.

After we had fasted for nearly two days, and the last of the foul water was gone, we persisted in trying to get out, and entreated and made gesticulations. At last one of the belted cloud-men came. He watched our gesticulations for some time with his one diamond-shaped eye, and he and our guards talked, or "sang," to one another.

Finally the guard stood aside, and we were allowed to go to the kitchen under escort. We found some stale bread and some good bacon there; also some tea and sugar—the milk was sour. We took back some biscuits and two large jugs of water. After that we were allowed to go there twice a day, and a number of cloud-men came to watch us. So far as we had seen, they did not take food—they appeared to lack mouths—and our custom of eating puzzled them.

We were beginning to lose the edge of our aversion to these extraordinary creatures, and to think that perhaps their cruelty had been due to ignorance of the nature of life and death; and then three things happened which brought back our fears—and worse.

The first was a sight which we saw from the drawing-room window, outside which the cloud-men often held what were evidently assemblies. A vast multitude of the cloud-rolls came along, contracted, and hung in a circle round one who seemed to be a prisoner. After some "talking" in their way, one of the belted men sang a fierce sentence; and then the prisoner wailed miserably. After this they drew back from him, watching him closely. He swelled slowly, wailing all the time, and then suddenly there was a flash, and he was gone! His fellows sang a kind of dirge; then expanded and floated away. Sentence had been executed.

If they punished others, they would not scruple to punish us, Mary said; and so it proved.

The second incident, which brought this punishment, was a frustrated attempt on our part to escape. The guard at the door was talking, in his singing way, to the guard at the window. Mary and I took the opportunity to slip out through the door. They overtook us as we were running down the front path, and pushed us back. One held Mary and the other held me, keeping us at different ends of the long drawing-room. I could *feel* that my captor was angry by the touch, and in a few moments he folded himself close round me, pressing till my bones ached. Mary screamed and tried to get to me, but could not stir.

After a while my captor covered my head and slowly smothered me, till I was at my last gasp. Then he released my head, but still held me firmly, while his companion treated my poor Mary in the same manner. They repeated this cruelty three times. When they released us it was half an hour before we had strength enough to crawl to each other; and after that they pushed us roughly as we went to and from the kitchen to get our food, and sometimes made as if they would smother us again, though they never actually did so.

We both became very silent and grave after this, and we used to kiss each other good-by before either slept, which we always did one at a time, the other watching—though I do not know what service there was that watchfulness could do; asleep or awake, we were equally in their power.

The third incident came about as a result of the second, I think, though this is merely a conjecture.

I fancy that our warders thought, from our depressed and silent condition, that we were dying—perhaps we were—and they were afraid of being held responsible for the loss of the valuable "specimens" entrusted to their care. Anyhow, they were less rough, and allowed us more freedom in going about the house; and one day we went into the dining-room. It looked out upon great fields, which we had not seen before. A large number of "drowned" people lay there, arranged in orderly rows. They had evidently been gathered together by the cloud-men. But, why? We talked about that for the rest of the day.

The next day we again went into the dining-room, unattended. We saw a number of cloud-men, in the cloud-cylinder condition of existence, come and settle upon the "drowned" people; each upon one.

When the cloud-men rose, the bodies upon which they had settled had disappeared.

Mary turned a greenish color; looked at me; swayed slowly. I held her in my arms. My first thought was to try to make the awful thing seem less awful to her.

"After all," I said, "we eat animals. If I could get you out of this, they might kill me, and welcome. Oh, Mary!"

I sobbed like a little child, and the tears streamed down my face. Mary folded me in her arms and kissed me, as a mother might have done.

"Come," she said, and led me to the open window.

It was about ten feet above the ground. I lowered her down. Then I jumped.

I could have made the jump safely enough a fortnight before—could make it safely now; but I suppose my limbs had grown feeble. The fall damaged one of my ankles, and I could not stand. Mary lifted me up and held me.

"Go," I said. "It will be easier for me if I can hope that you have escaped. Let me say this first—if all the women in the world were back again, I should want only you—dear Mary! Now, go!"

She laughed a strange little laugh, like a child. Then she lifted me up and staggered on with me—on and on. Sometimes she fell. She always laughed that curious little laugh, as a young mother might with a little child.

Presently we heard the whirring sound from the house. We understood that it was a warning of our flight. I cannot tell how we knew this; but we knew. We looked back and saw the cloud-men rising into the air, expanding as they rose.

"Dear Mary," I said, "this is the end!"

She gave a fierce cry, like a mother defending her young, and tried to carry me farther. When she found that she was too much exhausted to bear my weight, she dragged me to a hollow filled with dead leaves that the long darkness and mist had brought off before their time. We burrowed under the leaves, and lay there.

We heard the cloud-men go by, "whirring" loudly. I suppose they did not know that I was hurt, and expected us to have run much farther. Anyhow, they did not search the leaves.

For hours we lay quite still. In the dusk we peeped out and saw a great concourse of the cloud-men; and presently we heard a loud song, which we recognized as the

judge's sentence. Two flashes followed. Our negligent guards had met their fate.

We were tired, and we rested softly among the leaves. We fell asleep.

IV

WHEN we woke and peeped out, the sun was shining, for the first time for many weeks. There was a huge gathering of the cloud-men about. They were not flying, but moving over the land. Some were small, like the shots of big guns; others were as big as sheep; others were as big as a bear; others as large as an elephant.

They kept changing from small to large. Sometimes they changed back again, but mostly they expanded and floated up in the air. One or two seemed to dissipate into black mist, and be drawn up in a long spiral into the sky. They whirled continually—"whirs" of anger, or was it despair? It seemed as if they tried to hold to the earth and were drawn away.

"They are going!" Mary cried.

She raised herself out of the leaves. So did I; and then the cloud-men saw us. Several advanced upon us, growing to the size of elongated balloons, and rising.

Most of them grew and grew, and went up into the sky; but one reached us and settled on us. It felt wet and cold. It twitched fiercely as it swallowed us in its embraces, and blotted out sight and sound. My breath was nearly gone; and then the suffocating cloud seemed to grow thinner. I could see through it. I could breathe a little. Suddenly it parted from us with a snap, like the breaking of elastic.

The sun was shining cheerfully, and we breathed God's good air. The cloud-men went up, up, in streamers of black smoke. The time came when the last disappeared. We laughed and cried—laughed and cried.

"I wonder if any of our world is left!" I said.

"All my world is left," said Mary. "All!" She held my hand; and I kissed her hand that held mine. "But we will look for the others," she said. "We will look for them—our own dear people of our own dear world!"

We found none that day. We could not go far, as my ankle was badly swollen; but in the afternoon Mary came upon a little truck. She put me upon it, on cushions, and wheeled me to find the people of the world.

After that we came upon some, day by day; first a mother and her child, who had

hidden in a chimney; then a man who had been left for dead, but had revived—the only case of the kind which has come to my notice. It was like drowning, he said.

Then we met a husband and wife.

"We will quarrel no more," they told us; and they told that to all whom we met.

They do not. Even people who love each other do not quarrel now!

At Chatham we found a large assembly, including a train-load who had come down from London. The man who had talked to us in the Peckham Road was among them. Strange to say, he had found his "girl"—a pretty, fair-haired, laughing little thing. She and several other waitresses had hidden in the roof of their restaurant. They were so frightened that they remained there and starved for several days.

"When I heard Will walking about below and calling for me," she said, "I thought I had died, and gone to heaven!"

"How did you know it was heaven?" some one asked.

"Why, I knew Will's voice!" she answered.

"We are going to be married to-morrow," he said. "Every man ought to look after a woman in these times."

I thought so, too; and Mary and I, and many other pairs who have met during the reign of terror, were also married then, promising ourselves a honeymoon in easier days. For at that period we worked eighteen hours daily, moving up to London, and sending rescue parties all round to gather up the remnants of the scattered population.

If we had not done this, I believe that half of those now surviving would have perished. For many were afraid to venture out from their hiding-places in search of food, and others were too weak to do so. Some seemed to have temporarily lost their reason from fright and hardship. A pestilence was threatened from the unburied bodies of men and animals, and was only avoided by our clearing certain districts for habitation, and proscribing other localities until time had removed the danger.

Trade and production had stopped, and machinery rusted. Oversea supplies ceased, and accumulated stocks were left to rust and rot in the abandoned districts.

Through the hard winter which followed, all lived upon a dole; and many a time, as we waited for the return of the spring, we thought that the last day had come to the

human race. The despatch of food-ships from America alone saved us, in my opinion. We had just strength to unload them—no more. I shall never forget the pale faces of the tottering men and women who worked at this.

Now, I hope and believe that we are through the worst. There is food enough—on this point I can speak with authority, as I have the honor to be in charge of the department concerned with our supplies—to last us for the rest of the year, with care; and I believe that we can organize husbandry and industry so as to make satisfactory provision for the future.

Practically all domestic animals were destroyed in England, it is true; but, fortunately, a large number of oxen in the Highlands escaped our ferocious visitors; and in Ireland and elsewhere the pigs showed a capacity of recovery from "drowning" which no other animal has exhibited. A few surviving specimens of sheep are being carefully reserved for breeding purposes; and though the horse is extinct, it is hoped to rear a race of superior donkeys from half a dozen which escaped. Moreover, we have plenty of motor vehicles.

The stores of clothing and furniture are sufficient for many generations, so long as we do not allow ourselves to fall back under the absurd dominion of "fashions." I have great hope that we shall escape this, although, even in the best of women, I notice that a tendency to elaboration and decorativeness in dress still unfortunately survives.

I am confident, however, that none will allow such petty vanities to interfere with more solid occupations. For nothing has struck me more than the noble manner in which the women have struggled to help in the reconstruction of a prosperous and united society—a united society of the surviving human race.

"Union" is the key-note of our future. The days of discord and war are over. Each in future will love his neighbor as himself. Each will work for all. Unborn generations, when in more leisured times they come to write the history of the world, will record that the clouds of selfishness and cruelty lifted from the world with the darkest clouds that ever rested upon it; as if the evil passions of humanity were concentrated in and departed with those diabolical spirits of evil whom we have named the cloud-men.

STUBBS, MASTER OF TRAFFIC

THE STORY OF HARRIMAN'S RIGHT-HAND MAN, WHO THINKS
THAT NO ONE SHOULD WORK AFTER SIXTY-FIVE.

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

ONE of the principal indictments against self-made careers in the United States is the fact that the men who make them seldom know when to let go. There is no immunity from worry, and the result is that untimely death often finds them bound to the wheel of their consuming ambition. Harriman, Gould, Morton, Rogers—and there are many others—undoubtedly went before their allotted time, sacrifices to the gods of money and power.

Occasionally a successful man profits by these examples and retires in time to save himself. In some instances the reasons for withdrawal are more important than the individual; in other cases the personality dominates the episode. In the rare instance furnished by John C. Stubbs, vice-president and director of traffic of the Harriman lines, a peculiar combination of these circumstances invests his retirement with far-reaching significance.

Able men retire every day. They usually quit because they are worn out, or because the irrevocable rule of the fittest forces them from their station. But Mr. Stubbs is in the full tide of achievement; so far as the uncertainties of life permit a forecast, he still has ample stamina and service in him. Yet he elects to seek relaxation under conditions which make it an occasion for many-sided observation.

For one thing, it affords a study in democracy, because it reveals the practically unknown story of a man who rose from a humble clerkship to the mastery of the science preservative of the railroad. It is linked with a momentous chapter of our economic development, because transportation is the first and foremost element of our progress. It serves in its largest sense to

emphasize a possible antidote for the money-madness that is devastating American vitality. Thus, wherever you turn in the contemplation of this man and his determination, you find an avenue of interest.

Who is John C. Stubbs?

Ask any railroad man up and down the glistening gridiron of quarter of a million miles of track in the United States, and he will tell you that Stubbs is a traffic wizard. Shippers, and all those who are required to know something about the great transportation game, know him too. But not until he announced that he was going to retire did the mass of the people find out that this quiet, modest, slender man, the right hand of Huntington and of Harriman for many years, was a force all his own, and a power to be reckoned with in the ceaseless business that touches more of the population than any other industry. Like the unknown millionaire who is the silent bulwark of many a community, he was content to go his way, achieving a big task unheralded.

When you come to analyze his life, you find that there is none of the blare and clash of incident that usually punctuates the activities exploited by the human-interest historian. Instead, there is the simple narrative of quiet efficiency, written in imperishable terms in the growth of whole regions, and translated into action in permanent mileage on the railway map.

A WAR-TIME BOYHOOD

Back in the beginnings of most careers that count is some kind of fact or event that throws light on the later trend of the story. With Mr. Stubbs, there were five generations of Pennsylvania Quakers, whose simplicity of life is impressed upon his own.

His grandmother was a school-teacher who taught in the old Western Reserve, in Ohio, when the last century was young. His father, Joseph D. Stubbs, a cabinet-maker by trade, settled in Ashland, where his unswerving citizenship is still a tradition.

Here John C. Stubbs was born sixty-four years ago. He grew up amid times that stirred the country. The war with Mexico was just over. Gold had been discovered in California, and the face of the nation began to turn toward the great West. There never was much money in the Stubbs family, and John only got such schooling as a country town of that period afforded.

If one thing stood out in his boyhood, it was his independence. Out in Ashland his old playmates say that they called him "Lord Stubbs" because of this quality. He was a good elocutionist—his way of swaying rate conferences, in later years, was evidence that the talent lasted—and he always "spoke a piece" on festival occasions. But there was nothing conspicuous about those early days.

Then came the Civil War. One of the first Ashlanders to enlist was Joseph D. Stubbs. He was a man of executive ability, and he became attached to the quartermaster's department of General Garfield's command. "Joe" Stubbs, as they called him in his home town, and his boy were inseparable companions. When war took the father away, the son went with him. At fourteen John left the parental roof; and he was destined to see, before he returned to it, part of the grim and shifting panorama of a great conflict.

The elder Stubbs went South with the army and became depot quartermaster at Nashville. John was eager for work; there was need of workers, so one day in 1863 his father set him to checking up government freight on the Nashville levee. In this way he earned his first wages. It is a curious coincidence that they should have come from the traffic which he dominated in after life.

Father and son followed the fortunes of the Union army in two debatable States—Kentucky and Tennessee—where the tide of battle ebbed and flowed. "Joe" Stubbs rose in rank and was made chief quartermaster for the Department of North Carolina. Later he was superintendent of military roads in that State. And so it went until the close of the war, with little John trailing along in the wake of the advancing

armies, one month at Johnsonville, Tennessee; the next at Raleigh, North Carolina; the third at Charleston. He became an invaluable aid to his father, and he picked up a knowledge of handling freight and men that stood him in good stead.

Not until the close of 1868 did he go back home to Ashland. He had left the place a boy scarcely in his teens; now he was of age, with the real problems of life before him. His father wanted him to be a lawyer, but after two days in a local attorney's office he quit because it was too tame. Those years with the army had taken the habit of study out of him. It was by accident that he drifted into railroading.

As usually happens in such cases, the boy turned to his most influential relative, who happened to be with a fast-freight line. His kinsman got him a position as clerk in the office of C. W. Smith, who was general freight-agent of the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and St. Louis Railroad—the so-called "Panhandle"—with headquarters at Columbus. There he went, in 1869, to take his place in the office, at a salary of seventy-five dollars a month.

Young Stubbs did not shrink from putting on a duster and doing a porter's work. His first real clerical task was to file records and copy telegrams.

Early he gave evidence of a trait that showed the kind of man he was. When he was told to do a thing, he always asked the reason why. Now, the other clerks had been doing what they were told to do for years, and had never bothered about the wherefore. That was the principal reason why they remained clerks all their lives. But Stubbs got at the cause. His theory then, as it has been all the years afterward, was that when you ask a question you learn something. The result was that he did not have to be told twice to do the same thing. It made him valuable to his superiors, and it added to his equipment.

That clerkship proved to be a very valuable step. Many of the claims and vouchers that passed through his hands were from the connecting lines. Thus they formed a sort of traffic map of the whole middle West. He learned the various angles of travel, the short cuts to business, and, what was perhaps more important than anything else, the method and machinery of rates.

In 1870 Mr. Smith went to Sacramento, to be general freight-agent of the Central Pacific, and young Stubbs went with him.

It was a significant step, for when he reached the coast he set foot on what was to be the future dominion of his power.

WITH THE GIANTS OF TRAFFIC

At this point it is well to remember that those were stirring and dramatic days in the railroad world. Only a year before, the last spike of the Central Pacific had been driven, linking that steel highway with the Union Pacific, its iron brother to the East. Thus was achieved the first of the transcontinental lines, and its route was still strewn with the bones of the men who had died in its building. A whole vast empire—part of a new world's granary—was about to be wrested from the savage and the prairie.

Dominating the Central Pacific was Collis P. Huntington, the sternest, strongest, and most masterful figure among the early railway magnates. Worthy mates were his three colleagues of capital—the brilliant Charles Crocker, the astute Leland Stanford, the resourceful Mark Hopkins. They form the Big Four of the Pacific Coast, and there was none to dispute their sway.

Sacramento was then the headquarters of the Central Pacific, and it was also the seat of a mighty trade activity. The luster still hung about bonanza "finds," and most of the supplies for the mining fields passed through its gates. The sloth of California's splendid idle forties had been succeeded by a galvanic boom.

Into the sphere of the Western giants of trade and traffic stepped Stubbs. Mr. Huntington early took a great fancy to him, and this developed into a close comradeship. A year after the young Ohioan landed in California, he was made assistant general freight-agent in charge of the Sacramento office. Three years later he became general freight-agent, with headquarters at San Francisco. At that time his future great chief—Edward H. Harriman—was barely out of school.

Henceforth Stubbs's career was a steady advance. Early in the eighties he rose to be freight traffic manager of the Central Pacific; and a few years later, when the Southern Pacific leased the line, he continued under the new arrangement. Soon his title was general traffic manager, and before 1890 he was vice-president of the Southern Pacific system.

All this sounds like a simple catalogue of progress. In almost any other activity

it would have been marked by conspicuous event—perhaps by some strenuous clash. The event and the clash were there, but the general public knew nothing about it. All it knew was that the wheels were turning and the business of the system expanding. It is one curious manifestation of railroad development that the big men behind the game, save in rare instances of "one man power" like Mr. Harriman's, work silently and in the dark. So, in a sense, with Mr. Stubbs.

But in his quiet way he was making things happen. No sooner had the iron path been stretched across the continent than there began the contest of wits to get business for it. Here is where the Stubbs genius first flared.

For years practically all goods had been shipped from New York to California by water around the Horn. It was romantic but slow. The fastest clipper ships made the trip in ninety-one days, while the average time for the water haul was one hundred and twenty days. Commerce, perforce, had adapted itself to this condition of traffic, and there had arisen the tradition that the Western merchant should keep six months' stock on his shelves and six months' stock in the hold of a vessel. There were only two periods of stock-turning.

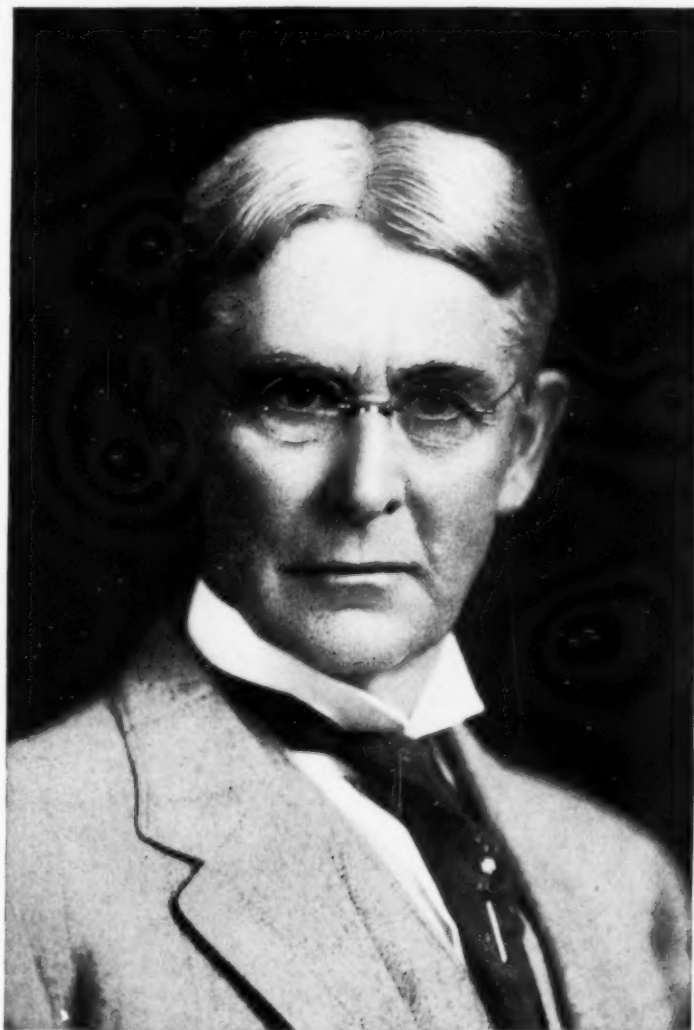
Hence, when the pioneers of transcontinental steam traffic went after business, they faced competition with the cheapest known kind of transportation. To meet this condition Mr. Stubbs cut his wisdom teeth.

Naturally, the New York and California shippers were slow to adjust themselves to the new medium of traffic. Goods could be sent by rail in thirty days, but the rates were considered excessively high. Every kind of device was created to get the business. There were combination water and rail routes, and other expedients.

Soon began the era of rate pools, with all their attendant slashing of prices and general "war to the knife" methods. This was just the sort of game that Mr. Stubbs loved. Before long he became known as a marvelous business-getter; and, what was more, he kept the business.

HIS ALLIANCE WITH EDWIN HAWLEY

He had one clever rival in New York, and his settlement of this difficulty was characteristic. That rival was a short, squat, unemotional little man, Edwin Haw-



JOHN C. STUBBS, HARRIMAN'S RIGHT-HAND TRAFFIC MAN, WHO WILL RETIRE FROM
ACTIVE SERVICE NEXT YEAR BECAUSE HE THINKS NO RAILROAD
MAN SHOULD WORK AFTER SIXTY-FIVE

From a photograph by Matzene, Chicago

ley by name, who had a mask of a face, and who was then contracting agent for the combination known as the California Fast Freight Line, composed of the Rock Island, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, and the Chicago and Northwestern. It controlled a large part of the Pacific coast shipments, and the Stubbs lines did not always get its business.

Hawley had come to New York from a little town up the State, and had worked his way from a clerkship in the Erie freight-office to a position of growing power.

One day Mr. Stubbs went to Mr. Huntington, and said:

"We ought to get that man Hawley."

"All right," replied Mr. Huntington. "Get him!"

Mr. Stubbs came to New York and hired Hawley as Eastern agent. There began a traffic-getting combination that developed such team-work, and made such inroads upon competitors, that one prominent official of the period, in announcing their slogan, paraphrased the name of the Galveston, Harrisburg, and San Antonio so as to read:

"Give Hawley and Stubbs All."

When Mr. Stubbs made that alliance with Mr. Hawley, he did more than secure the services of a brilliant freight man. He unconsciously started his colleague on the road to a mastership of railways that was later to question even the commanding authority of E. H. Harriman.

Clearly to understand the subsequent events in which Mr. Hawley figured so prominently, it might be helpful to explain here that in 1898, by a daring coup in which he was aided by Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Mr. Harriman had gained control of the Union Pacific, which came to be the capital of his empire. It was the time of the first real expanding of the Harriman ambition.

The spectacled little wizard now coveted the Central Pacific, which ran from Ogden to San Francisco, and which had originally been laid out as part of the Union Pacific. It was leased, you will recall, to the Southern Pacific. Mr. Huntington knew the strategic value of the Central Pacific, and refused to sell. Mr. Harriman, as was his fashion, determined to get it, and thus Mr. Huntington became the first of his long line of railroad adversaries.

Near the end of 1900, Mr. Huntington died. Out of the confusion which followed his death stepped Edwin Hawley, domina-

ting the Southern Pacific situation. The unemotional little New Yorker, brought over to the Southern Pacific forces by Mr. Stubbs, had done a very Hawleyesque thing. While acting as aide to Mr. Huntington, he had quietly bought up a lot of Southern Pacific stock. This, together with the Huntington holdings, which he seemed to control, made him master of the moment. He favored a sale of the road—which carried the Central Pacific lease with it—to Mr. Harriman. Despite the opposition of Speyer & Co., the Huntington bankers, he had his way, and in 1901 the Southern Pacific passed over to Mr. Harriman. Mr. Stubbs went with it.

From that hour big history began for American steam transportation. With the passing of the grim and gigantic Huntington, the old railroad era seemed to slip away. The tide that was to sweep Edward H. Harriman into his overlordship of our railroads had begun to rise. Before it reached its height, whole systems were destined to be reorganized; great traffic zones to be reshaped; compelling financial oligarchies to be lined up. Panic, too, was to brood over the path of that masterful ambition.

For the three men I have been discussing, this was a season of important change. In Harriman, it witnessed the crystallization of a long nebulous desire for dictatorship; in Hawley, it stirred hopes for an empire all his own; to Stubbs, it meant the coming into a larger sphere of nation-wide activity.

Whatever may be said of Harriman's methods—for he was domineering, roughshod, and merciless—it must be credited to him that he was a rare judge of men. He never willingly let a good one go. He believed in adequate rewards, too. Among the Southern Pacific officers who came under his generalship were two who became his most brilliant aides. First and foremost among them was Stubbs, and equally able in his own field was Julius Kruttschnitt, director of maintenance and operation, the man who always kept the wheels turning in the face of any fate. Later came Judge Robert S. Lovett—he of the silent presence and the wise and far-seeing counsel—who was to take up the mantle that the railroad master laid down.

Stubbs did not meet Harriman until after he had secured control of the Southern Pacific. The New Yorker came to San Francisco, and Stubbs, being the senior official

of the road there, gave him a dinner. Harriman asked a great many questions, but, as usual, said little himself. But he found Stubbs a man after his own heart—alive, alert, and aggressive.

When the Harriman genius of organization flashed out over the new system, it lighted on Stubbs for the post to which, above all others, he was best fitted. He was made director of traffic of all the Harriman lines, and was put into an office at Chicago, where he could sit at a desk and keep his finger on the tireless pulse of the traffic that ranged over sixteen thousand miles of track.

Henceforth he was Harriman's right-hand man and close associate. This intimate personal and official relation continued until death removed the little chief.

THE GENIUS OF RATE-MAKING

Now, why did Harriman raise Stubbs to this eminence? Simply because Stubbs, by common consent of his colleagues, is regarded as the greatest rate-maker and traffic man of his day.

You get some idea of what this means when I tell you that his work was the only phase of the railroad game where the head of the system kept his hands off. Harriman was always in close touch with his aides, and often actually worked with them. Overnight he undid plans that had taken months to formulate, but often his swift shift galvanized them into action. Without technical study, he solved vast engineering problems; without looking at a law book, he got at the core of tangled litigation. But he only projected himself into activities that he could see. This was true of maintenance, operation, and construction. He never meddled with the domain ruled by Stubbs, because it had to do with the rate—a thing that he could not see. To make this rate both equitable and profitable is the very key-note of successful railroading.

To appreciate its making, you must remember that the business of a railroad is to transport freight and passengers. The task of the traffic man is to sell this transportation at so much per mile. In short, he is a salesman. But he cannot sell until he fixes the price. Stubbs's work, therefore, was to create this price, to adapt it to every shifting condition to which traffic is heir, and then to get freight and people willing to pay the price.

How are rates made? The average man, at first guess, would say that the problem consists of fixing a standard price for a mile haul, and then increasing this in proportion to the distance hauled. This kind of rate-making bears the same relation to the actual process of framing tariffs as the old rule-of-thumb kind of labor bears to the highly organized modern science of business efficiency.

As a matter of fact, the man who makes a rate must be seer, builder, merchant, and transporter. He must take into consideration the social, industrial, and commercial resources and possibilities of every community through which his road passes. He must study the needs of the people; must understand the competition between individuals and between municipalities; must digest State and national laws; and, most of all, he must have the vision to comprehend the future. This is why an official like Mr. Stubbs is an economic statesman.

Why do all these elements enter into the making of rates?

The answer is not hard to find. If rates are prohibitive, then people will not produce, manufacture, ship, or travel. Communication—that greatest aid to progress—is hampered, and all development is retarded. On the other hand, if rates are favorable, then industry is encouraged and business prospers. This in turn means widening activity for the railroads. Out of their earnings comes the money for the host of railroad workers, and for interest and dividends on the securities issued by the railroads—securities which are more widely held than any other kind.

In the old days there was not so much science about rate-making. Rates were like most laws—things made only to be broken. But with drastic supervision of the transportation lines by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and by the public service commissions of the States, the integrity of the rate has been established. Thus it becomes a science pure and simple.

Now you begin to see why Mr. Stubbs's work has been carried on under a bushel. It has none of the dramatic quality that invests a daring piece of engineering, such as piercing a mighty mountain or spanning a yawning chasm. Its battle-field is the chart and its weapon the pencil. But it often takes more thought and investigation to make a single tariff than it does to lay many miles of road across the Great Divide.

Yet not all rates are made strictly by scientific methods. Here is an instance to the contrary:

A grape-grower in California started to make raisins. Up to that time most of the raisins used in this country were imported from Spain. When this man had produced his first car-load, he went to Mr. Stubbs, and asked what was the rate to the East on dried fruit. He was told that it was three dollars per hundred pounds.

"But I can't afford to pay that," was his reply. "I am just beginning a new industry."

"What can you afford to pay?" asked Mr. Stubbs.

"I could pay a dollar and seventy-five cents," was his answer.

"That's the rate," said Mr. Stubbs; and from that moment it was.

What was the result? Last year the Harriman lines alone carried three thousand tons of raisins across the continent. A new and profitable industry had been developed simply because the man who made the rate had the vision to look ahead and see its possibilities at the start.

When you ask Mr. Stubbs to define rate-making, he says:

"It is the science of making a tariff that gets the maximum amount of freight at the maximum price."

He refutes the general charge that the railroads exact "all that the traffic can bear." His theory is, "a rate that is no more than the traffic can profitably bear."

In this connection he said a very interesting thing:

"Railroading is the only business in the world in which the rates are fixed by what the merchant can afford to pay, rather than by how much he can be made to pay."

HIS PHILOSOPHY OF WORK AND LIFE

But it is not Stubbs the great rate-maker and traffic-producer that most interests us just now. Rather is it John C. Stubbs, the human being who chooses to leave his desk because he thinks he has worked long and hard enough.

It was to get at the root and reason of this determination that I sought him out. I saw him first in his office on the sixth floor of the Merchants' Loan and Trust Building in Chicago. Here, in a long, high-ceiled room, where the roar of the bustling city faintly smote his ear, he sat at an oak table, holding the invisible reins of traffic

of the Harriman system. Up and down nearly twenty thousand miles of track, and across the waters of two oceans, moved the people and the freights that paid tribute to his tariffs.

Yet there was no noise of confusion here. Compared with the highly charged atmosphere at 120 Broadway, in New York, when his lamented chief was busy, it was like a Sunday-school. One thing symbolized the extent of his power. It was a map of the United States crisscrossed with red lines that showed the conquering way of the Harriman roads.

It is a room of character. On an easel in the most conspicuous place are portraits of his two great chieftains, Huntington and Harriman. On the wall at his right is a portrait of Edwin Hawley. There, too, are Paul Morton, his old-time traffic antagonist but warm personal friend; Hopkins, Crocker, and Stanford, the giants of the California days.

A group of photographs behind his desk is a significant index to one phase of Mr. Stubbs's genius; for, like Harriman, he had a marvelous instinct for finding big men before they developed. Here you see the picture of Charles H. Markham, now president of the Illinois Central, whom Mr. Stubbs picked for promotion when he was agent for the Southern Pacific at Reno. Alongside is William Sproule, now president of the Wells-Fargo Express Company, whom Mr. Stubbs dug out of an obscure freight clerkship in San Francisco. Here, too, is Charles M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk, formerly a work-fellow of Mr. Stubbs on the Southern Pacific.

More impressive than all these pictures is the personality that dominates the room. If you first beheld this slender, almost frail man of medium height out in a crowd, you would probably guess him to be a country lawyer or preacher. In repose, his presence is not compelling. His face is freckled and lined; his blue eyes gleam kindly behind their spectacles; his white hair curls around a well-shaped head. There is something almost Lincoln-like in the homely simplicity and sincerity of his manner. You would never think that he was a lord of traffic, for years the associate and confidant of the kings of capital.

Watch him in action, and the homely manner falls away. The blue eyes flash; the face is alert; he personifies tense movement. Then you see the fiber of the man

on whom Harriman relied to get the life-blood of traffic that coursed through his great system of railroads.

THE REAL HARRIMAN

In his office I talked with Mr. Stubbs about Harriman and Huntington. It was a proper setting for such reminiscence.

"Mr. Harriman," he said, "was the most remarkable man I ever knew. He could look farther and deeper into things than any one else of my knowledge. It was this quality which explains what many people regarded as his unnecessary impatience and irritability. Before you had spoken half a dozen words, he anticipated what you were going to say, for his mind had raced ahead of yours.

"He had no ambition to be the richest man, but he did want to be the most powerful. Money and railroads simply meant power, and he loved power. I never knew a man who believed more implicitly in the future of the United States. He also believed in himself, like Napoleon.

"I never knew him to be unfair. He gave what he exacted. When he played forfeits with his children, for example, he made them pay up their losses to the last penny. It was his way of teaching them the big game.

"Strange as it may seem, Mr. Harriman never worried; but he thought in bed, and this is what killed him. He worked all day, and thought out his problems at night.

"His way of solving the Erie problem was typical. The road faced receivership because it could not pay an issue of maturing notes. Mr. Harriman knew that this receivership would upset the stock market and work trouble for his own vast interests. It was on his mind when he went to bed. He tossed about until six o'clock in the morning thinking out a plan to meet the emergency. Then he turned over and slept an hour. At seven o'clock he was at the telephone, rousing his secretary, who received instructions to assemble securities necessary for a loan of five million dollars. At nine o'clock, when the banks opened, the money was available, and the notes were paid.

"No one ever really knew Mr. Harriman intimately. No one probed into what was in the back of his head. He was the personification of affection and loyalty to his family and to his friends, but, like the smiling Jap, he eluded solution.

"Mr. Huntington," continued Mr. Stubbs, "was a different type of man. Where Harriman was the financier, he was the builder. Both men were tireless workers.

"Mr. Huntington had one peculiarity which, so far as I know, has escaped his biographers. When he was past seventy, he hated the idea of being called old. Once we were fellow guests at a big dinner at the Metropolitan Club, in New York. Mr. Huntington sat across the table from me. During the meal, the man at my right pointed him out, and asked:

"'Who is that fine-looking old man over there?'

"I told him, and he remarked that Huntington was a splendid and commanding figure. As we were going home that evening, I told Mr. Huntington about the incident, believing that it would please him. Instead, he fell into a rage.

"'Did he call me an old man?'" he inquired.

"I had to say yes, whereupon he asked:

"'Why didn't you kick him under the table?'"

Before we leave the subject of railroads, I should like to quote Mr. Stubbs on one more topic, for it shows another angle of his mind.

"If I owned the Union Pacific Railroad," he said, "I would distribute the stock at par. This is not socialism, but what I regard as the sanest method of developing a friendly feeling for the railroad. A wide ownership of bonds of small denomination would go a long way toward achieving the same end. When people have their money in a property, they are not so quick to try to tear it down."

BACK TO THE OLD HOME

Up to this time we had only talked of railroads, rates, and railroad men. The air was charged with the movement of large affairs. But when I mentioned his contemplated retirement, a new light broke over Mr. Stubbs's face.

"I don't see why any fuss should be made over a man's quitting his job," he said. "However, since I am going to retire to my old home at Ashland, Ohio, let's go down there and discuss it."

Thus it came about that I journeyed to Ashland with him. There was more in that trip than merely getting one end of a magazine article. It was the intimate revelation of the sources of a man's life, and

likewise a fresh and helpful excursion into the heart of an Anglo-Saxon democracy.

When I saw Ashland, I also saw the backgrounds of the Stubbs character. Here, sheltered by green hills, watered by pleasant streams, is a center of sound Americanism. It is a clean, serene, drowsy region unmarred by the ugliness of poverty. From this hardy and well-nurtured section came the first of the Studebakers, the clang of whose anvil rang across the valley. Out of its village school stepped Judge Peter Grosscup, destined to go down in judicial history linked with the Debs and Standard Oil cases. In a cottage near by, William B. Allison dreamed his youthful dreams.

But first in Ashland's gallery of fame, and first in the hearts of her people, is John C. Stubbs. He alone, of her prosperous or eminent sons, has chosen to return to the scenes of his boyhood.

Here comes one picturesque phase of the whole Stubbs incident. It illustrates the fact that deep down under the bustling American consciousness — truer and more permanent than the money-greed — is the instinct for home. When all is said and done, this is what draws Mr. Stubbs from the teeming tracks of traffic.

I walked down the Main Street with him. Nearly everybody knew him, and there were friendly nods and greetings on all sides. Those who did not know him knew who he was, and were proud of him.

I went to a luncheon at the principal hotel, where many of the leading citizens were gathered to greet him. It was an old-fashioned midday dinner, for the luncheon habit has not yet invaded the small communities. Anecdotes of the early days flew about. A playmate of Mr. Stubbs, now the leading merchant, told how, despite his frailty, he fought to the last ditch in the school duels. Another friend, now the editor of the daily paper, waxed reminiscent of war-time experiences; and so it went, with cheerfulness and affection pervading. In the end it was proposed, more seriously than in jest, that Mr. Stubbs should be the next mayor of Ashland.

"If he runs the town as well as he runs the Harriman lines," said some one, "we shall have money in the treasury."

A RURAL MARCUS AURELIUS

Late in the afternoon I strolled with Mr. Stubbs through the charming little town, and it was then that we talked of the sub-

ject that lay uppermost in our minds; for I wanted to know why he was retiring from business. It was a fitting time to speak of peace and the mellowing years, for the still air was fragrant with apple-blossom and lilac. Like a rural Marcus Aurelius, this man of affairs discoursed upon life and work.

"I am going to retire," he said, "because I don't think a man should work after he is sixty-five. After that time all the real fight is out of him. I do not mean the pugnacious quality, but aggressiveness and the ability to take the initiative. While I have my own business particularly in mind, what I say is really true of all activities. In the army, a man is retired before he is sixty-five; why should not the same wise rule apply to other kinds of service, more arduous, more racking than the soldier's life? It is youth that wins. The world belongs to the young man.

"You hear a lot of talk about genius; but there is no genius. It is simply hard work.

"All my life I have worked for other people. I have been too busy to make money. I am not a rich man. What little I have is savings. The big salary did not come until late.

"Now I want to devote a little time to myself. There are many books that I want to read; many places that I want to see. In short, I am tired of turmoil, and I want to rest."

He took me to a big brick house, sentineled by maples, that stood on an eminence near the edge of town. A sweet wind blew in from the hills; the branches of a flowering cherry-tree nodded against the porch; the deepening shadows of evening softened the earth. It seemed to be the abode of peace, spaciousness, and comfort.

"This is my home," said Mr. Stubbs. "Here I really expect to live."

He paused a moment. The years seemed to fall away from him, his look became young and eager, and he added:

"Now you know why I am going to retire."

I thought of another picture; it was a marble palace in the Ramapo Mountains that crowned a princely domain. In a splendid room a little man lay sleeping the unawakening sleep. At sixty-one, Mr. Harriman had sacrificed his life in the race that had no compensations.

Perhaps Mr. Stubbs is right.

LITTLE JUGS AND POTS

BY ADRIANA SPADONI

ONCE Paolo Fabri had believed in a God. Now he believed in himself.

At first he had been very angry with the God who did not exist, for having imposed so long upon him. Now he was perfectly indifferent. In the ten years during which he had sat silent in the corner of the settlement hall, turning his potter's wheel, he had ground God out of existence. Nevertheless, it annoyed Paolo to hear Him mentioned, just as it annoys one to have to listen politely to a lie.

Therefore, when he saw the two well-dressed women coming toward him and Carlo, who had a small wheel beside his, and who was busy fashioning a little pot, his shaggy eyebrows came together in a bristling line.

"Two more of those white dolls who will quote—" he muttered, but before he could finish they were upon him.

"Oh, Aunt Emma, do look! What a perfectly dear little wheel!" The younger of the two women bent toward Carlo, peering at him kindly through her thick glasses, as if he were an interesting beetle. "And this duck of a jug! Oh, I must have it! How much—"

"He does not sell."

The old potter did not look up as he gave the wheel an angry turn with his short fingers, flattened at the end like little paddles.

"But it is really a very creditable piece of work." The older woman opened her purse with authoritative decision. "You should encourage him. He is an artist. Some day—"

"*Nome di Cristo*," cried the potter, "if fools like—"

"Good gracious, auntie, remember the 'Sufi pipkin, waxing hot'—"

"Who is the potter, pray, and who the pot?"

"Have you, then, no poem in English but that Sufi pipkin?" The potter bent across the wheel, glaring. "Always must

we listen to that stupidity of the potter and the pot?"

The near-sighted woman looked at him closely through her glasses, as if they were a microscope.

"So, yes, look, look! He turns the wheel like a squirrel in the cage. We make pots, like the potter—some good, some bad; but the bad we throw away. We do not sell them for good ones. Your potter does not do so, eh?"

"Come, Anna."

The younger woman followed reluctantly.

"Rather an interesting type, auntie, don't you think?"

"Decidedly disagreeable, I should say; but his bark is probably worse than his bite. I haven't a doubt that he is a perfectly harmless old person, and wouldn't hurt a fly."

"And that darling little boy, with those great black eyes and that cute little jug! I wonder why the old bear wouldn't let him sell!"

As the two women passed out of the hall the old man picked up the boy's work.

"It is good, Carlo, very good. They would have given perhaps fifty cents, because you are small and poor; but some day they will not open the purse in that manner. They will beg for the work, for you will be an artist—not like those who come here with their long, white hands, and stare, but a true artist, who does not talk, but makes beautiful things of marble—fine, white marble."

"Ah!" breathed the small boy. "I shall be happy!"

The last remnant of the old man's frown disappeared, and he patted the boy's black curls.

"But you must never forget, Carlo, never, what I told the other day. Make the wish, 'Some day I will be a great artist,' and say it always as you turn the wheel. In that way will it be ground into the brain."

"I will—be—a—great—artist," repeated Carlo solemnly, giving his little wheel a quick turn with his small, brown hand.

"So!" The potter nodded his satisfaction. "Say it always—and listen. Some day the wheel will tell you how to get the money, and go to our Italy, and buy fine marble and study."

"*Dio mio!*" gasped Carlo. "The wheel will tell me?"

"So! The wheel will tell all things, under the *zurr, zurr*, that makes the pots. But you must listen; and you must not say '*Dio*.' There is no *Dio!*"

"I know," answered Carlo meekly. "You have taught me so before."

"And you must work, work, work, and talk very little. It takes time to talk—and such foolishness! *Santa Maria*, here come more like those others. Do not stop, Carlo. I would like that you finish the jar to-day."

So the old potter and the boy went back to their pots and worked on without looking up. All afternoon a stream of interested visitors passed through the hall, cried out in delight at the "cuteness" of the little wheel, tried unsuccessfully to buy one of the small potter's jars, and passed on. It was late before they stopped coming, and the boy's arms dropped wearily to his sides.

"Little one, you are tired. Leave the wheel now. You have done well. Run a little and play, and then home, and have dinner ready, so?"

"To-night we have meat?"

"To-night we have meat, and the lentils of yesterday, and fresh coffee, Carlo."

"All—at—once, *zio?*"

The potter chuckled into his gray beard.

"So, Carlo, all three at once, and the coffee strong. Perhaps, also, I shall bring some little cakes."

"The little cakes with cream between and seeds on top, *zio?*"

"The little cakes with cream between and seeds on top—one dozen, Carlo. To-night we make a feast. Now, go!"

After Carlo had gone, the old man stood looking earnestly at the boy's work.

"He has done well," he said. "I am right. He will be a great artist, if—"

Then he went on with his own work, pressing here, smoothing there, touching the cold clay lovingly. It was dark before he put down the jug and stood off to look at it.

"She will like it. They are a little stupid, these people who do good, but Miss Marta is not so stupid like some, and al-

ways she has been very kind. She will like it."

He threw a wet cloth over the jug, covered his wheel, and went home.

As he turned the handle of the door, Carlo drew a twisted piece of boiled meat from the iron kettle, emptied the pan of lentils beside it, and waved his arms across the table.

"It is ready!" he cried, as if indicating a new world which he had just completed.

II

"A GREAT feast, eh, Carlo?"

The meat and lentils had disappeared, and they had reached the little cakes.

"It is the name-day, *zio*, that we make such a dinner?"

The potter laughed.

"No, Carlo, for the name-day I do not make a feast, nor yet for the birthday. It is because we go on a journey that we celebrate."

Carlo dropped the little cream-cake and stared.

"We—go on—a journey—you and me?"

"So! We go away. You will return in a few days, but I—I shall not return."

"I—will return—alone—*zio?*"

"So! You are a little boy, and you will go on a little journey. I am a big man, and I go on a big journey."

"That is not possible," Carlo quietly began eating his cake again. "You cannot go on a journey without me. Why, *zio*, when we go even ten blocks from the house you say you need me to show the way. How, then, will you take a long journey alone?"

"Carlo," said the old man gently, "I do not go alone. I take with me, on that long journey, my friend, my very good friend, Alfredo Bonini."

"And not me? You take somebody else—and—not me?"

"You are too young, Carlino, to go such a very long journey. You—"

"But I will be so good. Please!" Suddenly the small boy's head went down upon the table. "I will be so good, *zio*. Your friend will not care. I will not talk. I promise—like a mouse—no matter how long the journey is. I—"

"It is not possible!" The words clicked like the shutting of a trap. "And I do not like that you cry. I think it is better that you go to bed. We start early."

Without a word Carlo went, leaving the little cake unfinished.

The potter sat staring at it for a long time, his arms crossed, his head sunk into them, like a god of gray stone, planning destinies. At last he got up, brought a lacquered box from the trunk, and, pushing away the dirty dishes, drew out a sheet of note-paper, slightly yellowed at the edges. In his fine, thin script, he wrote:

SIGNORINA MARTA MARSH:

I write this to tell you that I return to the Settlement no more. Neither Carlo. I take him on a little journey, and when he returns I have made that he goes to the school for artists. It is not well that he hears always, "What a cute little wheel!" "What beautiful little pots!" nor always that stupidity of a Sufi pipkin. Some day he will be a great artist. For that I took him from the streets. For that I now take him a little way on my journey.

The jug beside the wheel is for you. I took much trouble with it, and it is very beautiful. You have always been kind, and I thank you.

PAOLO FABRI.

His letter written, the potter went to bed.

III

EARLY the next morning, even before it was light, he waked Carlo, and they started out into the heavy snow. They had no luggage except a small leathern satchel, an old-fashioned satchel with many flaps and pockets. Carlo offered to carry it, but the potter refused.

"No," he said; "this I will carry."

But the old man spoke so gently that a hope sprang in the small boy's heart that he might be taken the whole way, after all.

He said nothing, however, until they had been traveling many hours, and had left the city far behind. Hour after hour the flat, open country had flashed by, dazzling with its clean, white snow. All day Carlo had sat lost in the wonder of its whiteness; but now his eyes ached with staring at it, and as the winter night began to close in, and distant lights to wink across the grayling stillness, Carlo decided that his part of the journey must be near its end. *Zio* had said a little journey, and already they had been a very long one. Surely the great journey of *zio* himself could not be much longer.

Carlo turned a little and looked at the old man. He, too, was gazing into the snow, as he had done all day; but Carlo knew that he did not see, for he was smiling quietly. Carlo touched his arm.

"Is it much longer, the little journey you take me?" he asked diplomatically.

"A few hours only. Already art tired?"

Carlo ignored the question. The tone of the old man's voice killed the boy's hope.

"Then we meet—that friend—I forget the name."

"That is bad. You must not forget. It is Alfredo Bonini, the very rich, the most good Alfredo Bonini, my friend of many years, who made it possible that your uncle come to America. Without the kindness of that good Alfredo, even yet would your old uncle be in that beautiful Palermo, where you shall go some day."

"I will not! I will not! No, never!" The small boy jumped to the floor, and stood accusingly before the old man. "Why," he demanded angrily, "did you not leave me in the street, since now you leave me while you go with that—"

The potter stared, and then his eyes lit with a quick gleam.

"Carlo," he said softly, "we will talk a little, no?"

Carlo's anger died instantly. The potter drew the boy between his knees.

"So, Carlino, we will talk."

But it was several moments before he began, and when he did he asked a most ridiculous question.

"Carlo, what do you love best in all the world?"

Carlo laughed.

"You, *zio*, of course."

"Could you love the man who killed me?"

"Killed you? No, no, no, I—"

"What would you do, Carlo?"

"Kill him!" said the small boy promptly. "Like a dog," he added, with a little swagger.

"Exactly! And after thy *zio*, what dost love next?"

"The little jugs and pots, and the wheel."

"Exactly! The little jugs and pots, and the wheel. And if some one broke the wheel, so that nevermore could you make the little jugs, what would you do to that one?"

"Him, also."

The potter nodded his approval.

"Now we talk. When I was young, Carlo, even younger than you, I, too, loved the wet clay; but my father was poor, and there were many others, and so I had to work all day in the hot fields. The work was very hard and dirty, and sometimes it made me sick, but always I said, 'Some day I shall have all the clay I want, and I shall make

beautiful things!' With that hope in the heart, it is possible to live."

Carlo nodded. The old man took the boy's slender, flexible fingers in his.

"Yes, Carlino, I saw it in your eyes. For that reason I took you. Well, when I was seventeen, the work no longer made me sick, and I was big and strong like now. I loved the wind, and the smell of the earth, and the green things, and I worked hard; but always in the back of the head was the dream of the clay. At night the beautiful things that I would make came out from the darkness and stood along the board of the bed. But I had no money. I could buy no clay.

"Then, one day, Alfredo Bonini, the son of Fortunato, who owned all the land for miles, came riding into his fields. He came on a great brown horse, and we all stopped work to smile and make the motions of a slave. Your *zio* did so also, although he was only a few years older than I, and with one hand I could have lifted him from his horse. I was like the rough brown pot, Carlo, in which we bake the lentils. He was the fine, straight jar that I made for Miss Marta. He watched me for a long time, and then he said:

"'You are very strong, and you work well. I think I can find better work;' and he rode away.

"I was very proud that the fine young man had noticed me, and I prayed each night that he would not forget. If I had other work, I might make a little money, and—there was the clay.

"He did not forget. It was about three weeks later that a servant brought the order that I was to go into the city, to the factory of the old Bonini."

The potter stopped. Carlo touched his arm.

"It was a nice place, *zio*?"

"Carlo, do you remember that foolish picture of the angel opening the gates, gold glaze, to a poor beggar? It was like that."

"*Dio*, such a beautiful place?"

"It was a factory to make dishes, Carlo, and many things of brown stone."

"The clay—"

"So! All day I had it under the fingers! I was happy. At first I only carried it, like an ox, from one spot to another, because I was so strong. But one day I stole a little clay, and made a horse—the big brown horse on which my good master had ridden into the fields. He was pleased, Carlo,

greatly pleased. I see yet the surprise in the eyes.

"'You are an artist, Paolo,' and he would have given me a lira—one—whole—lira, like the good lady of yesterday, but I would not take it.

"After that, when I could, I bought clay, a little finer, and when I made something more beautiful than usual, I took it to the big house. When he said it was good, I was happy. In that way four years ran away. Then I saw Sofia."

The potter stopped, and looked out of the window so long that once more Carlo thought he had forgotten.

"*Zio—*"

"*Ai!*" The old man turned from the window and put both hands on the boy's shoulders. "*Ai,*" he repeated softly, "some day you will understand. She was so beautiful, with the skin white and smooth like the best clay when it comes from the oven. The first time I saw her the red came up under the fine, white skin, and in my throat something beat, like the beating from the engine. Some day you will understand. She was very beautiful, and we loved more than you love me and the little pots and the wheel all put together."

"It is not possible, *zio*. I—"

"Some day you will understand, Carlo. That, also, is in your eyes, with the love of the clay. But I was still very poor, too poor. Then, one day, the master sent for me. We knew about Sofia, for I had told him once, when I took to the house a very beautiful little bowl. He had often seen us on Sundays in the public gardens, and always he had smiled and bowed and taken off the hat to Sofia. We loved him, Carlino, as the peasants love the painted image of St. Antony.

"Well, on this day he made me come in and sit down, and he was so gentle and kind. We talked and talked, and he asked me many questions, and—life is like a wheel, Carlo; it goes round and round, and many strange things are tied to the spokes.

"'Why do you not go to America?' he said. 'There, in a few months, you will make more than many years here. You are an artist, Paolo. Here you will make these beautiful things, for a few centesimi, until you are an old man. There they are rich!'

"Then, very softly, for I was a proud boy, Carlo, the good master offered to lend me the money. When I was rich I could return it.

"From that moment I had only one dream—to come to America. For one month Sofia and I talked, and then we went together to the good Alfredo, and told him that I would go. He was very jolly, Carlo, and ordered wine, and drank to my success. He promised that his mother should give Sofia a place in their big house, so that I need not worry; for Sofia was quite alone in the world. Thus I could give all my time to making the beautiful things that would bring so much money in that new country."

This time the old man sat so long with his chin buried deep in his gray beard that Carlo was afraid he would never hear what had become of the money that *zio* made.

"Did you get rich, *zio*?"

"It is not nice to be hungry, eh, Carlo?"

"Oh, no! It hurts the stomach."

"Exactly! For two years, Carlo, I was hungry like that, often, with the stomach hurting. And I was ashamed to go back, for always there was the good man who believed in me. Sometimes, when I thought to go mad with the wish to see Sofia, then always a letter came.

"The town is proud already of you,' it would say. 'Some day you will be great. Sofia is well. There is nothing to trouble you. Do not lose courage.'

"When I wrote to Sofia, I sent the letters to the master, for she could not read, and he told her what was in them." The old man laughed harshly. "He was so good, so kind, Carlo. No wonder I was happy when at last he wrote to tell me of his great joy. He, too, had found love. She was very rich and very beautiful. That same week I got the work for which I had looked more than two years. How happy I was, Carlo! I thanked God."

"But there is no God, *zio*!"

The old man patted the boy's shoulder.

"I did not know so then. I made that foolishness. After that, for one whole year I worked like a madman. I slept only a few hours. I bought a wheel, and at night I worked alone. I heard no more from the master or from Sofia. You see, Carlo, she knew not to write.

"When one year had gone, I saw in a paper from the old country, in the house of a friend, that the good master had a son. All the peasants had a holiday. The factory was closed for one day. To every one was given a present. That night I began to make a whole set of little clay horses and

soldiers, their coats painted as in life. In one month I took them, and went back."

"Did he like them, *zio*?"

"What? Ah, so, the little horses! I know not, Carlo. You see, I went straight to the house, but Sofia no longer worked for the Bonini. I went where they told me—a little house with a garden, beyond the town. She did not know I was coming; I had thought to surprise her. She was sitting in the door, looking into the garden at the back. I turned the handle softly and went in. There was a little boy playing on the floor, and he came rolling over to meet me. Sofia did not turn, but I hear yet the voice calling softly:

"Alfredo, come to thy mother!"

"Then she turned."

"And she was glad to see you?" asked Carlo after a long, long pause.

"Glad? Ai, Carlo. She was glad; so glad that—now we go to kill the good Alfredo Bonini."

"Because Sofia was glad to see you, *zio*, we go now to kill your friend? It is a little hard to understand!"

"Surely, Carlo, now it is difficult; but some day you will know. Then you will say proudly, 'My uncle was a brave man.'"

"Most surely you are brave, *zio*!"

"And patient, very patient, Carlo. I have waited many years, many years. But not because I was afraid. 'He is rich and happy,' I said, 'but some day he will be more rich, more happy. When he can be no richer and no happier, then I will kill him.'

"For that reason I came the second time to this country. He is very rich now. In an hour you will see him, Carlo. He is old, like me, but he will look younger, many years younger. He is waiting to live ten, fifteen, twenty years more. He has a beautiful house and wife and children. He waits for the good God to call him. He waits very comfortably, Carlo, with his family and his money."

The small boy laughed.

"Carlino, I have taught you many things—to read, to write, to make the jugs and pots, and not to believe in that foolishness about a *Dio* who looks after His people and makes the wicked pay. But now I teach the biggest lesson of all. You yourself are *Dio*. In all the world, Carlo, there is nothing bigger than yourself. Remember, nothing! So I have learned turning the wheel and listening to the *zurrr, zurrr*, for many years.

You, Carlo, will not have to listen, for I have taught you."

The small boy nodded seriously.

"I know, *zio*."

IV

AN hour later, the old potter and the young walked silently up the long avenue, over the deep snow, toward the great stone pile that jutted into the deeper blackness of the night. As they left the avenue and turned into the open space before the house, Carlo drew his breath with a quick gasp.

Before the house ran a piazza of pure white marble, protected by a low balustrade of nude white figures. Shallow marble steps led down to the driveway. At the far end of the piazza a broad band of soft, golden light cut the blackness.

The potter, holding his little satchel carefully, went up the shallow steps and turned toward the light. They walked softly over the mat of snow. Just beyond the band of light the old man stopped, opened the satchel, and drew out an old but brightly polished revolver. Having made sure that it was in working order, he put it back and took Carlo's hand.

They went forward until they were opposite the window.

"Oh," Carlo whispered, "what a beautiful place to live!"

The heavy panels of the walls shone satiny soft in the yellow light. In the center, a table was laid with shining glass and silver and flowers. The place was still and warm and heavy with luxury. The richness penetrated the great window and wrapped the old man and the little boy, standing silent in the lightly falling snow.

At last the door at the end of the room swung back and a liveried servant came in, carrying a small silver tureen. He put it down and went out. The potter heard the silence of his light step in the thick carpet.

"Oh!" Carlo trembled. "The dish is of silver, *zio*!"

The old man nodded.

"Hush!" he whispered hoarsely. "I—feel—him coming."

The door opened again, and the servant came, pushing before him a wheeled chair. In it a figure lay back, wizened, shrunken, gray. Both hands hung helplessly over the sides—two pale, motionless spots against the dark velvet. As the wheels rolled smoothly over the carpet, the withered head lolled from side to side.

The servant pushed the chair close to the table, and took the cover from the tureen. With a silver ladle he dipped a little of the soup into the small silver bowl before the chair. When he had felt the side of the bowl, to see that the soup was not too hot, he began indifferently to feed the helpless form with a spoon.

Occasionally the blue lips of the ghastly human apparition opened feebly and a husky voice mumbled unintelligibly. The stolid servant took absolutely no notice, but continued the feeding, which he varied by sopping up the soup with bits of bread and forcing it between the toothless gums. The handsome Bonini of former years had become a lump of inanimate clay, with hardly a spark of life showing in his parchment face or his horribly twisted body.

The old Italian potter stood as one transfixed, with head crooked slightly, his eyes staring, and the handle of his satchel tightly clenched. The boy's touch on his arm roused him.

"*Zio*, is it—is it he?" the child asked in an awed voice.

The potter shook as if with cold. Still feasting his eyes on the terrible object of his wrath, he answered:

"Yes, yes, it is he—that is, once it was Bonini!"

Then he grasped the boy's hand and led him from the house, the house of silver, the house of white marble steps, the living tomb of the Bonini.

Out in the cool of the night the old man paused and raised his face to the starry heavens. Finally his lips opened, and he spoke to the wide-eyed, wondering child beside him.

"Carlo, Carlo, I was wrong—there is a *Dio*!"

AT EVENTIDE

THE sacrifices of the day are done; the froth

Of busy tumult sinks in sweet desire;

And night, high heaven's priestess, spreads her altar-cloth

Of spangled velvet, fringed with slumbering fire.

Bernard Freeman Trotter

LIGHT VERSE

AFTER READING "SHERLOCK HOLMES"

"I SOON shall have a curious case,"
Said Holmes. "I feel it in my bones.
A man of thirty-eight will race
In here, accosting us with moans—
A great huge man, therefore with lots on."
"This is most marvelous!" said Watson.

"All that we have to do is wait,
Let's see—the hour is now eight two;
I had not thought it was so late.
I trust you've not so much to do
But you can stay until he trots on?"
"Wait? Yes! My practise? Bah!" said Watson.

Holmes sat and smoked, two minutes more,
Oblivious to all around,
In dark brown study. At eight four
Was heard a most prodigious sound
Upon the stairs. "Holmes, tell me what's on!
How knew you this?" cried Dr. Watson.

The sounds approached; with puff and grunt
A huge man pushed upon the door,
And, entering, tried himself to shunt
Chairward, but slid upon the floor.
"That's your best rug this drunken sot's on!"
"No sot!" said Holmes. "The deuce!" said
Watson.

Said Holmes: "My brother Mycroft this,
In haste because we dine at eight;
His birthday dinner he'd not miss—
He's thirty-eight to-day, I'll state.
Come, get up, Mike, an entrée hot's on
Board already!" "Stung!" said Watson.

George Jay Smith

THE MATINÉE IDOL

THE thirty seniors in our school just groveled
at his shrine;
No other actor who appeared was voted half as
fine.
Whenever he was playing here, we'd save with all
our might
To buy a ticket near the stage for every *première*
night.
We loved him as *Orlando*, and as *Romeo* he was
great;
He was to each, as *Lancelot*, her own predestined
fate;
We dreamed of him in "Heidelberg"; his *Claude*
Melnotte was "jam";
And when as *Chatterton* he died, we wept and
said; "Poor lamb!"

Oh, what a change has come to him—since just
this time last year!

They say he's grown grandiloquent, ambitious, and
severe.

As *Lear* he had long whiskers—why, we couldn't
trust our eyes!

But there he was, all gray and bent, and only half
the size.

"Macbeth" was next; his hair was lank and he
was really plain.

In "Hamlet," as the gloomy prince, we thought
him quite insane.

"Othello" followed; he was *black*, with earrings
in his ears.

And then, as *Richelieu*, in red, he'd aged a thou-
sand years.

And so we're short a hero! It's good-by to
Claude Melnotte,

Farewell *Orlando*, *Romeo*, farewell to *Lancelot*!
We can't adore assassins, nor pale princes who're
deranged;

Besides, we've heard he's married—and so *every-*
thing is changed!

Kate Jordan

A VAUDEVILLE ANNOUNCEMENT

I'VE searched and searched for candidates
For vaudeville in many States;
For creatures strange and curious
Who'll give a brand-new thrill to us,
Who've rather weary of the kind
That on the stage to-day we find;
And as I've traveled round and round
Here are a few that I have found:

First, here's a cook that stayed three months and
never sought a change!

(They took a piece of anchor chain and hitched
her to the range.)

Then here's a chauffeur—for six weeks he never
sped too fast!

(I found him in a hospital, held in a plaster cast.)

A politician next whose tongue has never known
untruth!

(I grieve to say that he's been deaf and dumb
from early youth.)

Then here's a lad who's very slow his pa and ma
to sass!

(Alas, the kiddie stutters like a siphon full of gas.)

A woman next who doesn't care for clothes in
latest style!

(I came across her lone and lorn upon a desert
isle.)

A man who never growls because his taxes are too high!
(I found him sitting on a bench, with other hoboes nigh.)

A man who never shirks his work or calls for higher pay!
(His principal vocation is to eat three meals a day.)

A college boy who never telegraphed his dad for *more!*
(Poor kid! He's been an orphan since he reached the age of four.)

A parrot fine that doesn't squawk, or get his feathers ruffed!
(He is a handsome sort of bird—I'm glad I had him stuffed.)

A bride whose pies are never worse than those his mother made!
(She can afford to keep a cook who really knows her trade.)

A burglar who for burglary retains no further use!
(I found him doing twenty years down in the calaboose.)

A man who never says harsh words unto his mother-in-law!
(The dear old lady's said to have a million plunks, or more.)

A social light who'd never leave her children for a tea!
(Her name is Jane Van Geyster, and a spinster fair is she.)

So here's my call—
Come one, come all,
Who seek a brand-new thrill;
See each unique
And wondrous freak
In this my vaudeville!

Wilberforce Jenkins

THE CONSOLERS

WHEN little Mab averts her eyes,
And turns her head away from me,
And views with an assumed surprise
My heart's impetuosity,
I do not sit me down and mope,
And yield to fruitless lamentation,
Like one bereft at last of hope;
For Phyllis is my consolation.

When Phyllis looks with cold disdain
Upon my wooing, and avers
All hope to win her hand is vain,
Because some other she prefers,
You find me not downcast with wo,
A sufferer from love's prostration;
I merely take my hat and go
To Daphne for my consolation.

And then when Daphne tells me nay—
She likes me well, but that is all,
And hopes that in a friendly way
I'll still keep up my weekly call,
Think you I sit around and grieve
The finish of that sweet flirtation?
Not I! I run around to Eve,
To find my meed of consolation.

When Eve denies she ever meant
To give me any right to think
She ever loved to such extent
She'd join me on life's skating-rink,
No tears ooze from these eyes of mine,
Nor do I yield to dissipation;
I seek out Susan's eyes divine,
And in them find my consolation.

So runs the tale. When dainty Sue
Frowns on my suit, no dull regret
Fills up my days, for there are Prue,
And Maude, and Polly, and Babette,
And Jane, and Sarah, Betsy, and
So on—an endless congregation;
God placed fair maids on every hand
To fill the world with consolation!

Blakeney Gray

HULLO, BILL!

WHEN Bill and I were boys together,
The telephone was new;
And frequently in rainy weather,
With nothing else to do
But just sit round with time to kill,
I'd call him up, with "Hullo, Bill!"
And Bill would always answer back:
"Hullo, Jack!"

When school-days closed, so free of care,
Bill got a job as clerk
Not very far away from where
I, too, had gone to work.
And often in the day I still
Would call him up, with "Hullo, Bill!"
And gaily Bill would answer back:
"Hullo, Jack!"

Years passed; our youth had long since fled,
And calm had followed storm,
But though the frost was on our head,
Our hearts were just as warm.
Still, as of old, through good or ill,
I'd call him up, with "Hullo, Bill!"
And Bill would ever answer back:
"Hullo, Jack!"

Last night Bill passed beyond the veil;
No more on earth shall I
Hear from the distance, without fail,
That cheery voice reply.
I only trust that I may still,
When life is past, call "Hullo, Bill!"
And that dear Bill may answer back:
"Hullo, Jack!"

William Wallace Whitelock

THE DISTAFF

BY GEORGE HIBBARD

AUTHOR OF "THE KING OF EVERY-MAN'S-LAND," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

WHEN Gilbert returned from down-town, he certainly—no, Pamela would not for a moment concede that he was cross. Such a direful extremity was not admissible.

Assuredly, though, the serenity which had persisted without interruption during the honeymoon, and for more than two years afterward, had been suddenly disturbed. A rift was painfully evident in the *couleur de rose* with which the earth, and all therein contained, had been enwrapped. Through it poured a clear, hard light, disclosing a world full of sharp edges and corners.

Even as Gilbert descended from the automobile, his mood was indicated by the unprecedented sharpness with which he spoke to the chauffeur in regard to his lateness in arriving at the office. The vision of Pamela in crisp, cool white, awaiting him on the steps, appeared to pacify him for a moment. He kissed her, and smiled with almost his customary good-humor. Later, however, when he subsided into the deepest and softest chair in his den, the consciousness of his wrongs obtrusively returned.

"If you had been through such a morning and afternoon of wear and tear, and hurry and worry—"

"Oh," she exclaimed cheerfully and with manifest relief, "I was afraid you might be ill!"

"It's been enough to make any one sick as a dog. Such a dog's life!" he continued, ungratefully unimpressed by her solicitude. "Everything went wrong from the word go. A woman hasn't any idea of what a man's hourly business existence is!"

"No, dear," she assented dutifully.

"A day at the office is one torment after the other. For example, to-day—the Atlas

Company raising the mischief for its shipment of goods, and no cars in which to send them; the raw material coming from Pennsylvania held up on the way; that new machine, with which our experts have been fussing, turning out wrong, and needing changes which will take six months at least. It's all very well for you here quietly without a thing to worry you!"

"I'm sure, dear—" she began timidly.

"Just doing what you want and seeing the people you like all day. Of course," he added hastily, "that's the way it should be; only naturally you can't understand my coming back tired out and used up."

"Poor boy!" she murmured. "And"—she adventured forth the words as she might tentatively put out her hand to find if the rain had ceased falling—"the Mortimers telephoned just now. They're having some private theatricals to-night, and wanted us to be certain to come."

"Not by the ghost of *Hamlet's* father!" he answered emphatically. "They don't drag me into that!"

"But—" she protested mildly.

"No!" thundered Gilbert. "When a man's had a hard day's work down-town, he can't be expected to be taken out and slaughtered to make a society hullabaloo! As I say, when you've had nothing to do you can't understand it. I don't want to be selfish, Pamela, but I think I've a right to a little peace and rest!"

"Of course," she replied readily. "I'll let Florence know at once that we can't be there, though I had promised—"

"Very well," he returned casually, as he unfolded the newspaper.

No sooner had she left the room, however, than he put the paper down. He sat

staring irritably before him at a row of books which he did not see; then he rose hastily, and tramped out into the hall and through to the smoking-room, where Pamela stood, with the receiver in her hand, waiting for the response to her call.

"See here!" he exclaimed. "Of course, if you want to go—"

"Not for the world," she answered hurriedly. "I shouldn't think of such a thing."

"All right," he replied discontentedly. "Only when a man's been slaving as I have, it might seem that there should be a little let up in the evening."

"You imagine that I've nothing to annoy me!" she exclaimed, whirling about on him suddenly.

"Why," he replied blankly, "how can you—just at home!"

"I believe," she answered vigorously, "that's just what all men think. They expect us always to be smiling and sympathetic over their difficulties. Oh, a man's a big baby in the way he cries out when he fancies he has a hard time of it. Yes," she said to the telephone.

"Now, Pamela," he protested, "remember I said I was willing."

The rest of the evening was hardly a success. Both felt a growing constraint, which was even more oppressive through the careful mutual avoidance of any avowal or recognition of such a thing. A chill penetrated and pervaded the domestic atmosphere, rendering advisable the withdrawal of any tender blooms of sentiment, and indicating the wisdom of covering up even the hardier perennial flowers of every-day association.

II

AT half past nine of the following morning, the automobile stood under the *porte cochère* on the broad drive which swept up from the gates.

Neither Pamela nor Gilbert quite knew how it happened, nor did subsequent discussion fully elucidate the matter. Perhaps he tripped on his untied shoe-string, or his heel caught in turning. Whatever was the cause, before Pamela's horrified eyes he stumbled and fell down the steps, landing with considerable violence on the great flagstone below.

"Oh, Gilbert!" she cried in terrified tones. "Are you hurt?"

"Not a bit," he answered, and laughed a little ruefully, as he rose. "Except in pride, which has had such a fall."

He took a step and winced.

"What is it?" she inquired with renewed agitation.

"I think my ankle's sprained."

"I'll telephone—oh," she called back to the hall, "Maria, telephone to Dr. Stacey and say that he must come instantly! I'll help you, dear, to walk. You are sure you can?"

"All right, sweetheart, if you'll keep me steady on my pins."

Half an hour later, Dr. Stacey, raising his head from his finished bandaging, issued his pronouncement.

"You'll have to stay here for a day or two. Of course, you're perfectly able to go to the office; but the less you move about, the quicker you'll be rid of this."

"There's nothing in particular requiring my attention," acceded Gilbert reluctantly. "At least—oh, those blue-prints ought to be in Messmer's hands this morning! They're too important to trust to any messenger who might lose them. I've got to take them!"

"Let me," Pamela suggested eagerly. "The motor is still at the door. You shall stay here," she mocked merrily, "and play Hercules with the distaff. I'll go and look after the business."

Gilbert heard the automobile whirl through the gate. He leaned back indolently in the large, cushioned chair placed out on the shaded veranda, where the mild, summer-scented breeze played pleasantly about him. The garden below was a blaze of color. The butterflies fluttering hither and thither moved too slowly to be disturbing, and offered rather a pleasing and languid distraction. Within reach were the volumes of "Le Comte de Monte Cristo," not read since his college days, the reperusal of which, when opportunity offered, had long been a cherished dream.

The book lay unopened, while he sat in pleasant realization of his situation. How hot and glaring and noisy the office must be at that moment, while nothing could be more delightful than the present serenity and calm—

"Please, sir!"

The hesitating but agitated summons caused him to look up hastily. In the low French window he beheld the usually austere Maria in a state verging upon hysterical perturbation.

"Please, sir," she announced, "Mrs. Hale's gone out, and there's no one to come to but you, and I don't know what to do."

"Yes, yes," he replied impatiently.

"The iceman, sir," poured forth Maria, "failed to leave the ice yesterday afternoon, and it slipped the cook's mind, so that all there is for the dinner to-night is spoiled, sir."

"With the Ashley Coopers coming!" muttered Gilbert to himself. "What's to be done?" he demanded.

"That's for you to say, sir," Maria replied promptly, and with the impersonal passivity of absolute helplessness. "And Mrs. Hale's taken such pains!"

"Never mind—never mind," he fumed. "What is usual under such circumstances?"

"I doubt 'twill be too late," Maria responded, "for replacin' any of what was made ready for some of the grand dishes."

"Nonsense!" Gilbert asserted as he got up. "There must be some way. I have it!" he cried quickly, as an inspiration masculine in its source and character suddenly struck him. "I'll see about this at once!"

By the aid of the stick which had been left with him he hobbled through the window to the smoking-room, the maid following him with no great reassurance of manner.

"Is this the club?" he demanded, when the desired connection had been established. "Very well! Is this the steward? All right! I want you to send at once to my house—Mr. Gilbert Hale's, you know—the best man you have, and also one of the under cooks, if the chef himself can't leave. There's some hitch about a dinner-party, and I want your men to come here, find out what is wanted, bring out things from the club, and have everything arranged. I'll send the automobile for them, and they can have it to use. You'll see about this at once?"

Housekeeping, he reflected, really was not so difficult. All that was needed was a little presence of mind and a business habit of getting results.

A hurry-scurry of hasty footsteps, of rustling skirts, of raised voices, caused him to look quickly toward the door.

"Mr. Hale! Mr. Hale!" the leading parlor-maid panted, as she entered, breathless, followed by Pamela's own aristocratic English tirewoman. "Oh, sir, the hot-water faucet of the bath-tub in the front bath-room, sir, is got turned on and fixed so as it can't be turned off—"

"And," the other broke in, taking up the tale of disaster, "the bath-tub's that full and

overflowing that it's run over, sir, and already it's a-drippin' through the ceiling of the drawing-room!"

Gilbert responded to the call of danger as rapidly as his disabled condition permitted. Up the front stairs he stumped, the attendant Maria now joined by the others, forming an agitated and ejaculatory train. From the threshold of the room at which he paused, he could already see thick clouds of steam issuing from an inner doorway. Reaching this, he found the vapor so dense that he was able only faintly to discern any object within. Intrepidly plunging into the whirling reek, he made a dash for the bath-tub, but at the first touch withdrew his hand from the faucet.

"Send for the plumber!" he cried, jamming his fingers in his mouth.

The boiling water pouring through the pipe had heated the metal to such a degree that he felt the scald painfully as he splashed back through the rising flood, from which the blinding exhalations rose in ever greater volume.

"Send immediately!" he cried in the hall, surrounded by his fluttering satellites. "But he wouldn't be here in an hour! It's got to be turned off at the head. There must be a place—where is it?"

"Mrs. Hale knows," replied Maria promptly, with the manner of one offering important and opportune assistance.

"But she isn't here!" shouted Gilbert. "Don't any of you know? Doesn't any one know anything?"

"I think," blandly volunteered Pamela's maid, urged to a tremendous effort of thought, "that Tim, the gardener, could tell."

"Run! Run, Dobson, and find him!" Gilbert commanded. As the envoy moved away at the utmost speed which a thoroughly competent English lady's-maid, who had lived in the "best places," was ever known to have attained, Gilbert continued: "The rest of us had better go to the drawing-room to take care of what we can!"

With his diminished cortège, he hurried along. As he entered the state apartment of the house, a glance showed him a dark, irregular splotch of spreading moisture in the delicately tinted ceiling. At the same instant his ear caught the continuous drip of falling water, and the fact became painfully manifest that a steadily growing stream was descending on Pamela's new grand piano.

Lame as he was, he flung himself at it.



"DON'T ANY OF YOU KNOW? DOESN'T ANY ONE KNOW ANYTHING?"

He was unable to stir the weighty mass. The casters, buried deep in the soft, thick rug, held the great instrument as immovable as the house itself.

"Quick!" he shouted. "Get oilcloths, and—and pails, and mops, and—all that sort of thing!"

8

Both his coadjutors obediently flew to execute his bidding, and he was left oppressively alone.

In the hope of working some alleviation of the situation, he caught up another rug, and hastily spread it over the top of the inundated piano. Then he sprang to rescue

a pink satin chair from beneath another menacing downpour.

III

TEN minutes later, Gilbert paused, wiping the perspiration from his brow. A gradual cessation of the destructive torrent led him and his fellow toilers to desist from their labors. Almost synchronically, the assemblage was further increased by the entrance of Dobson, proudly conveying her capture of Tim, the gardener.

"He's turned it off, sir," she began, and paused in consternation as she beheld the spectacle of devastation presented by the drawing-room. "What ever will Mrs. Hale say?"

"I don't know what Mrs. Hale will say," muttered Gilbert to himself. "I know what I say!"

"Please, sir," the faithful Maria hereupon interposed, reappearing from the hall after a mysterious summons to the door, "the automobile hasn't come back, and Eliza says—"

"Hang Eliza!" exclaimed Gilbert. "I'll telephone Mrs. Hale at once."

A wrong number was given him, and his fervid inquiry as to whether he was speaking with his own office was met by the calm information that he was addressing the local ice company. Finally, however, he obtained the presence of his managing clerk at the end of the line.

"Is Mrs. Hale still there?"

"She was here, sir, but she's just stepped out."

"Where?"

"I don't know, sir. Mrs. Hale did not say where she was going or when she'd be back."

"But—why—never mind. Is the automobile there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell the chauffeur to bring the motor here immediately. Say to Mrs. Hale that she must come out in the trolley, or wait until I send the machine for her. I need it immediately for the dinner—"

"Yes, sir," the subordinate replied, in a tone to which distance lent no veiling of the distinct note of surprise.

Gilbert hung up the receiver with an impatient gesture. When he turned, he discovered the parlor-maid waiting to speak to him.

"Excuse me, sir," she heralded. "Miss Whitelaw's just telephoned, sir, that her lit-

tle niece is took with the measles, and she can't come to dinner."

"But that throws the table all out!" exclaimed Gilbert, in consternation. "However, I can't remedy that."

For the present, at least, his troubles seemed to be over. He could return to peace and "Le Comte de Monte Cristo." In his pleasant nook on the veranda he could remain until the general disturbance subsided, or until Pamela came to quiet it. Of course, something should be done about getting some one to fill Miss Whitelaw's place at dinner; but Pamela could see about that. For a time he strove to read.

"Please, sir!"

Maria's tone was deeply solemn. At the sight of her, and at the sound of the inevitable formula, apprehension unavoidably seized his soul. He at once put down the book.

"Yes," he replied despairingly.

"The cook, sir—"

"Good Heavens, am I to hear nothing except about the cook? I arranged about the dinner."

"That's just it, sir. I told her, and her feelings is hurt. She says that if all the confidence you places in her is to bring a pack of outside interlopers about the house, why, they'd better just do all the cooking. She says she washes her hands of it, and she's gone up to pack her trunk."

"But—but that's nonsense!" stammered Gilbert, in the extremity of his consternation. "There are a number of important parts of the dinner to which she must attend. I know the club people are coming, but they are only going to see about some of the entrées and entremets, which she could not get ready in time with the materials spoiled."

"It makes no difference, sir," Maria declared, with a full acceptance of the *cordon bleu's* point of view, and a lurking sympathy with it. "Her feelings is hurt. She says if she ain't good enough for all, she ain't good enough for any—"

"Can't she see that it was simply that she couldn't do all—"

"She has took her stand," Maria declared with finality.

"And Mrs. Hale isn't here yet!" he exclaimed desperately.

As if the statement offered a straw at which to clutch before the waves closed over him, Hale returned with all speed he could to the telephone. The communication with

the office was this time but the work of a few moments.

"That you, Benson?" he demanded. "Has Mrs. Hale come in?"

"Yes, sir," the announcement came back promptly. "Mrs. Hale was here not five minutes ago. Mrs. Hale telephoned Mrs. Jameson, though, and Mrs. Jameson came with

descent of the greatest and gravest of household catastrophes was not lost upon Gilbert. He paused, facing the horrors of the situation. Before he could come to any determination, he was disturbed by the dramatically startling appearance of Dobson from the right upper entrance, who advanced down stage swiftly.



HE PLUNGED ONWARD AGAIN, ACCOMPANIED BY A RETINUE IN A STATE OF SEETHING EXCITABILITY

her motor, and Mrs. Hale has gone off to luncheon with her. Mrs. Hale said she did not know when she would get home, but to keep the automobile when it came."

"Oh, yes—that's all, Benson," Hale concluded; but with the security of the suspended receiver, he continued under his breath: "Zounds! Also gadzooks!"

The attitude of meek helplessness observable in the waiting Maria worked as a further irritant to his nerves.

"There won't be no dinner, sir," she enunciated in fateful warning.

The full significance of the impending

"Mr. Hale! Mr. Hale!"

"What's the matter?" Gilbert demanded.

"They're puttin' in the coal, sir! With the water all cut off, sir, there's no way of moistenin' it, and the coal-dust is blowin' in all the windows of the west wing!"

"Shut them!"

"But the black's gettin' over everything! It's even got in up-stairs, and it's ruined Mrs. Hale's dress for this evening, sir, that I had out!"

"I'll see about it."

Gilbert set off resolutely. Before he could reach the door, his progress was checked by

the entrance of the parlor-maid, once more in a state of much excitement.

"Oh, sir," she exclaimed, "there's men stringin' a wire across the lawn, and they're cuttin' away the branches of the tree that you admires so much!"

"What's that?" he cried, suddenly stopping, and quickly starting on again. "My favorite elm?"

He had hardly attained the hall when his farther advance was arrested by the onrush of a female of ample proportions and ruddy countenance from the backward regions of the house. In a rapid succession only to be equaled by the messengers in Greek tragedy, the heralds of fresh disaster were arriving. Like another but blameless Orestes, Gilbert stood bewildered by the blows of fate.

"Who are you?" he thundered in rising exasperation.

"It's the cook—Eliza, sir," prompted Maria reproachfully.

"Oh—ah—yes, to be sure," Gilbert continued, with a lightning transition to propitiatory mildness.

"Musha! Musha!" Eliza began, before Hale could make more fitting amends for such ignorant oversight. "All the silver, sir, that was in the pantry from the breakfast—"

"What?"

"It's not there, sir! The window's been open, and nobody's been about to look out for it, and some thafe must have broken in and stole it!"

"Come on," summoned Hale, and he plunged onward again, accompanied by a retinue in a state of seething excitability.

He had not taken a dozen steps when he was confronted by the second maid, who stood holding out a yellow envelope which she had received from the boy at the open front door beyond. Hale seized the despatch and hastily tore it open. His eye ran along the lines, reading them at a glance:

Arrive this afternoon. Meet me at the station.
AUNT JANE.

IV

THE afternoon shadows were slowly lengthening. Already the sun had fallen below the clump of trees by the entrance gate. The birds gave utterance to twitterings and warblings, which proved that they had taken note of the approaching evening. In the garden, the flowers appeared to bend on more languorous stem, and several had commenced to withdraw within themselves,

in preparation for the dark. Such darting things as began their activities with the twilight were already on the wing. Indeed, the night aspects of nature were about to replace those of the day.

An automobile sped up the drive. At the main portal of the house, a disheveled and impatient figure awaited its approach.

"I'm perfectly worn out!" Pamela announced, as she descended with manifest weariness from the motor.

"I know—I know," Gilbert interrupted inattentively; "but—"

"I went to the office," she continued, "and gave them the prints. They wanted to ask my advice about a new wall-paper they were going to put on the designing-room. When I got back, they said the automobile was gone, and I telephoned Eleanor Jameson to go out for lunch. I knew you were having a nice, quiet time at home—"

"A nice, quiet time!" gasped the indignant Gilbert. "See here, Pamela. You said something about Hercules. I'd rather have his job—go through the whole of the twelve labors, from downing the Lernaean hydra to getting the gold apples of the Hesperides, than put in another such day! There has been the mischief to pay. I don't believe there is going to be anything for dinner."

"Gilbert!" she exclaimed.

"The drawing-room is flooded."

"Gilbert!" she cried in a crescendo of emotion.

"The silver from the breakfast-table is gone."

"Gilbert!"

"Aunt Jane telegraphed that she was coming this afternoon."

"Gilbert, dearest!"

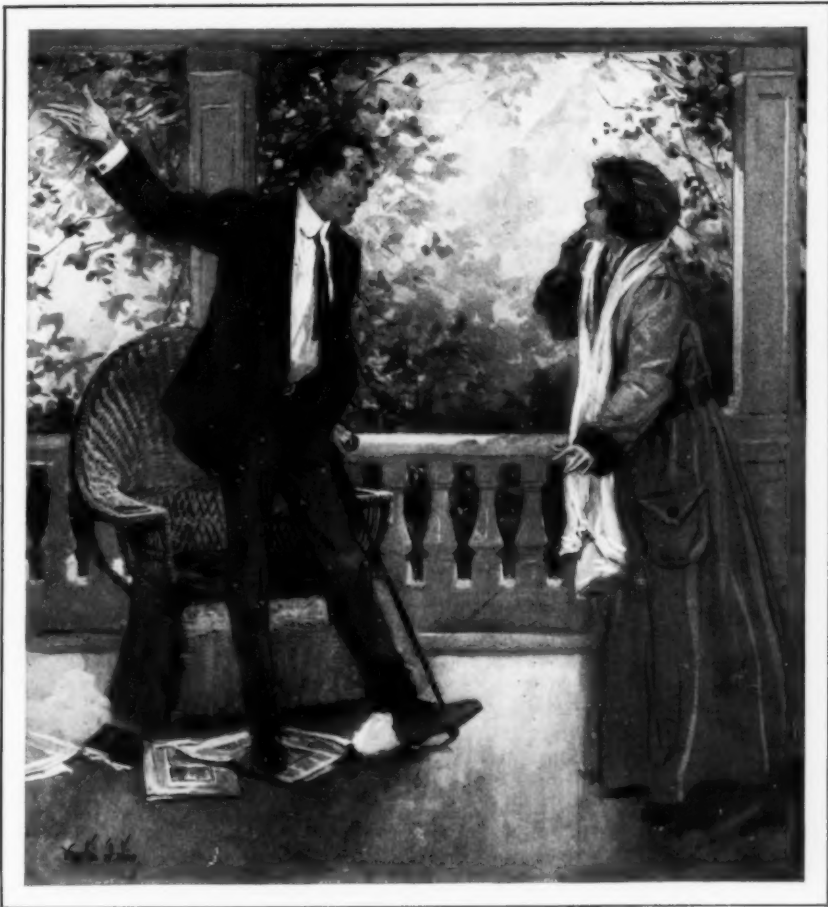
V

THE last guest had departed. Together the host and hostess strayed from the portico, where together they had sped the last diner in the last motor. As Gilbert lit a cigarette, they strolled out on the lawn into the moonlight. The short grass was still warmly dry from the summer heat, and her delicate train trailed as softly as over a carpet.

"Pamela," said Gilbert slowly, "I've been thinking."

"Far be it from me," she replied demurely, "to express surprise."

"I am afraid that last night I was very ill-tempered."



"THE SILVER FROM THE BREAKFAST-TABLE IS GONE"

"Never mind, Gilbert dear," she answered, as she slipped her hand through his arm and bent her head for an instant against his shoulder.

"You say those were only ordinary household incidents—"

"Why, of course. Eliza was satisfied at once when I arranged for her to go and see her married sister, and gave her a bonnet. The silver I had put away myself before I left, since I knew no one would take care of it. You were all too excited to find out if it was where it belonged. Aunt Jane had written to me by which train she was coming. I went to meet her in Mrs. Jameson's automobile, and took her at once to see her old friend Mrs. Milmore, who was going away this evening. Then I sent for her after I came home, and

she was just in time to rest comfortably and take Miss Whitelaw's place at dinner. If I had been here, and talked prettily to the men, I know that they would not have cut off so many branches of the elm—"

"Pamela," Gilbert interrupted, "Job, Machiavelli, Napoleon, and several others whom I might name would not, combined, be in it with you on the housekeeping racket!" He paused for an instant. "Which was it you said that you wanted—the necklace at Markoe's or the old china tea-set at Kirby's?"

"I think," she answered softly, with a swift upward glance, "that I said I wanted both!"

"Of course! How stupid of me! Pamela, you're entitled to both," he concluded with great conviction.



"DON'T YOU DARE TO REFUSE! IT'S FOR THE GOOD OF THE HOSPITAL."

JULIET AND THE NURSE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "AS THE TWIG IS BENT," "IN NEW NEW ENGLAND," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE BREHM

MISS McALISTER, in charge of the surgical ward of the Elliott Hospital, knew very accurately, from many years of experience, what to expect with the coming of spring. It meant to her the necessity of open windows letting in the yell of the city, raised an octave in pitch and swollen fivefold in volume. It meant the beginning of warm nights that brought neither rest nor refreshment to sick and fretful patients. It meant the return of bawling street-venders. Above all, it meant clouds of microbe-laden dust sifting in from the dirty, wind-harried streets. This last item alone necessitated double work, since antiseptic precautions, already as painstaking as possible, must somehow be made a hundred times more careful.

The season of returning warmth still further vexed the gaunt, ambitious nurse, absorbed heart and soul in her profession, by noticeably slackening the discipline among the younger members of the hospital staff.

This meant a correspondingly greater vigilance for those of the doctors and nurses who, like herself, had grown gray in the service.

She was therefore horrified, early in April, when the chief ordered her off hospital duty. The habit of unquestioning obedience to doctors tied her tongue, but her face must have shown her consternation, for the old surgeon said peremptorily:

"Don't you dare to refuse! It's for the good of the hospital. Besides, I have a case for you."

At the mention of work, Miss McAlister's small, deep-set eyes brightened.

"If there's a case—" she began.

The doctor laughed.

"I know how to reach a dour old fanatic of a work-horse, don't I? Yes, there's a case—a case for a nurse like you to handle blindfold, with one hand tied behind your back. Did you ever hear of the Alexanders?"

Miss McAlister shook her head. For years she had known nothing of the world outside the glistening walls of the hospital corridors.

The doctor placed the Alexanders in their pigeonhole with a rapid catchword or two.

"Old family—rich as mud—exclusive society folks—no constitutions—tubercular predisposition, like so many old city families. The case is a daughter—usual nervous, idle young lady—nothing the matter with her, that I can see, but the good-for-nothingness of the younger generation."

"Too much society," the nurse diagnosed confidently.

"No, I guess not in this case. She never took any interest in society. Very unlike the other big, handsome daughters—queer and little and shy. Evidently a great puzzle and disappointment to the parents. I guess she thinks she has ideas or something—religious, maybe—the sort we get, girls who want to be nurses and give up at the first floor they have to scrub. You know the kind?"

Every grimly set muscle on Miss McAlister's square jaw indicated that she did indeed know the kind.

The doctor laughed again.

"She *has* got herself into a bad way," he admitted. "Been losing weight right along, and doesn't sleep. The family tendency to tuberculosis makes me think more of it than I otherwise should. I've told the Alexanders to send her with you up to the Green Mountains, where their summer house is." He hesitated a moment, and then went on: "I might as well tell you the whole of the business. Mrs. Alexander's brother, the girl's uncle, is old Baxter Bond, who's given the money for the new hospital on Center Street. He's the kind of philanthropic busybody, you know, who gives in order to have the fun of keeping his hand on things. I want you to have this job with his niece because it'll bring you to his attention personally, and there's no doubt it'll settle the matter of your being head nurse of his new hospital."

Miss McAlister gave a great gasp at this dazzling news, and flushed darkly.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh, I can't believe it!"

The doctor smiled at her beatitude.

"But suppose I can't help his niece?" she queried anxiously.

The doctor snapped his fingers.

"Help her? There's nothing the matter with her. You'll make her over in a month,

I'll warrant you! Give her raw eggs and red meat, make her go to bed early and get out of doors. No medicine's needed. Probably the change of air will be all that's necessary. Oh, do anything you please to her!"

II

USED as she was to the typical nervous invalid, with her ego as swollen as her body is wasted, the big-boned, powerful nurse found her new patient startlingly easy to handle. Juliet Alexander ate docilely what was given her, submitted to every variety of massage with the utmost resignation, walked out whenever she was summoned, went to bed at night and got up in the morning at any hour Miss McAlister set.

And she grew weaker day by day. The plain folk of the village, who, in their inexpressive way, seemed fond of the slender, dark little creature, were shocked into outspoken anxiety by her pallor and listlessness.

Never in all her experience had the nurse's professional pride been so piqued. Grasping the marshal's baton of absolute authority—that "complete charge of the case" so coveted by trained nurses, with no doctor over her to blame for the lack of results—she was at her wits' end by the close of the first week. There were moments when she gazed at her gentle, drooping little charge in a maze of conjecture so intense that it was not to be distinguished from exasperation at the girl's failure to respond to the usual therapeutic devices.

No help in unraveling the enigma was to be had from Juliet herself, for she persisted in saying that she was not ill—that there was nothing the matter with her. No, her back didn't ache, nor did she have that full feeling after eating. She was never faint—"only tired," she said one day after a long inquisition, her sensitive mouth quivering, "Yes, tired all the time."

The nurse told herself irritably, that night, that she would rather have ten honest battles with pneumonia or typhoid, where there was something to strike at, than this aimless fumbling in the dark. She felt unsettled and uneasy, like a well-trained army disorganized before a new method of warfare. She could not concentrate with her usual firm mastery of herself on a case where there seemed nothing to do.

With more leisure than ever before in her life, she had less to occupy her thoughts—nothing but the inexplicably stricken young

thing whom she could not help, and the silent radiance of the slowly advancing spring. She felt, as she put it to herself, "queer"!

It was a part of her daily program to take Juliet out for several short walks, and these loitering excursions had a strangely disquieting effect upon her own usually insensitive nerves. Her patient's weakness often

limp leaves of the moose-wood, drooping as they first unfolded, then stiffening into firmness under the lusty sunshine; the ball-like fronds of fern uncoiling and straightening like little pointing fingers—all these took hold of her as they grew, and something within her seemed to unfold and expand with them.

At times, when the light, shifting breeze



"WHAT KIND OF A MAN IS YOUR UNCLE BAXTER BOND?"

forced them to sit down for long rests, the hushed stillness of which was an inconceivably new sensation for the city-bred working woman. She busied herself as much as possible over the comfort of her charge, arranging her folding chair out of the wind and in the sun, spreading a wrap over her knees, and making sure that her feet were warm and dry; but prolong as she might this pretense of occupation, it lasted but a few moments, and left her to fold her large, competent hands in a disconcerting idleness.

There was nothing to do but to sit quiet, helplessly played upon by a thousand unknown influences of sun-warmed calms and sudden pungent breezes. After a few moments of this listening silence, the soft, insistent, upward thrust of awakening life was almost like a visible movement in everything about her. The filmy drapery rapidly veiling the white birches over her head; the big,

held its breath entirely, and the sun poured out its full ardor, all the faint forest noises and movements blended into a significant silence. All the innumerable variations on the theme of surging growth settled into a great hush, through which life itself seemed to vibrate.

After such brooding pauses, the gray-haired woman came to herself with a start, like a person aroused from a hypnotic trance, aware that she could give no account of her thoughts. She always found her charge sitting in patient dejection, her sleek, dark head hanging heavily, her pale, pinched little face vacant and absent—an intolerable discord in the radiant forest world.

The nurse felt a sort of ecstasy of irritation at her helplessness. With the impulse born of a lifelong dependence on physical phenomena, she went around and around the circle of strengthening devices that could be

applied, only to give up, baffled. There was not one which she had not tried and which had not failed.

Toward the end of the month, her perplexity, her unrest, and the strange, stirring ferment within her grew so intense that one night she was kept from sleep. She lay awake a long time, listening to the sonorous duet between the pines over the house and the brimming river in the valley singing in its stony bed.

Finally she decided to give a professional color to her insomnia by pretending to see that her charge was well covered. She found the bedclothes tucked in firmly, just as she had left them after the alcohol rub, which was the last of her futile daily services. Apparently the girl was sound asleep, for she did not stir as the nurse's hand brushed over the slender body, lying straight and stark under the blankets. Indeed, her immobility was so profound that at the door the nurse, though drilled to the marrow of her bones against nervous fancies, hesitated, shivered, and turned back to strike a light.

As the match sputtered into flame, she saw that the girl was wide-awake, her dark head turned slightly on the pillow, her wide black eyes looking steadily out from a fathomless misery.

In the great start which the nurse gave, the match dropped from her fingers and went out. The light had lasted no longer than a heart-beat, but things were never the same for the nurse after what it had shown her. The consuming passion for healing, the one emotion of her life, flared up in her like a torch. She ran forward, groping, hurrying, and crying out in a voice not her own, a voice of anguished compassion:

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

She found the bed, and drew the rigid little figure into her arms. She said nothing now, but she tightened her clasp as if she would never loosen it again. There was an instant's silence, in which the song of the river rose clearly into the night.

Then the girl's long, obstinate dumbness gave way. She began to sob, and put her face down on the other's shoulder.

"I can't forget him!" she said, as if continuing a talk already begun. "I've tried and tried—"

The nurse did not speak, but the girl went on, as if in answer: "I think about him all the time. I can't help it!" And finally, shivering, her teeth chattering, her little hands like ice, "He k-kissed me

once!" she whispered piteously. "I can't forget him!"

III

MISS McALISTER leaned over the railing of the bridge, the early May sunshine hot on her back, and watched the sunlit water flicker by. The train was not due for an hour, so that she would have time to think of many things, she reflected, glancing down the hill toward the station, and trying to bring her mind to its usual decisive activity.

There were enough things to think of, in all conscience! She had not slept for three nights, so insistently had the complications without and within her demanded a settlement. Yet now, when the very climax of perplexity was upon her, she found that her anxiety melted away in a vague, absent lethargy under the warmth of the sun and the monotonous chatter of the little river.

The train would arrive in twenty minutes, and she had come no nearer to a decision about her action than during the weltering uncertainty of the last four days. She could not think there, she decided impatiently, where the sun shone on the river and in her eyes. It was inducing self-hypnosis, she explained to herself with technical exactitude, as she moved away a few steps, and, taking a letter out of the pocket of her apron, read part of it aloud, with deliberate insistence on her own attention.

The question came up in a talk with Mr. Baxter Bond to-day, and I sounded him judiciously, mentioned your name, and called to his attention the fact that you are with his niece. He seemed most favorably impressed with your record, and said he was glad to know that Miss Alexander is with a woman of your firmness of character, who would allow no nonsense. I fancy from his manner that she is, just now, in his bad books. The matter of the head nurse was not settled. Pressure is being brought to bear on him to appoint one of the nurses from the Stanford Hospital, but I think we shall win out.

The nurse dropped the hand with the letter in it to her side, and, fixing her eyes on the road, prepared at last to do her long-delayed clear and definite thinking. She stood quite still, her head bent, her lips compressed; but when the train whistled, she gave a sigh of perplexity.

"I have no information," she said, looking down toward the station; "nothing to go on, until I have talked with him."

The train came in, its rattling clangor echoing from the hills, dropped a man with

a suit-case, and clattered away. The newcomer inquired his way of the station-agent, and started plodding up the steep incline toward the bridge. All that the woman could see was that he was strongly built and young, and finally that he was dark; for half-way up he stopped to draw breath, and took off his hat to fan himself, showing a dark head and a face which even at that distance looked tanned.

When he put his hat on and began to walk forward again, he took the other side of the road. Looking up, he saw the white-capped, white-uniformed nurse standing above him. He stopped short for an instant, staring, and then, dropping his burden, he began to bound up the hill with long strides, running with a staglike lightness which the woman, steeped in experience with weakness and deformity, caught her breath to see.

He was upon her in a moment, frightening her by his headlong rush.

"Is she worse? Is she worse?"

"No! No!" she reassured him hastily, looking wonderingly at his tense young face.

He leaned against the rail, relaxed, relieved, breathing quickly, and now remembered to take off his hat.

"Seeing you come to meet me gave me a turn," he explained. "I thought perhaps she—"

"No," said the nurse again, "she's not worse. I came to meet you because she doesn't know you are coming. She doesn't know I telegraphed. She doesn't know anything about it. Nobody knows. I did it on my own responsibility."

"Am I not to see her even now?" he asked desperately.

"That depends," said Miss McAlister dryly. "If you do, it will be as a casual caller only. You're East on business, and happened to drop in."

He began to voice the defiant disappointment that he looked, but was halted by the fury of mute interrogation in the other's eyes as she gazed at him. The color came up in his brown cheek under this scrutiny, but he faced her honestly, his mouth firm under the close-clipped mustache. He looked older than she had thought him at first, and her nurse's eye kindled at the clear purity of his tanned skin, the vigor of his poise, the breadth of his arching chest, and the strong column of his muscular neck.

"Well," he said finally, "why did you telegraph?"

She answered with another question which burst from her:

"What's the matter with you?" she demanded impulsively. "Why don't they want her to marry you?"

His answer cleared the litter of conventional preambles with a bound, and swept her along at as rapid a pace as her question had set.

"No reason that's worth considering," he said with quiet confidence. "I'm an impossible. I'm a farmer. I live in Kansas. I have no social position, and don't want to have any. My father was a blacksmith. My name is Perkins. I was never even properly introduced to her."

"Yes, yes, she told me about meeting you when she was West for her health."

"Did she tell you that she was well, absolutely well out there in God's country, without a trace of that cursed disease her city-bred ancestors saddled her with? Did she tell you how strong she grew—how rosy? How she could ride with me? How she—"

He stopped, frowning at his inability to control his trembling voice.

"Yes," said the nurse. "I know all that she has to tell."

There was a pause, the two facing each other unwinkingly in the strong sunshine—the grim, elderly woman, and the young man with the glowing face. She broke the silence with another blunt question, looking at his well-fitting clothes and shapely hat.

"Are you so very poor?"

He seemed at home in this unceremonious give and take.

"I'm not poor at all," he said steadily, "though I haven't a hundredth part of *their* money, of course. My fence runs around a thousand acres of the best land in the Kaw Valley, and I own two motor-cars."

The nurse shot another bullet-like query at him.

"Are you well? Clean, I mean—sound, decent?"

He looked at her in a quick, dark wrath.

"Would I be wanting to marry her if I were not? Look at me!"

The letter in the nurse's hand crackled as she closed her fingers on it tensely. She challenged him with a hidden exasperation.

"What in Heaven's name are you waiting for? Why don't you make her marry you? You could!"

For a moment he looked as if he would not stoop even to explain. Then he said:

"I'm not a cave-man. I don't want to make her do what she doesn't want to."

"She will have none of the Alexander money."

The man made an inarticulate sound of disgust.

"She has no strength of character, you know," the nurse went on, "or she wouldn't have given in to them. She is of age; she could do what she pleased if she were not as weak as water."

The man's strong face softened almost miraculously.

"I know all about her," he said under his breath. "I know all about her!"

The nurse looked at him keenly.

"And you are in love with her? You want to marry her?"

His self-possession gave way with a groan.

"Oh, good God!" he cried, and bent his face in his arms on the railing of the bridge.

The woman stood gazing at him almost absently, moving the hand which held the letter up and down, as if she were weighing it. A wandering breeze brought the odor of apple-blossoms to them, and the smell of moist earth from a freshly up-turned field near by.

Miss McAlister put the letter in her pocket with a sigh of uncertainty, and roused herself from her reverie.

"Well," she said neutrally, beginning to walk along the road, "we might as well see how she takes having you here!"

IV

MISS McALISTER was having the first outdoor picnic supper of her life. She sat, rather stiffly, on a steamer-rug thrown over a convenient boulder. Not far away a fire leaped and crackled. Above her, through the delicate tracery of the tall white birches, the stars were beginning to assemble. The first hint of twilight hung in the branches like a transparent mist.

There rose to the nostrils of the silent, gray-haired woman, for whom iodoform had been almost the only perfume, an incense compounded of many odors—the savory smell of frying bacon, clean, pungent wood-smoke, wet moss, pine-needles, and a whiff of coffee. In her ears sounded the dreamy trickle of a near-by brook, faint, far-away, sleepy bird-notes, and the laughing chatter of two young voices.

Juliet Alexander came running to her, breathless, a piece of birch-bark in her hand.

"All ready! You must eat it while it's hot and crisp, you know. Put it on your bread and crunch it down—quick, quick, the way we used to on our picnics out West! Oh, it's so good that way!"

She stood over the older woman to make sure that the bacon was properly consumed, laughing and turning her head toward the fire with quick, bird-like motions to report the nurse's progress.

"She's doing splendidly, Miss McAlister is! You'd never dream she's always eaten off a plate before, poor thing! There!"

She snatched the birch-bark and darted back to the fire for a fresh supply.

"Oh, how heavenly that coffee smells!" she cried, laughing for no cause and craning her neck over the pot. "I can't wait!"

The man sitting on his heels before the fire looked up at her, smiling at her eagerness. The elderly woman on the fallen log caught the expression on his dark, ardent face, and shut her eyes, drawing in her breath sharply.

"No, eat your own supper now," she said when the girl came back to her again. "I've had all I care for. I want to sit here quietly and rest. The long walk has tired me. Aren't you tired?"

"Tired?" cried Juliet. "Never!"

She looked down at the other, smiling brilliantly, her eyes wide and dark. Miss McAlister was aware that the girl did not see what was before her, did not know what she was saying, could not have told where she was.

She herself lost a little of her usual trained and firm grasp on reality during the next half-hour, while the other two ate their supper, and she sat outside the golden circle of the firelight, the clean, clear twilight falling about her. At times everything wavered mistily before her. As the voices of the other two dropped from gay lightness to murmuring question and answer, she could not distinguish them from the whispering talk of the brook.

After a time the girl came and sat down at her feet.

"He's gone to get some dry wood for a big camp-fire," she explained, drawing a long breath, and nestling close to the other's knees.

Neither spoke for some time. Then Miss McAlister said irrelevantly:

"What kind of a man is your Uncle Baxter Bond?"

The girl stirred a little.

"Oh, a hot-tempered old gentleman, who's awfully good to you if you do what he likes, and smashes the furniture if you don't." Her absorption in her own dreams was not so great that she allowed this rejoinder to be the only recognition of the topic introduced by the nurse. She roused herself to a vaguely polite inquiry. "Did you ask because you are going to have something to do with him? Hasn't he given a lot of money to a hospital lately? Or was that to a fund for the study of fish life?"

Miss McAlister took a letter out of her pocket, and made as if to offer it to her companion; but after an instant's hesitation, with a long indrawn breath, she put it back, and answered:

"Well, I *was* considering an offer I had to-day from—"

Juliet's thoughts were so frankly absent that she did not finish the sentence.

Another long pause ensued, filled with low, faint night-noises.

When the older woman finally broke the silence again, the dusk had quite fallen, and the expression of her face could not be seen. Her voice was clear and matter-of-fact, as if she was recommending a warmer wrap or a change of diet.

"I guess you'd better marry him," she said.

The girl began to shake violently.

"How can I?" she cried. "I'm not thinking about it these days! I'm only living and being happy, and forgetting it can't last."

"Why can't it last?" asked Miss McAlister evenly.

"Oh, you don't know them! They wouldn't let me! Mother gets so angry when I—they'd *never* let me! Uncle Baxter said that—"

"Never mind what your Uncle Baxter said!" the nurse broke in with some heat. "Leave your Uncle Baxter out of it, please! You're old enough to marry as you like. Why don't you?"

The girl started to her knees with a shocked exclamation.

"Oh, Miss McAlister, you don't mean—without their letting me? All alone? With nobody at the wedding?"

The lean, long-armed woman gave her an impatient shake.

"Good Heavens, you to have a grown man in love with you!"

Without warning, the girl burst into a passion of hysteric tears.

"I don't dare! I am afraid! I can't bear to have him go away, and yet— Oh, I don't know what to do! I don't know what to do! I don't know what to—"

Miss McAlister's voice rang out with peremptory decision. For the first time since she left the hospital, her old professional manner of assured authority returned to her. She might have been ordering a delirious patient to submit to a dose of medicine.

"Then I will tell you what to do," she said unhesitatingly. "You shall marry him to-morrow, here, in the dress you have on. I will go to the wedding; and when you have gone away with him, I will return to the city, and see your father and your mother—and your Uncle Baxter—and I will tell them all about it. I shall say that it was a proper wedding, with a minister and flowers; and I shall tell them that I made you do it, because it was my professional duty, and because it was the right thing for you to do."

The girl flung herself on the other's flat breast, laughing and sobbing, embracing her, choking; and trying in vain to speak coherently.

"Oh, if you would! If you'd tell them for me! If I didn't have to see them! If you *would*!"

"I will," said Miss McAlister a little dryly. "And now here comes your—"

At the sound of his approach, the girl sprang up with a great frightened bound, and fled off among the birches. The man paused, startled.

"Didn't I see—" he began, throwing down his armful of wood and looking after the shimmer of her white dress. "Wasn't that Juliet?"

The nurse cleared her throat.

"You'd better go after her," she said, but her voice broke on the words.

He whirled on her.

"Do you mean— Oh!" he cried, and was gone.

The elderly woman with the pockmarked face sat quite still, listening. There was no sound but the faint stirring of a breeze in the branches above her and the dreamy trickle of the little brook, which sounded like whispering voices.

After a time the dying fire flickered up and fell together, purring and sending up coils of thin white smoke. She looked at it absently, and then, getting stiffly to her feet, dropped a letter into the coals.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE*

BY LEROY SCOTT

AUTHOR OF "TO HIM THAT HATH," ETC.

THE room was thick with dust and draped with ancient cobwebs. One corner was filled with a literary junk-heap—magazines, broken-backed works of reference, novels once read by everybody but now forgotten. The desk was a helter-skelter of papers. One of the two chairs had its bursted cane seat mended by an atlas of the world; and wherever any of the floor peered dimly through all this debris, it showed a complexion of dark and ineradicable greasiness. Altogether, it was a room hopelessly unfit for human habitation; which is perhaps but an indirect manner of stating that it was the office of the editor of a successful newspaper.

Before a typewriter, at a small table beside the open window, sat a bare-armed, solitary man. He was twenty-eight or thirty, with a deal of bone and muscle, and with a face—but not to soil this early page with abusive terms, it will be sufficient to remark that whatever the Divine Sculptor chiseled his countenance to portray, plainly there had been no thought of carving an Apollo. He was constructed not for grace, but powerful, tireless action; and there was something absurdly disproportionate between the small machine and the broad and hairy hands which so heavily belabored it.

It was a custom with Bruce to write the big local news story of the day himself—a feature which had proved a stimulant to his paper's ever-growing prestige. To-morrow was to be one of the proudest days of Westville's history, for it was to see the formal opening of the city's greatest municipal enterprise, its thoroughly modern water-works; and it was an extensive and vivid account of the next day's program that the editor was pounding so rapidly out of his machine for that afternoon's issue of the *Express*.

Now and then, as he paused an instant

to shape a sentence in his mind, he glanced through the window across Main Street to where, against the front of the old courthouse, shirt-sleeved workmen were hanging their country's colors about a speaker's stand. Then his fingers thumped madly on.

He had jerked out the final sheet, and had begun to revise his story, making corrections with a very black pencil and in a very large hand, when there sauntered in from the general editorial room a pale, slight young man of twenty-five. The newcomer had a reckless air, a humorous twist to the left corner of his mouth, and a negligent smartness in his dress which plainly had its origin elsewhere than in Westville.

The editor did not raise his eyes.

"In a minute, Billy," he said shortly.

"Nothing to hurry about, Arn," drawled the other.

The young fellow drew forward the atlas-bottomed chair, leisurely deposited himself upon the nations of the earth, crossed his feet upon the window-sill, and lit a cigarette. About his lounging form there was a latent energy like that of a relaxed cat.

He gazed rather languidly over at the square, its sides abustle with excited preparation. Across the fronts of stores bunting was being tacked; from upper windows crisp cotton flags were being unrolled. As for the court-house yard itself, to-day its elm-shaded spaces were lifeless save for the workmen about the stand, a litigant or two going up the walk, and an occasional frock-coated lawyer, his vest democratically unbuttoned to the warm May air. But to-morrow—

The young fellow had turned his head slowly toward the editor's copy, and, as if reading, he began in a drawling, declamatory voice:

"To-morrow the classic shades of Court-House Square will swarm with a wildly

cheering multitude. In the speakers' stand the Westville Brass Band, in their new uniforms, looking like so many grand marshals of the empire, will trumpet forth triumphant music fit to burst; and from this breeze-fluttered throne of oratory—"

"Go to thunder!" interrupted Bruce, his eyes still racing through his copy.

"And from this breeze-fluttered throne of oratory," continued Billy, with a rising quaver in his voice, "Mr. Harrison Blake, Westville's favorite son, the Rev. Dr. Sherman, president of the Voters' Union, and the Hon. Hiram Cogshell, Calloway County's able-bodiedest orator, will scatter prodigal and perfervid eloquence upon the populace below. And Dr. David West, he who has directed this magnificent work from its inception to the present—he who has laid upon the sacred altar of his city's welfare a rare devotion and a lifetime's scientific knowledge—he who—"

"See here, young fellow!" The editor slammed down the last sheet of his revised story, and turned upon his assistant a square, bony, aggressive face that gave a sense of having been modeled by a clenched fist, and of still glowering at the blow. He had gray eyes that gleamed dogmatically from behind thick glasses, and hair that brush could not subdue. "See here, Billy Harper, will you please go to thunder?"

"Sure; follow you anywhere, Arn," returned Billy pleasantly, holding out his cigarette-case.

"You little Chicago alley-cat!" growled Bruce. He took a cigarette, broke it open, and poured the tobacco into a black pipe, which he lit. "Well—turn up anything?"

"Governor can't come," replied the reporter, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"Hard luck! But we'll have the crowd anyhow. Blake tell you anything else?"

"He didn't tell me that. His stenographer did; she'd opened the Governor's telegram. Blake's in Indianapolis to-day—looking after his chances for the Senate, I suppose."

"See Dr. West?"

"Went to his house first; but as usual he wouldn't say a thing. That old boy is certainly the mildest-mannered hero of the day I ever went up against. The way he dodges the spot-light—it's enough to make one of your prima-donna politicians die of heart failure. To do a great piece of work, and then be as modest about it as he is—well, Arn, I sure am for that old doc!"

"Huh!" grunted the editor.

"When it comes time to hang the laurel wreath upon his brow to-morrow, I'll bet you and your spavined old arrangement committee will have to push him on to the stand by the scruff of his neck."

"Did you get him to promise to sit for a new picture?"

"Yes; and you ought to raise me five a week for doing it. He didn't want his picture printed; and if we did print it, he thought that old relic of the eighties we've got was good enough."

"Well, be sure you get that photo, if you have to use chloroform. I saw him go into the court-house a little while ago. Better catch him as he comes out and lead him over to Young's gallery."

"All right. But, Arn," drawled the young fellow, his feet still upon the window-sill, "this certainly is a slow old burgh you've dragged me down into! If a leading citizen wants to catch the seven-thirty to Indianapolis to-morrow morning, I suppose he sets his alarm to go off day before yesterday."

"What's soured on your stomach now?" demanded the editor.

"Oh, the way it took this suburb of nowhere thirty years to wake up to Dr. West! Every time I see him, I feel sore for hours afterward at how this darned place has treated the old boy. If your six-cylinder, sixty-horse-power, seven-passenger tongues hadn't remembered that his grandfather had founded the place, I bet you'd have talked him out of the town long ago!"

"The town didn't understand him."

"I should say it didn't!" agreed the reporter.

"And I guess you don't understand the town," said the editor. "Young man, you've never lived in a small place."

"Till this, Chicago was my smallest—the gods be praised!"

"Well, it's the same in your old smoke-stack of the universe as it is here," retorted Bruce. "If you go after the dollar, you're sane. If you don't, you're cracked. Dr. West started off like a winner, so they say; looked as if he was going to get a corner on all the patients of Westville. Then, when he stopped practising—"

"You never told me what made him stop."

"His wife's death—from typhoid; I barely remember that. When he stopped practising and began his scientific work,

the town thought he was fooling away his time."

"And yet two years ago the town was glad enough to get him to take charge of installing its new water system!"

"That's how the city discovered he was somebody. When they began to look around for an expert, they found that no one they could get had a tenth of his knowledge of water-supply."

"That's the way with your self-worshipping crossroad towns! You raise a genius—laugh at him, pity his family—till you learn how the outside world respects him. Then—hurrah! Strike up the band, boys! When I think how that old party has been quietly studying typhoid fever and water-supply all these years, hardly ever leaving his laboratory, with you bunch of hayseeds looking down on him as a crank, I get so sore at the place that I wish I'd chucked your letter into the waste-basket when you wrote me to come!"

"It may have been a dub of a town, Billy, but it'll be something different before we get through with it," returned the editor confidently. "But whom else did you see?"

"Ran into the Hon. Hiram Cogshell on the street, and he slipped me this precious gem." Billy handed Bruce a packet of typewritten sheets. "It's a carbon of his to-morrow's speech. He gave it to me, he said, to save us the trouble of taking it down. The Hon. Hiram is certainly one citizen who'll never go broke buying himself a bushel to hide his light under!"

The editor glanced at a page or two of it with wearied irritation, then tossed it back.

"I guess we'll have to print it; but weed out some of his flowers of rhetoric."

"Pressed flowers," amended Billy. "Swipe the Hon. Hiram's copy of 'Bartlett's Quotations,' and that tremendous orator would have nothing left but his gestures."

"How about the grand jury, Billy?" pursued the editor. "Anything doing there?"

"Farmer down in Buck Creek Township indicted for kidnaping his neighbor's pigs," drawled the reporter. "Infants snatched away while fond mother slept. Very pathetic. Also that second-story man was indicted who stole Alderman Big Bill Perkins's clothes. Remember it, don't you? Big Bill's clothes had so much diameter that the poor, hard-working thief couldn't

sell the fruits of his industry. Pathos there also. Guess I can spin the two out for a column, if you want it."

"Spin 'em out for about three lines," returned Bruce in his abrupt manner. "No room for your funny stuff to-day, Billy; the celebration crowds everything else out. Write that about the Governor, and then help Stevens with the telegraph—and see that it's carved down to the bone." He picked up the typewritten sheets he had finished revising, and let out a sharp growl of "Copy!"

"That's your celebration story, isn't it?" asked the reporter.

"Yes." Bruce held it out to the "devil" who had appeared through the doorway from the depths below.

"Wait a minute with me, Arn. The prosecuting attorney stopped me as I was leaving, and asked me to have you step over to the court-house for a minute."

"What's Kennedy want?"

"Something about the celebration," he said. "I guess he wants to talk with you about some details of the program."

"Well, why didn't he come over here, then?" growled Bruce. "I'm as busy as he is, and quite as important!"

"So-ho, we're on our high horse, are we?"

"You bet we are, my son! And that's where you've got to be if you want this town to respect you."

"All right! She's a great nag, if you can keep your saddle. But I guess I'd better tell Kennedy you're not coming."

Without rising, Billy leaned back and took up Bruce's desk telephone, and soon was talking to the prosecuting attorney. After a moment he held out the instrument to the editor.

"Kennedy wants to speak to you," he said.

Bruce took the phone.

"Hello! That you, Kennedy? . . . No, I can't come—too busy. Suppose you run over here. . . . Got some people there? Well, bring 'em along. . . . Why can't they come? Who are they? . . . Can't you tell me what the situation is? . . . All right, then; in a couple of minutes."

Bruce hung up the receiver and arose.

"So you're going, after all?" asked Billy.

"Guess I'd better," returned the editor, putting on his coat and hat. "Kennedy says something big has just broken loose.

Sounds queer. Wonder what it can be!" And he started out.

"But how about your celebration story?" queried Billy. "Want it to go down?"

Bruce looked at his watch.

"Two hours till press time; I guess it can wait."

Taking the story back from the "devil," he tossed it down beside his typewriter.

He stepped out into the local room, which showed the same kindly tolerance of dirt as did his private office. At a long table two young men sat before typewriters, and in a corner a third young man was taking the clicking dictation of a telegraph sounder.

"Remember, boys, keep everything but the celebration down to bones," Bruce called out.

And with that he passed out of the office and down the stairway to the street.

II

DESPITE its thirty thousand population—"Forty thousand—and growing, sir!" loyally declared those disinterested citizens engaged in the sale of remote fields of ragweed as building lots—Westville still was only half evolved from its earlier state of an overgrown country town. It was as yet semi-pastoral, semi-urban. Automobiles and farm-wagons locked hubs familiarly upon its highways; cowhide boots and patent leather shared its sidewalks with democratic equality. There was a stock-broker's office that was thoroughly metropolitan in the facilities it afforded the élite for relieving themselves of the tribulation of riches; and adjoining it was Simpson Brothers & Co.'s store, wherein hickory-shirted gentlemen bartered for thrashing-machines, hay-rakes, axle-grease, and such like articles of Arcadian commerce.

There were three topics on which one could always rouse an argument in Westville—politics, religion, and the editor of the *Express*.

A year before, Arnold Bruce, who had left Westville at eighteen, and of whom the town had vaguely heard as a newspaper man in Chicago and New York, but whom it had not seen since, had returned home and taken charge of the *Express*, which had been willed him by the late editor, his uncle. The *Express*, which had been a slippered, dozing, inoffensive sheet under old Jimmie Bruce, showed suddenly a volcanic energy. The new editor used huge, vociferous head-lines, instead of the whispering

types of his uncle; he wrote a rousing, rough-and-ready sort of English; occasionally he placed an important editorial, set up in heavy-faced type and enclosed in a black "box," in the center of his first page; and from the very start he had had the hardihood to attack the "established order," and to preach unorthodox doctrines.

The wealthiest citizens were outraged, and hotly pronounced Bruce to be a "yellow journalist" and a "red-mouthed demagogue." It was the common opinion of the better element that his ultra-democracy was merely a pose, a mask, an advertising scheme, to gather in the gullible subscriber and to force himself sensationally into the public eye. But despite all hostile criticism of the paper, people read the *Express*—many staid ones in secret—for it had a snap, a go, a tang, that at times almost took the breath.

Bruce stepped forth from his stairway, crossed Main Street, and strode up the shady court-house walk. On the left side of the walk was an irreproachably draped nymph of cast-iron, a tiptoe in an arid fountain; on its right stood a statue of the city's founder, Colonel Davy West, wearing a coon-skin cap and leaning upon a long deer rifle.

He entered the dingy court-house, mounted a wooden stairway, browned with the tobacco-juice of two generations of litigants, and passed into a damp and gloomy chamber. This room was the office of the prosecuting attorney of Calloway County. That the incumbent might not become too depressed by his environment, the walls were enlivened by a steel engraving of Daniel Webster, frowning with multitudinous thought, and by a map of Indiana—the latter dotted by industrious flies with a myriad nameless cities.

Three men arose from about the flat-topped desk in the center of the room—the prosecutor, the Rev. Dr. Sherman, and a rather smartly dressed man whom Bruce remembered to have seen once or twice, but whom he did not know. With the first two the editor shook hands; the third was introduced as Mr. Marcy, agent of the Acme Filter Company, which had installed the filtering plant of the new water-works.

Bruce turned in his brusque manner to the prosecuting attorney.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Suppose we all sit down first," suggested the prosecutor.

They did so, and Kennedy regarded Bruce with a solemn, weighty stare. He was a lank, lantern-jawed, frock-coated gentleman of thirty-five, with an upward rolling forelock and an Adam's apple that throbbed in his throat like a petrified pulse. He was climbing the political ladder, and he was carefully schooling himself into the dignity, poise, and appearance of importance which should distinguish the manner of the public man.

"Well, what is it?" demanded Bruce shortly. "About the water-works?"

"Yes," responded Kennedy. "The water-works, Mr. Bruce, is, I hardly need say, a source of pride to us all. To you especially it has had a large significance. You have made it a theme for a continuous agitation in your paper. You have argued that, since the city's new water-works promised to be such a great success, Westville should not halt with this one municipal enterprise. You have urged that the city should refuse the new franchise the street-railway company is going to apply for, take over the railway, run it as a municipal—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Bruce impatiently. "But who's dead? Who wants the line of march changed to go by his grocery-store?"

"What I was saying was merely to recall how very important the water-works has been to us," the prosecutor returned with increased solemnity. He paused, and having gained that heightened stage effect of a well-managed silence, he continued: "Mr. Bruce, something very serious has occurred."

For all its ostentation, the prosecutor's manner was genuinely impressive. Bruce looked quickly at the other two men. The agent was ill at ease, the minister pale and agitated.

"Come," cried Bruce, "out with what you've got to tell me!"

"It is a matter of the very first importance," returned the prosecutor, who was posing for a prominent place in the *Express's* account of this affair—for however much the public men of Westville affected to look down upon the *Express*, they secretly preferred its superior presentment of their doings. "Dr. Sherman, in his capacity of president of the Voters' Union, has just brought before me some most distressing, most astounding evidence. It is evidence upon which I must act both as a public official and as a member of the arrangement

committee, and evidence which concerns you both as a committeeman and as an editor. It is painful to me to break—"

"Let's have it from first hands," interrupted Bruce, irritated by the verbal excelsior wrapped about the prosecutor's fact.

He turned to the minister, a slender man of hardly more than thirty, with a high brow, the wide, sensitive mouth of the born orator, fervently bright eyes, and the pallor of the devoted student—a face that instantly explained why, though so young, he was the town's most popular clergyman.

"What's it about, Dr. Sherman?" the editor asked. "Who's the man?"

"About the water-works, as Mr. Kennedy has said," the minister answered in a voice that shook with agitation. "There has been some—some crooked work."

"Crooked work!" ejaculated the editor, staring at the minister. "Crooked work!"

"Yes."

"You are certain of what you say?"

"Yes."

"Then you have evidence?"

"I am sorry—but—but I have."

The editor was leaning forward, his nostrils dilated, his eyes gleaming sharply behind their thick glasses.

"Who's mixed up in it? Who's the man?"

The minister's hands were tightly interlocked. For an instant he seemed unable to speak.

"Who's the man?" repeated Bruce.

The minister swallowed.

"Dr. West," he said.

Bruce sprang up.

"Dr. West!" he cried. "The superintendent of the water-works?"

"Yes."

If the editor's concern for the city's welfare was merely a political and business pose, if he was merely an actor, at least he acted his part well.

"My God!" he breathed, and stood with eyes fixed upon the young minister. Then, suddenly, he sat down again, his thick brows drawn together, and his heavy jaws set.

"Let's have the whole story," he snapped out. "From the very beginning!"

"I cannot tell you how distressed I am by what I have just been forced to do," began the young clergyman. "I have always esteemed Dr. West most highly, and my wife and his daughter have been the closest friends since girlhood. To make my part in this affair clear, I must recall to you that

of late the chief attention of the Voters' Union has been devoted to the water-works. I never imagined that anything was wrong; but speaking frankly, after the event, I must say that Dr. West's position was such as made it a simple matter for him to defraud the city should he so desire."

"You mean because the council invested him with so much authority?" demanded Bruce.

"Yes. As I have said, I regarded Dr. West as above all suspicion; but a short time ago some matters—I need not detail them—aroused in me the fear that Dr. West was using his office for—for—"

"For graft?" supplied Bruce.

The minister inclined his head.

"Later, only a few weeks ago, a more definite fear came to me," he continued in his low, pained voice. "It happens that I have known Mr. Marcy here for years; we were friends in college, though we had lost track of each other till his business brought him to Westville. A few small circumstances—my suspicion was already on the alert—made me guess that Mr. Marcy was about to give Dr. West a bribe for having awarded the filter contract to his company. I got him alone—taxed him with his intention—worked upon his conscience—"

"Mr. Marcy has stated," the prosecutor interrupted to explain, "that Dr. Sherman always had great influence over him."

Mr. Marcy corroborated this with a nod.

"At length Mr. Marcy confessed," Dr. Sherman went on. "He had arranged to give Dr. West a certain sum of money immediately after the filtering-plant had been approved and payment had been made to the company. After this confession I hesitated long upon what I should do. I shrank from disgracing Dr. West; at the same time, I had a duty to the city. After a long struggle, I decided that my responsibility to the people of Westville should overbalance any feeling I might have for an individual."

"That was the only decision," said Bruce. "Go on!"

"But at the same time, to protect Dr. West's reputation, I decided to take no one into my plan. Should his integrity reassert itself at the last moment, and cause him to refuse the bribe, the whole matter would then remain locked up in my heart. I arranged with Mr. Marcy that he should carry out his agreement with Dr. West. Yesterday, as you know, the council, on Dr. West's recommendation; formally approved the filtering-

plant and sent a draft to the company. Mr. Marcy was to call at Dr. West's home this morning to conclude their secret bargain. Just before the appointed hour I dropped in on Dr. West, and was there when Mr. Marcy called. Saying that I would wait to finish my talk with Dr. West till they were through with their business, I took a book, and went into an adjoining room. I could see the two men through the partly opened door. After some talk, Mr. Marcy drew an envelope from his pocket and handed it to Dr. West, saying in a low voice: 'Here is that money we spoke about.'"

"And he took it?" Bruce interrupted.

"Dr. West slipped the envelope unopened into his pocket, and replied: 'Thank you very much; it will come in handy just now.'"

"My God!" breathed the editor.

"Though I had suspected Dr. West, I sat there stunned," the minister continued; "but after a minute or two I slipped out by another door. I returned with a policeman, and found Dr. West still with Mr. Marcy. The policeman arrested Dr. West, and found the envelope upon his person. In it was two thousand dollars."

"Now, what do you think of that?" Kennedy demanded of the editor. "Won't the town be thunderstruck?"

Bruce turned to the agent, who had sat through the recital, a mere corroborative presence.

"And this is all true?"

"That is exactly the way it happened," replied Mr. Marcy.

Bruce looked back at the minister.

"But didn't he have anything to say for himself?"

"I can answer that," put in Kennedy. "I had him in here before I sent him over to the jail. He admits practically every point that Dr. Sherman has made. The only thing he says for himself is that he never thought the money Mr. Marcy gave him was intended for a bribe."

Bruce stood up, his face hard and glowering, and his fist crashed explosively down upon the table.

"Of all the flimsy defenses that ever a man made, that's the limit!"

"It certainly won't go down with the people of Westville," commented the prosecutor. "I can see the smiles of the jury when he produces that defense in court."

"I should say they would smile!" cried Bruce. "But what was his motive?"

"That's plain enough," answered the prosecutor. "We both know, Mr. Bruce, that he has not earned anything from the practise of medicine since we were boys. His salary as superintendent of the water-works was merely nominal. His property is mortgaged practically to its full value. Everything has gone on those experiments of his. It's simply a case of a man being in a tight fix for money."

Bruce was striding up and down the room, staring fiercely at the worn linoleum that carpeted the prosecutor's office.

"I thought you'd take it rather hard," said Kennedy, a little slyly. "It sort of puts a spoke in that general municipal ownership scheme of yours, eh?"

Bruce paused belligerently before the prosecutor.

"See here, Kennedy," he snapped out, "because a man you've banked on is a crook, does that prove a principle is bad?"

"Oh, perhaps not," Kennedy admitted.

"Well, suppose you cut out that kind of talk, then. But what are you going to do about the doctor?"

"The grand jury is in session. I'm going straight before it with the evidence. An hour from now, and Dr. West will be indicted."

"And what about to-morrow's show?"

"What do you think we ought to do?"

"What ought we to do?" Again the editor's fist crashed upon the desk. "The celebration was half in Dr. West's honor. Do we want to meet and hurrah for the man that sold us out? As for the water-works, it looks as if, for all we know, he might have bought a lot of old junk for us. Do we want to hold a jubilee over a junk-pile? You ask what ought we to do. There's only one thing to do, and that's to call the whole confounded performance off!"

"That's my opinion," said the prosecutor. "What do you think, Dr. Sherman?"

The young minister wiped his pale face.

"It's a most miserable affair. I'm sick because of the part I've been forced to play—I'm sorry for Dr. West—and I'm particularly sorry for his daughter; but I do not see that any other course would be possible."

"I suppose we ought to consult Mr. Blake," said Kennedy.

"He's not in town," returned Bruce. "And we don't need to consult him. We three are a majority of the committee. The matter has to be settled at once; and it's settled, all right."

The editor jerked out his watch, glanced at it, then reached for his hat.

"I'll have this on the street in an hour—and if this town doesn't go wild, then I don't know Westville."

He was making for the door, when the newspaper man in him recalled a new detail of his story. He turned back.

"How about this daughter of Dr. West?" he asked.

The prosecutor looked at the minister.

"Was she coming home for the celebration, do you know?"

"Yes. She wrote Mrs. Sherman that she was leaving New York this morning, and would get in here to-morrow on the limited."

"What's she like?" asked Bruce.

"Haven't you seen her?" asked Kennedy.

"She hasn't been home since I came back to Westville. When I left here she was a tomboy—mostly legs and freckles."

The prosecutor's lean face smiled.

"I guess you'll find she's grown right smart since then. She went to one of those colleges back East—Vassar, I think it was. She got hold of some of those new-fangled ideas that women are crazy over now—about going out in the world for themselves, and—"

"Idiots, all of them!" snapped Bruce.

"After she graduated, she studied law. When she was back home two years ago, she asked me what chance a woman would have to practise law in Westville. A woman lawyer in Westville—oh, Lord!"

The prosecutor leaned back and laughed at the excruciating humor of the idea.

"Oh, I know the kind!" Bruce's lips curled with contempt. "Loud-voiced—aggressive—bony—perfect frights!"

"Let me suggest," put in Dr. Sherman, "that Miss West does not belong in that classification."

"Yes, you're a little wrong about Katherine West," agreed Kennedy.

Bruce waved his hand peremptorily.

"They're all the same. But what's she doing in New York? Practising law?"

"No, she's working for an organization something like Dr. Sherman's—the Municipal League, I think she called it."

"Huh!" grunted Bruce. "Well, whatever she's like, it's a pretty mess she's coming back into!"

With that the editor pulled his hat tightly down upon his forehead and strode out of the court-house, and past the speakers'

stand, in front of which twin flags were being festooned. Back in his own office he picked up the story he had finished an hour before. With a sneer he tore it across and trampled it under foot. Then, jerking a chair forward to his typewriter, his brow dark, his jaw set, he began to thump fiercely upon the keys.

III

NEXT morning, when the limited slowed down beside the old frame station—a new one of brick was rising across the tracks—a young woman descended from a Pullman at the front of the train. She was lithe and graceful, rather tall and slender, and was dressed, with effective simplicity, in a blue tailored suit and a tan straw hat with a single blue quill. Her face was flushed, and there was an expectant brightness in her dark eyes, as if happiness and affection were upon the point of bubbling over.

Standing beside her suit-case, she eagerly scanned the figures about the station. Three or four swagger young drummers had scrambled off the smoker, and as many hotel bus-drivers were importuning the new arrivals with the merits of their respective boards and beds. There was the shirt-sleeved figure of Jim Ludlow, ticket-agent, and tenor of the Presbyterian choir. And leaning cross-legged beneath the station eaves, giving the effect of supporting the low roof, were half a dozen slowly masticating, soberly contemplative gentlemen—loose-jointed caryatids, whose lank sculpture forms the invariable ornamentation of the façade of a Western station. But nowhere did the young woman's expectant eyes alight upon the person whom they sought.

The joyous response to an expected welcome, which had plainly trembled at the tips of her being, subsided, and in disappointment she picked up her bag and was starting for a street-car, when up the long board platform there came hurrying toward her a short-legged little man, with a bloodshot, watery eye. He paused hesitant at a couple of yards, smiled tentatively, and the remnant of an old glove fumbled the brim of an ancient and rumpled silk hat.

The young woman smiled back, and held out her hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Huggins?"

"How de do, Miss Katherine?" he stammered.

"Have you seen father anywhere?" she asked anxiously.

"No. Your aunt just sent me word I was to meet you and fetch you home. She couldn't leave Dr. West."

"Is father ill?" she cried.

The old cabman fumbled his hat.

"No—he ain't—he ain't exactly sick. He's—he's just porely. I guess it's only—only a bad headache."

He hastily picked up her suit-case and led her past the sidling admiration of the drummers, those sovereign critics of Western femininity, to the back of the station, where stood a worn-out surrey and an old gray nag that leaned upon its shafts as on crutches. Katherine clambered in, and the drooping steed jogged along the streets bordered with the fresh, wide-spreading green of maples.

She gazed with warm eyes at the familiar frame cottages, standing comfortably back amid their little close-cropped lawns. She liked New York with the adoptive liking that one feels for the place chosen from among all others for the passing of one's life; but her affection remained with this old town of her girlhood.

"Oh, but it feels good to be back in Westville again!" she cried to the cabman.

"I reckon it must. I guess it's all of two years sence you been home."

"Two years, yes. It's going to be a great celebration this afternoon, isn't it?"

"Yes'm, very big." He hastily struck the old horse. "Get-up there, Jenny!"

Mr. Huggins's mare turned off Station Avenue, and Katherine eagerly stared ahead beneath the trees for the first glimpse of her home. At length it came into view—one of those big, square, old-fashioned frame houses, built with no particular architectural idea beyond commodious shelter. She had thought her father might possibly stumble out to greet her, but no one stood waiting at the gate.

She sprang lightly from the carriage as it drew up beside the curb, and, leaving Mr. Huggins to follow with her bag, she hurried up the brick-paved path to the house. As she crossed the porch, a slight, gray, Quakerish little lady, with a kerchief folded across her breast, pushed open the screen door. Her Katherine gathered into her arms and kissed repeatedly.

"I'm so glad to see you, auntie!" she cried. "How are you?"

"Very well," the old woman answered in a thin, tremulous voice. "How is thee?"

"Me? Oh, you know nothing's ever

wrong with me!" She laughed in her exuberant young strength. "But you, auntie?" She grew serious. "You look very tired—and very, very worn and worried. But I suppose it's the strain of father's headache—poor father! How is he?"

"I—I think he's feeling some better," the old woman faltered. "He's still lying down."

They had entered the big, airy sitting-room. Katherine's hat and coat went flying upon the couch.

"Now, before I so much as ask you a question, or tell you a thing, Aunt Rachel, I'm going up to see dear old father."

She made for the stairway, but her aunt caught her arm in consternation.

"Wait, Katherine! Thee mustn't see him yet."

"Why, what's the matter?" Katherine asked in surprise.

"It—it would be better for him if thee didn't disturb him."

"But, auntie, no one can soothe him as I can, when he has a headache!"

"But he's asleep just now. He didn't sleep a minute all night."

"Then of course I'll wait." Katherine turned back. "Has he suffered much—"

She broke off. Her aunt was gazing at her in wide-eyed, helpless misery.

"Why—why—what's the matter, auntie?"

Her aunt did not answer her.

"Tell me! What is it? What's wrong?"

Still the old woman did not speak.

"Something has happened to father!" cried Katherine. She clutched her aunt's thin shoulders. "Has something happened to father?"

The old woman trembled all over, and tears started from her mild eyes.

"Yes," she quavered.

"But what is it?" Katherine asked frantically. "Is he very sick?"

"It's—it's worse than that."

"Please! What is it, then?"

"I haven't the heart to tell thee," she said piteously; and she sank into a chair and covered her face.

Katherine caught her aunt's arm and fairly shook her, in the intensity of her demand.

"Tell me! I can't stand this another instant!"

"There—there isn't going to be any celebration."

"No celebration?"

"Yesterday—thy father—was arrested."

"Arrested!"

"And indicted for accepting a bribe."

Katherine shrank back.

"Oh!" she whispered. "Oh!" Then her slender body tensed, and her dark eyes flashed fire. "Father accept a bribe? It's a lie! A lie!"

"It hardly seems true to me, either."

"It's a lie!" repeated Katherine. "But is he—is he locked up?"

"They let me go his bail."

Again Katherine caught her aunt's arm.

"Come—tell me all about it!"

"Please don't make me. I—I can't."

"But I must know!"

"It's in the newspapers—they're on the center table."

Katherine turned to the table and seized a paper. At sight of the sheet she had picked up, the old woman hurried across to her in dismay.

"Don't read that *Express*!" she cried, and she sought to draw the paper from Katherine's hands. "Read the *Clarion*. It's ever so much kinder."

But Katherine had already seen the headline that ran across the top of the *Express*. It staggered her. She gasped at the blow, but she held on to the paper.

"I'll read the worst they have to say," she said.

Her aunt dropped into a chair, and covered her eyes to avoid sight of the girl's suffering. The affair, in its elements, was a commonplace to Katherine; in her work with the Municipal League she had every few days met with just such a tale as this. But that which is a commonplace when strangers are involved becomes a tragedy when loved ones are its actors. So, as she read the old, old story, Katherine trembled as with mortal pain.

But sickening as was the story in itself, it was made worse to her by the manner of its telling in the *Express*. Bruce's typewriter had never been more impassioned. The story was in heavy-faced type, the lines two columns wide; and in a "box" in the very center of the first page was an editorial denouncing Dr. West and demanding such severe punishment for him as would make future traitors forever fear to sell their city. Article and editorial were rousing and vivid, brilliant and bitter—as mercilessly stinging as a salted whip-lash cutting into bare flesh.

Katherine writhed with the pain of it.

"Oh!" she cried. "It's brutal—brutal! Who could have had the heart to write like that about father?"

"The editor, Arnold Bruce," answered her aunt.

"Oh, he's a brute! If I could tell him to his face—"

Her whole slender being flamed with anger and hatred, and she crushed the paper and flung it to the floor. Then, slowly, her face faded to an ashen gray. She steadied herself on the back of a chair, and stared in desperate supplication at the bowed figure of the older woman.

"Auntie?" she breathed.

"Yes?"

"Auntie"—eyes and voice were pleading—"auntie, the—the things—this paper says—they never happened, did they?"

The old head nodded.

"Oh! Oh!" she gasped. She wavered, sank stricken into a chair, and buried her face in her arms. "Poor father!" she moaned brokenly. "Poor father!"

There was silence for a moment; then the old woman rose and gently put a hand upon the quivering young shoulder.

"Don't, dear! Even if it did happen, I can't believe it. Thy father—"

At that moment, overhead, there was a soft noise, as of feet placed upon the floor. Katherine sprang up.

"Father!" she breathed. There began a restless, slippered pacing. "Father!" she repeated, and sprang for the stairway and ran rapidly up.

At her father's door she paused, her hand over her heart. She feared to enter her father's room—feared lest she should find his head bowed in acknowledged shame. But she summoned her strength and noiselessly opened the door.

It was a large room, a hybrid of bedroom and study, whose drawn shades had dimmed the bright morning into twilight. An open side door gave a glimpse of glass jars, bellying retorts, and other paraphernalia of science.

Walking down the room was a tall, stooping, white-haired figure in a quilted dressing-gown. He reached the end of the room, turned about, then sighted his daughter in the doorway.

"Katherine!" he cried with quivering joy, and started toward her; but he came abruptly to a pause, hesitating, accused man that he was, to make advances.

Her sickening fear was for the instant

swept away by a rising flood of love, and she sprang forward and threw her arms about his neck.

"Father!" she sobbed. "Oh, father!"

She felt his tears upon her forehead, felt his body quiver, and felt his hand gently stroke her back.

"You've heard—then?" he asked, at length.

"Yes—from the papers."

He held her close, but did not speak for a moment.

"It isn't a—a very happy celebration—I've prepared for you."

She could only cry convulsively:

"Poor father!"

"You never dreamed," he quavered, "your old father—could do a thing like this—did you?"

She did not answer. She trembled a moment longer on his shoulder; then, slowly and with fear, she lifted her head and gazed into his face. The face was worn—she thrilled with pain to see how sadly worn it was!—but though tear-wet and working with emotion, it met her look with steadiness. It was the same simple, kindly, open face that she had known since childhood.

There was a sudden wild leaping within her. She clutched his shoulders, and her voice rang out with joyous conviction:

"Father—you are not guilty!"

"You believe in me, then?"

"You are not guilty!" she cried with mounting joy.

He smiled faintly.

"Why, of course not, my child!"

"Oh, father!" And again Katherine caught him in a close embrace. After a moment she leaned back in his arms. "I'm so happy! Forgive me, daddy, dear, that I could doubt you even for a minute!"

"How could you help it? They say the evidence against me is very strong."

"I should have believed you innocent against all the evidence in the world; and I do, and shall—no matter what they may say!"

"Bless you, Katherine!"

"Come, tell me how it all came about. But first, let's brighten up the room a little."

So great was her relief that her spirits had risen as if some positive blessing had befallen her. She crossed lightly to the big bay window, raised the shades, and threw up the sashes. The warm sunlight slanted down into the room; the soft breeze filtered

through the two tall pines without and bore into them the fragrant freshness of the spring.

"There, now, isn't that better?" she said, smiling brightly.

"That's just what your home-coming has done for me," he said gratefully—"let in the sunlight."

"Come, come, don't try to turn the head of your offspring with flattery! Now, sir, sit down," and she pointed to a chair at his desk, which stood within the bay window.

"First"—with his gentle smile—"if I may, I'd like to look at my daughter."

"I suppose a father's wish is a daughter's command," she complained. "So, go ahead."

He moved to the window, so that the light fell full upon her, and for a long moment gazed into her face. The brow was low and broad. Over the white temples the heavy dark hair waved softly down, to be fastened in a simple knot low upon the neck, showing in its full beauty the rare modeling of her head. The eyes were a rich, warm, luminous brown, fringed with long lashes, and in them lurked all manner of fathomless mysteries. The mouth was soft, yet full and firm—a real mouth, such as nature bestows upon its real women.

It was a face of freshness and youth and humor, and now was tremulous with a smiling, tear-wet tenderness.

"I think," said the father, slowly and softly, "that my daughter is very beautiful."

"There, enough of your blarney!" She flushed with pleasure, and pressed her fresh cheek against his withered one. "You dear old father, you!"

She drew him to his desk, which was strewn with a half-finished manuscript on the typhoid bacillus, and upon which stood a faded photograph of a young woman, near Katherine's years and made in her image, dressed in the tight-fitting "basque" of the early eighties. Westville knew that Dr. West had loved his wife dearly, but the town had never surmised a tenth of the grief that had closed darkly about him when typhoid fever had carried her away while her young womanhood was in its freshest bloom.

Katherine pressed him down into his chair at the desk, sat down in one beside it, and took his hand.

"Now, father, tell me just how things stand."

"You know everything already," said he.

"Not everything. I know the charges of the other side, and I know your innocence; but I do not know your explanation of the affair."

He ran his free hand through his silver hair, and his face grew troubled.

"My explanation agrees with what you have read, except that I did not know I was being bribed."

"H'm!" Her brow wrinkled thoughtfully, and she was silent for a moment. "Suppose we go back to the very beginning, father, and run over the whole affair. Try to remember. In the early stages of negotiations, did the agent say anything to you about money?"

He did not speak for a minute or more.

"Now that I think it over, he did say something about its being worth my while if his filter was accepted."

"That was an overture to bribe you. And what did you say to him?"

"I don't remember. You see, at the time, his offer, if it was one, did not make any impression on me. I believe I didn't say anything to him at all."

"But you approved his filter?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Marcy says in the newspaper, and you admit it, that he offered to bribe you. You approved his filter. On the face of it, speaking legally, that looks bad, father."

"But how could I honestly keep from approving his filter, when it was the very best on the market for our water?" demanded Dr. West.

"Then how did you come to accept that money?"

The old man's face cleared.

"I can explain that easily. Some time ago the agent said something about the Acme Filter Company wishing to make a little donation to our hospital. I'm one of the directors, you know. So, when he handed me that envelope, I supposed it was a contribution to the hospital—perhaps twenty-five or fifty dollars."

"And is that all?"

"That's the whole truth; but when I explained the matter to the prosecuting attorney, he just smiled."

"I know it's the truth, because you say it." She affectionately patted the hand that she held. "But, again speaking legally, it wouldn't sound very plausible to an outsider." She thought a space. "Could it be that this is a manufactured charge?"

Dr. West's eyes widened.

"Why, of course not! You have forgotten that the man who makes the charge is Mr. Sherman. You surely do not think he would let himself be involved in anything that he did not believe to be in the highest degree honorable?"

"I do not know him very well. During the four years he has been here, I have met him only a few times."

"But you know what your dearest friend thinks of him."

"Yes, I know Elsie considers her husband to be an ecclesiastical Sir Galahad. And I must admit he seems to me the highest type of the modern young clergyman."

"Then you agree with me that Mr. Sherman is thoroughly honest in this affair? That his only motive is public duty?"

"Yes. I cannot conceive of him knowingly doing a wrong."

"That's what has forced me to think that the charge is simply a mistake, and not a plot against me," said her father.

"You may be right." She considered the idea. "But what does your lawyer say?"

His pale cheeks flushed.

"I have no lawyer," he said slowly.

"I see. You were waiting to consult me about whom to retain."

He shook his head.

"Then you have approached some one?"

"I have spoken to Hopkins, and Williams, and Freeman. They all—" He hesitated.

"Yes?"

"They all said they could not take my case."

"Could not take your case!" she cried. "Why not?"

"They made different excuses; but their excuses were not their real reason."

"And what was that?"

The old man flushed yet more painfully.

"I guess you do not realize the situation, Katherine. I don't need to tell you that a wave of popular feeling against political corruption is sweeping across the country. This is the first big case that has come out in Westville, and the city is stirred up as it hasn't been stirred in years. The way the *Express*—you saw the *Express*?"

Her hands instinctively clenched.

"It was awful—awful!"

"The way the *Express* has handled it has especially—well, you see—"

"You mean those lawyers are afraid to take the case?"

Dr. West nodded.

Katherine's dark eyes glowed with wrath. "Did you try any one else?"

"Mr. Green came to see me, but—"

"Of course not. It would kill your case to have a shyster represent you." She gripped his hand, and her voice rang out: "Father, I'm glad those men refused you. We're going to get for you the biggest man, the biggest lawyer, in Westville."

"You mean Mr. Blake?"

"I mean Mr. Blake."

"I thought of him at first, of course; but I—well, I hesitated to approach him."

"Hesitated? Why?"

"Well, you see," he stammered, "I remembered about your refusing him, and I felt—"

"That would never make any difference to him," she cried. "He's too much of a gentleman. Besides, that was five years ago, and he has forgotten it."

"Then you think he'll take the case?"

"Of course! He'll take it because he's a big man, and because you need him, and because he's no coward. And with the biggest man in Westville on your side, you'll see how public opinion will right-about face!" She sprang up, aglow with energy and hope. "I'm going to see him this minute. With his help we'll have this matter cleared up before you know it, and"—smiling lightly—"just you see, daddy, all Westville will be out there in the front yard, tramping over Aunt Rachel's sweet-williams, begging to be allowed to come and kiss your hand!"

He kissed her own. He rose, and a smile broke through the clouds of his face.

"You've been home only an hour, and I feel that a thousand years have been lifted off me."

"That's right—and just keep on feeling a thousand years younger." She smiled caressingly, and began to twist a finger in a buttonhole of his coat. "Don't you think, daddy, that such a very young gentleman as you are, such a regular roaring young blade, might—um—might—"

"Might what, my dear?"

"Might—" She leaned forward and whispered in his ear.

A hand went to his throat.

"Eh, why, is this one—"

"I'm afraid it is, daddy—very!"

"We've been so much upset that your aunt must have forgotten to put out a clean one for me."

"And I suppose it never occurred to the profound scientific intellect that it was possible to pull out a drawer and take out a collar for oneself!" She crossed to the bureau and came back with a clean collar. "Now, sir, up with your chin." With quick hands she replaced the offending collar with the fresh one, tied the tie, and gave it a perfecting little pat. "There—that's better! And now I must be off. I'll send around a few policemen to keep the crowds off Aunt Rachel's flower-beds."

Pressing on his pale cheek another kiss, and smiling at him from the door, she hurried out.

IV

KATHERINE'S refusal of Harrison Blake's unforeseen proposal, during the summer of her graduation from Vassar, had, until the present hour, been the most painful experience of her life.

Since that far-away autumn of her fourteenth year, when Blake had led a seemingly forlorn crusade against Blind Charlie Peck, and had swept that supposedly unconquerable autocrat and his corrupt machine from power, she had admired the lawyer as the ideal public man. He had seemed so fine, so big already, and loomed so large in promise—it was in the following autumn that he was elected Lieutenant-Governor—that it had been a humiliation to her that she, so insignificant, so unworthy, could not give him that intractable passion, love. But, though he had gone very pale at her stammered answer, he had borne his disappointment like a gallant gentleman; and in the years since then he had acquitted himself to perfection in that most difficult of rôles—that of the lover who must be content to be a friend.

Katherine still retained her girlish admiration for Blake, though in the last few years she had acquired opinions that widely differed from his. Despite his activity in public affairs, no scandal had ever soiled his name. His rectitude, so said people whose memories ran back for a generation, was mainly due to fine qualities inherited from his mother. His father had been a good-natured, hearty, popular politician, with no discoverable leaning toward overscrupulousity.

In fact, twenty years ago there had been a great to-do touching the voting, through a plan of the elder Blake's devising, of a gang of negroes half a dozen times down in

a river-front ward; but his party had rushed loyally to his rescue, and had vindicated him by electing him to Congress. His sudden death on the day after taking his seat had at the time abashed all accusation, and had suffused his memory with a romantic afterglow of sentiment.

Blake lived alone with his mother in a house adjoining the Wests', and a few moments after Katherine had left her father she turned into the lawyer's yard. The building stood far back in a spacious and velvety lawn, shady with maples and pines, and decorated with shrubs and flower-beds, and a fountain whose fine spray made a golden aureole in the sunlight. It was quite worthy of Westville's most distinguished citizen—a big, roomy house of brick, all clambered over with cool ivy, and with a broad piazza crossing its entire front and embracing its two sides.

The hour was that at which Westville rose from its midday dinner—which was the reason why Katherine was calling at Blake's home instead of going down-town to his office. She was informed that he was in. Telling the maid that she would await him in his library, where she knew he received clients who called at his home, she ascended the well-remembered stairway and entered a large, light room with walls booked to the ceiling.

Despite her declaration to her father that that old love episode had been long forgotten by Blake, at this moment it was in her thoughts. She could not subdue a fluttering agitation over the circumstance that she was about to appeal for succor to a man whom once she had refused to marry.

She had but a moment to wait. Blake's tall, straight figure entered and strode rapidly across the room, his right hand outstretched.

"What—you, Katherine! I'm so glad to see you."

She had risen.

"And I to see you, Mr. Blake." For all he had once vowed himself her lover, she had never overcome her girlhood awe of him sufficiently to use the more familiar "Harrison."

"I knew you were coming home, but I had not expected to see you so soon. Please sit down again."

She resumed her soft leather-covered chair, and he took the swivel-chair at his great flat-topped library desk. His manner was cordial, but lurking beneath it Kather-

ine sensed a certain constraint—due, perhaps, to their old relationship, or perhaps to the disgrace that had fallen upon the Wests.

Blake was close upon forty, with a dark, strong, handsome face, penetrating but pleasant eyes, and black hair slightly marked with gray. He was well dressed, but not too well dressed, as became a public man whose constituency was partly a rural one. His person gave an immediate impression of a polished but not overpolished gentleman—of a man who, in acquiring a large grace of manner, has lost nothing of virility and bigness and purpose.

"It seems quite natural," Katherine began, smiling, and trying to speak lightly, "that each time I come home it is to congratulate you upon some new honor."

"New honor?" queried he.

"Oh, your name reaches even to New York! We hear that you are spoken of to succeed Senator Grayson when he retires next year."

"Oh, that!" He smiled—still with a little constraint. "I won't try to make you believe that I'm indifferent about the matter; but I don't need to tell you that there's many a slip betwixt being 'spoken of' and actually being elected."

There was an instant of awkward silence. Then Katherine went straight to the business of her visit.

"Of course you know about father?"

He nodded.

"And I do not need to say, Katherine, how very, very sorry I am."

"I was certain of your sympathy. Things look black on the surface for him, but I want you to know that he is innocent."

"I am relieved to be assured of that," he said hesitatingly. "For, frankly, as you say, things do look black."

She leaned forward and spoke rapidly, her hands tightly clasped.

"I have come to see you, Mr. Blake, because you have always been our friend—my friend, and a kinder friend than a young girl had any right to expect—and because I know you have the ability to bring out the truth, no matter how dark the circumstantial evidence may seem. I have come, Mr. Blake, to ask you—to beg you—to be my father's lawyer."

He stared at her, and his face grew pale.

"To be your father's lawyer?" he repeated.

"Yes, yes—to be my father's lawyer."

He turned in his chair, and looked out to

where the fountain was flinging its iridescent drapery to the wind. She gazed at his strong, clean-cut profile in breathless expectation.

"I again assure you he is innocent," she urged pleadingly. "I know you can clear him."

"You have evidence to prove his innocence?" asked Blake.

"That you can easily uncover."

He slowly swung about. Though with all his powerful will he strove to control himself, he was profoundly agitated, and he spoke only with a very great effort.

"You have put me in a most embarrassing situation, Katherine."

She caught her breath.

"You mean—"

"That I should like to help you, but—but—"

"Yes? Yes?"

"But I cannot."

"Cannot! You mean—you refuse his case?"

"It pains me, but I must."

She grew as white as death.

"Oh!" she breathed. "Oh!" She gazed at him, lips wide, in utter dismay. Suddenly she seized his arm. "But you have not yet thought it over—you have not considered," she cried rapidly. "I cannot take no for your answer. I beg you, I implore you, to take the case."

He seemed to be struggling between two desires. A slender, well-knit hand stretched out and clutched a ruler; his brow was moist, but he kept silent.

"Mr. Blake, I beg you, I implore you, to reconsider," she feverishly pursued. "Do you not see what it will mean to my father? If you take the case, he will be cleared of this charge."

His voice came forth low and husky.

"It is because it is beyond my power to clear him that I refuse."

"Beyond your power?"

"Listen, Katherine," he answered. "I am glad you believe your father innocent. The faith you have is the faith a daughter ought to have. I do not want to hurt you, but I must tell you the truth—I do not share your faith."

"You refuse, then, because you think him guilty?"

He inclined his head.

"The evidence is conclusive. It is beyond my power, beyond that of any lawyer, to clear him."

This sudden failure of the aid she had so confidently counted as already hers was a blow which for the moment completely stunned her. She sank back in her chair, and her head dropped down into her hands.

Blake wiped his face with his handkerchief; then, after a moment, he went on in an agitated, persuasive voice.

"I do not want you to think because I refuse that I am any less your friend. If I took the case, and did my best, your father would be convicted just the same. I am going to open my heart to you, Katherine. I should like very much to be chosen for that Senatorship. Naturally, I do not wish to do any useless thing that will impair my chances. Now for me, an aspirant for public favor, to champion against an aroused public the case of a man who has—forgive me the word—who has betrayed that public, and in the end to lose that case, as I most certainly should—it would be nothing less than political suicide. Your father would gain nothing. I should lose—perhaps everything. Don't you see?"

"I follow your reasons," she said brokenly into her hands. "I do not blame you—I accept your answer—but I still believe my father innocent."

"And for that faith, as I told you, I admire and honor you."

She slowly arose. He likewise stood up.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I do not know," she answered dully. "I was so confident of your aid that I had thought of no alternative."

"Your father has tried other lawyers?"

"Yes. They have all refused."

He was silent for an instant.

"Why not take the case yourself?"

"Myself!" said Katherine, amazed.

"Yes. You are a lawyer."

"But I have never handled a case in court. I have not even been admitted to the bar of the State. And besides, a woman lawyer in Westville—no, it's quite out of the question."

"I was only suggesting it, you know," he said apologetically.

"Oh, I realized that you did not mean it seriously." Her face grew ashen as her failure came to her afresh. She gazed at him with a final desperation. "Then your answer—it is final?" she asked.

"I am sorry, but it is final," said he.

Her head dropped.

"Thank you," she said dully. "Good-by!" And she started away.

"Wait, Katherine." She paused, and he came to her side. His features were gray-hued, and were twitching strangely; for an instant she had the wild impression that his old love for her still lived. "I am sorry that—that the first time you ask aid of me—I should fail you. But—but—"

"I understand."

"One word more." But he let several moments pass before he spoke it. "Remember, I am still your friend. Though I cannot take the case, I shall be glad, in a private way, to advise you upon any matters you may care to lay before me."

"You are very good."

"Then you accept?"

"How can I refuse? Thank you."

He accompanied her down the stairway and to the door. Heavy-hearted, she returned home. This was sad news to bring her father, whom but half an hour before she had so confidently cheered; and she knew not in what fresh direction to turn for aid.

She went straight up to her father's room. With him she found a stranger, who had a vague, far-distant familiarity. The two men rose.

"This is my daughter," said Dr. West.

The stranger bowed slightly.

"I have heard of Miss West," he said, and in his manner Katherine's quick instinct read strong preconceived disapprobation.

"And, Katherine," continued her father, "this is Mr. Bruce."

She stopped short.

"Mr. Bruce of the *Express*?"

"Of the *Express*," Bruce calmly repeated.

Her dejected figure grew suddenly tense, and her cheeks glowed with hot color. She moved up before the editor, and gazed with flashing eyes into his square, domineering face.

"So you are the man who wrote those brutal things about my father?"

He bristled at her hostile tone and manner, and there was a quick snapping behind the heavy glasses.

"I am the man who wrote those true things about your father," he said with cold emphasis.

"And after that you dare come into this house?"

"Pardon me, Miss West, but a newspaper man dares go wherever his business takes him."

She was trembling all over.

"Then let me inform you that you have no business here. Neither my father nor myself has anything whatever to say to yellow journalists!"

"Katherine! Katherine!" interjected her father.

Bruce bowed, his face a dull red.

"I shall leave, Miss West, just as soon as Dr. West answers my last question. I called to see if he wished to make any statement, and I was asking him about his lawyer. He told me he had as yet secured none, but that you were applying to Mr. Blake."

Dr. West stepped toward her eagerly.

"Yes, Katherine, what did he say? Will he take the case?"

She turned from Bruce, and as she looked into her father's white, worn face, the fire of her anger went out.

"He said—he said—"

"Yes—yes?"

She put her arms about him.

"Don't you mind, father, dear, what he said."

Dr. West grew yet more pale.

"Then—he said—the same as the others?"

She held him tight.

"Dear daddy!"

"He refused?"

"Yes, but don't you mind it," she tried to say bravely.

Without a sound, the old man's head drooped upon his chest. He held to Katherine for a moment; then he moved waveringly to an old haircloth sofa, sank down upon it, and bowed his face into his hands.

Bruce broke the silence.

"I am to understand, then, that your father has no lawyer?"

Katherine wheeled from the bowed figure, and her anger leaped instantly to a white heat.

"And why has he no lawyer?" she cried. "Because of the inhuman things you wrote about him!"

"You forget, Miss West, that I am running a newspaper, and it is my business to print the news."

"The news, yes; but not a malignant, ferocious distortion of the news! Look at my father there. Does it not fill your soul with shame to think of the black injustice you have done him?"

"Mere sentiment! I do not let conventional sentiment stand between me and my duty."

"Your duty!" There was a world of scorn in her voice. "And, pray, what is that?"

"Part of it is to establish and maintain decent standards of public service in this town."

"Don't hide behind that hypocritical pretense! I've heard about you. I know the sort of man you are. You saw a safe chance for a yellow story for your yellow newspaper. If my father had been a rich man, if he had had a strong political party behind him, would you have dared attack him as you have? Never! Oh, it was brutal—infamous—cowardly!"

There was an angry fire behind the editor's thick glasses, and his square chin thrust itself out. He took a step nearer to Katherine.

"Listen to me!" he commanded in a slow, defiant voice. "Your opinion is to me a matter of complete indifference. I tell you that a man who betrays his city is a traitor, and that I would treat an old traitor exactly as I would a young traitor. I tell you that I take it as a sign of an awakening public conscience when reputable lawyers refuse to defend a man who has done what your father has done. And, finally, I predict that, try as you may, you will not be able to find a decent lawyer who dares to take his case. And I glory in it, and consider it the result of my work!" He bowed to her. "And now, Miss West, I wish you good afternoon."

She stood quivering, gasping, as he crossed to the door. As his hand fell upon the knob she sprang forward.

"Wait!" she cried. "Wait! He has a lawyer!"

He paused.

"Indeed! And whom?"

"One who is going to make you take back every cowardly word that you have printed!"

"Who is it, Katherine?" It was her father who spoke.

She turned. Dr. West had looked up, and in his eyes was an eager, hopeful light. She bent over him, and slipped an arm about his shoulders.

"Father, dear," she quavered, "since we can get no one else, will you take me?"

"Take you?" he exclaimed.

"Because," she quavered on, "whether you will or not, I'm going to stay in Westville and be your lawyer!"

(To be continued)

EDITORIAL

HEROISM A COMMONPLACE

THE pretty, fragile wife of the "boy Senator" from Tennessee lay on a hospital cot, pallid and wan, her life ebbing with every pulse-beat. It was a question of blood. Some stronger physique must bleed that she might live.

By her side sat Luke Lea, the young Senator—strong, vigorous, red-blooded—waiting while chemists tested his blood to know whether he was a fit subject of sacrifice to his wife.

The clock ticked. The little woman on the cot went paler, and more pale. The sands were running low. All the manhood, all the force of the protective instinct in Luke Lea, strained for service, for succor. He demanded that his veins should be tapped. The surgeons consented. A quick incision, and the red blood of a youthful athlete was flowing into the arteries of his stricken wife.

Slowly the woman's white face won back to a tinge of color. The imperceptible pulse-beat strengthened. The surgeons wished to remove the tube from the husband's arm. He demurred, insisting that as much of his blood should be taken as it was possible for him to give. Finally, when the tube was removed and the artery closed, he fell back fainting in his chair.

Enacted in Washington, with a youthful Senator and his wife as principals, such an idyl of the affections gains a romantic importance. It is food for wholesome sentiment, a fillip for the emotions. It is a finer text for sermons on the comparative bravery of men and of women, or on the relative service of the sexes; for comparison between their capacities for suffering and for sacrifice.

A husband gives a quart or more of blood to save the life of his wife. There is universal acclaim for the deed. The wife goes smiling into the valley of the shadow to give her husband a son; the old, old miracle is buried in some clerk's perfunctory entry upon the record of vital statistics. The man, even when from the excess of his vitality he saves his wife, is shot through with selfishness. The woman, in time of danger, thinks only of her child. Thus does the current philosophy warp old truths to meet the ever new enthusiasm of love.

In this connection it ought to be said that what Senator Lea did for his wife would have been done willingly by any one of five hundred volunteers in Washington. Life in congested communities is careless only as it is blind. Let there be only the recognition of need, and there is no difference between country and avenue, between boulevard and slum, in the instant character of response. Senator Lea had every reason to risk his own life for that of his wife. His action should serve to call attention to the perennial quality, or instinct, of heroism, which does not hesitate to face death for a life which has no special appeal, except that it is in jeopardy.

Nor should there be forgotten, in this equation, the submerged millions of fathers and husbands—those commissariat sergeants in the world's economy—who, without glory, even without a conscious sense of virtue, toil for and give their life-blood for their families, day in and day out, year after year, uncomplaining, unassertive; who have adopted the path of duty as the treadmill of existence.

NOTE—All editorials in this department were written before the end of June.

It is the hope of all countries that they hold as their real national infantry this humble class of the simple virtues augmenting the maternal passion for the child—ready to die for their own, and ready to do the braver thing by living for them to the end of the chapter.

In the light of this sturdy class, the divorce problem is seen for the excrescence that it is. The touching incident of the Leas is resolved into its proper function as the rose-colored incident to point a moral and adorn a tale.

IMPERSONAL JOURNALISM

IT appears that the State Senate of New York may qualify for membership in the freak legislation club by passing a bill requiring every newspaper editorial to be signed with the name of the writer.

It is not likely that any bill of this character could be enacted into law. If it should be, it would in all probability come into fatal collision with the constitutional guarantee of a free press. But that it should have been introduced and seriously considered discloses a curious misapprehension in the public mind as to what modern journalism is, and as to that to which it aspires.

The public man who is criticized in the press is quick to prate about the "anonymity" in which the charge is shrouded. He beats his breast in exasperation because he cannot personally refute the written argument with physical violence. What chance, he declaims, has an honest man, honestly striving to serve the people to the best of his ability, against wanton shafts fired from the dark? Are the men whom the people have trusted to be made the helpless targets of irresponsible slander? Is libel to have license to destroy from ambush? Is public service a crime? Is patriotism a vice?

Specious as it is, this reply gains an unthinking sympathy. It does not readily appear to the public that, behind the printed word, stands an organization stronger, more responsible, more amenable to forced retribution, than any single individual. It does not readily sink into public apprehension that the man thirsting for the name of the writer generally has good and sufficient reason for not risking a passage at arms with the publication for which the writer speaks. It is an incident apt to be overlooked that the cry against anonymity is, almost in itself, an admission of the justness and verity of the attack.

This country has seen the era of individual journalism, as it has seen the era of personal competition. Just as business of every sort has sacrificed personality for efficiency, so has journalism progressed away from the time when every editorial was a potential duel to the era when the journalism worthy of the name has a character and purpose all the purer, all the more effective, exactly because it expresses a policy and conviction superior to any human mouthpiece to which the utterance of that policy is committed.

In the old days it was possible to shoot an editor, and by that simple means to bury his paper in the same grave. In the journalism of to-day, the passing of any particular writer, however brilliant or forceful, finds the organization for which he works superior to his loss. The paper continues to appear, even as the Harriman roads continued to operate when the master hand was stilled. Another takes up the pen, keeps up the work. The ranks close over the gap, however great. The fight goes on!

There are thrill and hope in this consciousness of the continuity and consistency of the so-called impersonal journalism which would be in great degree lacking were its spokesmen hampered with a confining ego. The cause and the principle are coming into their own. They are of and by the people, and those who expound them are but the agents of a central thought, a consuming idea. So far from being shackled, and

farther from being incited to license, the anonymous writer feels alike his freedom and his responsibility—the freedom to speak with the authority and power of his principal without fear and without favor; the responsibility of so expressing a ruling purpose as not to weaken its forceful dignity either with hate or with prejudice.

Even the conspicuously great are powerful only as they represent the proxy of power. Separate the man from his cause, and you have a puny residuum of individual ineffectiveness. The reason for the anonymity of the journalist of opinion is the worthlessness of his personal point of view. Divorced from knowledge of the man, the cause he presents makes its appeal on the high ground of conscience and intellect.

POLITICS AS A PROFESSION

WHAT a severe shock it must be for the politicians of the nineteenth century to gaze upon their legacy to the twentieth! Only a gang of conscienceless ruffians, organized automatically and by common understanding against law, order, and permanent progress, could approve the result.

In return for faith imposed, they have rendered deceit, malfeasance, and corruption, accomplishing evils and compounding felonies the rehearsal of which arouses in the breasts of honest men a sense of shame, mingled with rage and disgust. The right to vote has been alchemied, through the crucible of fraud and dishonor, into a perpetual franchise to betray. Politicians, supposed to be servants before the polls close, graduate, after the ballots are counted, into traitors. Candidates, mouthing saintly epigrams in their appeals for pre-election support, adopt the platform of Judas after their platitudes have lulled the people into selecting them to make and enforce their laws.

It is a sad commentary on the American commonwealth that its politicians have risen to such power and have achieved so little that will endure. Men who, by birth, training, and previous condition of life, ought to be worthy and fit to undertake the responsibility of executive life, have stooped to the level of petty grafters, committing small larcenies for practise, and at length looting treasuries with all the splendid abandon of professional cracksmen.

The fat hand that its owner has clapped impressively over his large heart with gesture of piety guides the pen that signs away a city's utilities. The oily tongue from which slip so glibly the promises of guardianship utters the word that betrays a constituency. The eye that appears to be the aperture through which a voter may gaze into an honest soul is winked as the signal that an ermine cloak has been knocked down to the highest bidder.

The bald truth, in view of the evidence on all hands, is that the politicians, as a class, are a thoroughly bad lot. It would seem that men who attain public office carry a high percentage of low-grade morals, which fructify under the warmth of balmy sunshine that filters through the glass houses in which they live.

A young man, flushed with patriotism and civic pride, after mounting for the first time a platform infested with vice-presidents gathered for the occasion, steps down among his fellow men poisoned with the virus of politics and stricken with the malady of graft. If he happens to cast a longing eye on reelection, the only remedy that will prolong his life is found in the loving cup of compromise, against which every politician is forced, sooner or later, to lay his lip and quaff deeply. The result is a species of intoxication that terminates in delirium, the victim suffering from the delusion that he is the sole surviving honest man, forced by the circumstances of his isolation to seize, in support of the law of self-preservation, anything and everything within reach. That is what politics does for a man who makes it a business.

Politics makes cowards of us all—all save the politicians. They are the unterrified. Only we who elect them know the meaning of fear. These night-riders step

into the saddle from the necks of the voters, upon whose backs they apply the lash as they ride away.

However, there have been some sharp scrimmages of late, and many a booted baron has been flung from the pommel, court-martialed by the soldiers of the common good, stripped of his epaulets, and disgraced. The broken swords of the unworthy are glinting in the dust in all directions. The tramp of steadier feet is heard on the highway, and an army recruited from the inexhaustible ranks of the ninety-five millions is marching under the tricolor of conscience, duty, and service.

Were it not for the unflagging powers of rehabilitation common to the insurgent American citizen, the profession of politics, as it has been practised for the last thirty years in this our native land, would indeed be unattractive to our young men.

"MAD DOG"

THE "dog days" are the time to give the dog the benefit of the doubt.

If ever there be call for the exercise by man of Christian charity toward his best friend among the animals, it is when August suns set up a madness by no means peculiar to a canine ancestry.

Even a dog should have his chance. He is human in bodily ills, as, in certain noble qualities, his rule of conduct is that of the exceptional, rather than the average, man. The dog has his trials, his maladies, his exasperations, "even as you and I." In the hot weather it is well to remember that he is still wearing his winter clothes, and that nature has not given him the cooling boon of perspiration through his pores. Yet let him but stagger faintly in search of water—and the cruel pack is at his heels!

It would be a sad commentary on our treatment of animals if it were possible to know the percentage of faithful dogs that will be executed this summer without trial, and on no other indictment than that of rumor or hysteria. Like another charge in human relations, the crime of rabies against the dog is the easiest to lay and the most difficult to disprove. In every part of the country there will be a slaughter of the innocent on no other grounds than those which superstition and prejudice are always ready to establish. Rabies, one of the rarest of all diseases, will be heralded as one of the commonest and most dangerous.

Give the dog a chance. Do not execute him on the irresponsible word of some unknown rumor-monger who knows no more about rabies than the canine victim understands his offense. The line between the human and the beast is so frequently invisible in the case of a dog that his murder is a species of moral homicide. To condemn a creature of such power of faith and passion of love to a dog's death, simply because he happens to be a dog, implies a species of rabies in man that speaks but poorly for a superiority founded largely on self-assumption.

SCIENCE AND FARMING

JUST about midway of May, the announcement came from Houston, Texas, that the ceremonies incident to the receipt of the first bale of this year's cotton were well under way. It's a terrific thing, the reception of the first bale of cotton. They tote it all over Texas, sing hymns to it, talk about the greatness of the biggest State, and generally jolly themselves into a fine frame of ecstasy. But that is not the point.

The first bale of new cotton delivered in the middle of June means little in North Dakota. North Dakota, at that period, is concerning itself with the wheat prospect. Nevertheless, it is a great achievement to deliver the First Bale—they always capitalize

it in Texas—by June 15. A few years ago it was more likely to come along about the middle of July.

Getting the first bale across before the boll-weevil arrives is the real point. When the boll-weevil—reference is had to the insect that spoils the cotton, not to the human variety—first came into vogue, the cotton crop matured late—just late enough to let Mr. W. do his worst. The Department of Agriculture studied him and his habits with care; also cotton and its habits. The result was that the scientists decided that they must produce a kind of cotton that would beat the weevil to it—that would get out of his way before he blossomed. All efforts were promptly directed to this end. The cotton-planters were told what sort of seed to use, how to cultivate it in order most to discourage the weevil, and all about it.

The result is that they are getting the weevil surrounded. A huge area in the South is under such methods of cultivation as practically put him out of circulation. Other regions are getting to it ahead of him—ripening the cotton before he is ready to do his fiendish work. Wherefore the crop is bigger than ever before, and the pest which a few years ago was heralded as marking the beginning of the end of King Cotton's reign is circumvented, or in the way of it.

Science, even in farming, seems to have its advantages.

LISTENING AT SEALED LIPS

IT is a commonplace that the bitter-sweet of possession finds its perfect translation only in loss. Imagination halts with sight and touch. The senses, in which are embodied the practical cravings of the heart, stale with custom the spirit by which they are animate. Many a rainbow romance, that might even now be illuminating humdrum lives, is expiating at Reno the transient glory of its culmination.

Which is to say that in affairs of the heart, love may be all the truer for the perfection with which it is dissembled.

Many a money-mad, work-ridden man toils for his home with no more apparent reason than the pride of routine. His wife is a clothes-horse for gowns and a show-window for jewels. His children are pegs fitted to predestined holes of education, accomplishments, careers. These things belong to the man, and he fights for them and sacrifices for them.

Many a woman accepts husband and children as household furniture, useful or showy, as the case may be. She parades them at the opportune moment, satisfied, even proud, but indifferent to things incidental to more central interests. As she and her children are the badges of the man's prosperity and taste, so he and the children are her title-deeds to the notice of the world. The *modus vivendi* is a sort of mutual inter-possession of familiar objects from which the bloom of acquisition has faded.

But let there be a break in the circle; let death intervene, or misfortune fall, and the sentiment that underlies the sham comes back into its own, tender and in tears.

The progress of a protracted will case, in which the widow bequeathed her husband's fortune to a band of practitioners in the occult, because they claimed to bring his voice back from the void, is full of interesting suggestion. We wonder if the deceased knew, in life, the value in which his words were held at home. We wonder, indeed, to what extent he was permitted to talk when his heart and brain may have been afire for self-expression.

Is it not more than likely that, instead of enlightening his household, the conversation of the deceased was chiefly confined, during life, to a listener's part? Too late, evidently, and only after she was a widow, did the wife of his bosom realize what she had missed—realize it to the point where she was ready to pay out his hard-earned

fortune for the vapid and usually ungrammatical messages which the spirits entrust to their earthly mediums.

Volume considered, not the greatest Chautauqua talkers, not the mightiest of hunters, has had the value fixed upon his words that equals the estimate placed by this doting widow on a line of conversation which, in life, she could have enjoyed by the hour, without money and without price. The stale possession had won, with loss, the charm of a priceless jewel!

There is an old aphorism that there are but "three generations between shirt-sleeves and shirt-sleeves." In the interest of the ideal distribution of wealth it is perhaps a salutary condition that this is true. Certainly it is a working condition if widows in general, no longer content with their own psychic quality, yield themselves to the purveyors of the mysteries that are hid behind the veil. The occultist is vague and enigmatic in the goods he delivers; but he is practical and precise to the point of financial genius in laying and collecting his fees. As a distributing agency for the earnings of long and arduous industry, the intimates of the spirits make as good a medium as any other.

SPEECH AS DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE

THE literature of the affections, proverbially incoherent, finds in suits for divorce and breach of promise the vehicle by which the world is convicted of its most universal folly.

The written word is a terrible thing. Even those who laugh most cruelly at the writhing of some hapless victim of a disinterred sentiment must have cold chills to think of the possible relics of their own fatuous enthusiasms. In business, and more especially in politics, the indelible record of the pen is frequently a fatal nemesis. So instilled into the caution of deviousness is the peril of signature and epistle that the epigram of Fiske, "Don't write; send word," has won to the dignity of a maxim.

But now even speech is mechanically recorded, with all the familiar marks of indentification pertaining to chirography. The inflection of the voice is even more infallibly characteristic than the peculiarities of handwriting. A concealed box, a hidden receiver, and the fragile breath of promise, the whispered word of self-betrayal, become exhibits in the case.

Not even Jules Verne, the prophet of science, could foresee such a dénouement as that afforded by the evidence adduced in the prosecution of certain Ohio legislators for alleged corruption. Never did fabled ghost speak with such damning positiveness and authority as the little instrument that dragged into the notoriety of a trial the timid words spoken in a closet. There was almost something indecent in the exposé. Has privacy no last and inviolate stronghold? Has shame no city of refuge?

It is too much to hope that even the speech-recording machine will much avail to close the open mouth. Tongues will wag, slander will still find easy utterance, rumor will continue to be prince of aviators. But the Ohio warning will, in the more formal matters, found a suspicion that cannot fail to exert a salutary influence upon the practise of talking. "Gentlemen's agreements" will be the more readily enforceable. The spoken word will gain a new significance, rivaling the conclusive character of the written one.

This does not mean that science has stricken humanity dumb; but it does mean that a powerful influence is coming to be exerted toward the making of speech a true record of the mind, in place of its long-time use as the veil wherewith to conceal thought.

Only, the grafters must be deaf and dumb, as well as afflicted with writer's cramp; and even then, their backward reach with upturned palm must run the peril of the camera and the motion picture!

THE KEEPERS OF THE SHRINE

BY AVERY GAUL

LUCIA shut the door of her *petit appartement* with a click that verged on being vicious.

"Asked my husband to go to Versailles," she said wretchedly, "and not me! They're getting bold enough now to come right to my own house, and make plans before my very eyes! I wonder if he will go. Why didn't I say something?"

She sank down in the creaking willow chair before her absurd little French grate, and idly picked up the poker. Then she hesitated, and, putting it down, remarked:

"If I do, the *boulets* will not last till night!"

How well she knew the apportioned duty of each shovelful in the weekly five-franc sack!

A long sigh. Then wearily she rose and drew the faded curtains. They were not the sort of curtains that Lucia would have chosen. They had been purchased from one of the students who was leaving the Latin Quarter when Lucia and her husband had arrived.

The whole apartment had been furnished from just such remnants of other people's housekeeping. The cracked table, now with wings meekly folded, but soon to be dragged out and subjected to the ignominy of another meal; the unpainted sets of shelves; the rickety music-rack; a bit of fringing carpet; and a wall-paper that choked the whole, a purplish terra-cotta. Overhead, in exasperating suggestion, a pipe end protruded, where one could fasten a gas-jet, if one cared to go to the expense. Don Grail had not cared to. Lucia filled the lamps.

There was also a very, very small kitchen and the "other room"—the room that did not have the fire, nor the carpet, nor the chairs; just a draped box for a wash-stand, and a decent screen. Lucia had insisted on the luxury of the screen. There were also a few hooks, three trunks, and a double *sommier* to sleep on.

"We haven't had a chance to get everything yet," Lucia always explained; but they had been there a year now.

The door-bell rang. Lucia drew back from the window where she had lingered, staring out with dull eyes on the dead wall opposite. Wistfully she looked round, eager for some friendliness at this hour when all Paris was loitering over its *brioche* and coffee, in studio or café.

Three short rings. Lucia flew to the door.

"Why, Ira! Ira Hutchinson! I'm so glad it's you!"

"You were going to pretend there was no one here, now, weren't you?"

He grasped her hand with the assurance of deep friendship. The girl shook her head, smiling, and drew away.

"I was afraid."

"Afraid of me?"

Ira looked pleased, man-fashion.

"Oh, my, no! Afraid it was not you!"

Quickly, as if she had said a thing to be regretted, she added: "You are both violinists; why don't you ever come when Don's at home?"

"He's never home when I come."

For a full horrid minute they looked at each other in embarrassment. Then, brushing the shadow aside, the girl leaned forward eagerly.

"Do tell me all about the symphony," she said, with the quick, sweet sympathy that had first made him her friend. "How much is written now?"

"No more! It doesn't get on. The fellows say it sounds like Berlioz, soft-boiled! I have no heart in it. The inspiration—" He broke off, looking at her with an odd gesture, as of tossing something from him. "Lucia, can you dance?" he asked abruptly.

She laughed.

"What do you mean?"

"I have a great idea. I want to work it out. You know I used to dance, back in New York?"

"No."

Each time he came he told of something new he used to do, "back in New York." Once it was writing on a newspaper, and of all the great men he had hobnobbed with. Last time, it was about some costume designing he had done, with a hint at having acted well himself. And these experiences of the past he vivified with his great plans for the future.

Long and sinewy, he leaned back in this setting he had made himself, and demanded your approval. There was about him a certain sort of glamour that fascinated all who came in contact with him. His spirit seemed a thing that leaped and laughed along the highways of the world. He was able to do too many little things ever to do one thing well. Lucia liked him simply for the *camaraderie* that sought her out, as now, to share his plans with her.

"I created that dance for Kate Krile—you've seen it? Oh, well! It was pure rhythm as I left it, but it has been murdered since."

The egotism of the man was too superb to quarrel with. Lucia looked up wistfully.

"Why don't you stick to your violin, Ira?" she asked.

"I need the money. This new dance, now, I'll get Cerise Détaud to try it on at Le Cirque, and if it goes?" He blew a kiss upward between long fingers; then he rose, and did some steps. "Most dances begin from the center and expand," he explained, never breaking the time, "but this one, this begins from the outside and works in."

Slowly he moved his long, lithe body, gently raised his arms, and, with sinuous, seductive movements, seemed to draw all things to him through his finger-tips.

"It is the dance of Khor," he said, "the great snake of the jungle. Do you remember him? Do you recognize him?"

But just as she was expecting a tremendous climax, he stopped short.

"I won't spoil it for you now. You must come over to the studio to-morrow afternoon, when I do the whole thing for Cerise. *Madame* will chaperon—Mme. Jones, with whom I live, you know."

"I've heard."

He detected a note of hesitancy in her voice.

"Oh, well, bring Don," he conceded, "if you must!"

Lucia flushed.

"Please!" she implored. "Please!" And then, as if to deny some implication, she added: "But he probably will be too busy."

Ira sat down squarely in the chair facing hers.

"What is it, little woman?" he asked gently. "Can't you just tell me?"

"But there's nothing!" Her words were firm, yet she herself heard the hollow ring of them, and was confused. As if she had already admitted something, she ended helplessly: "It's only—that I—that he—that I have no place in his life!"

"No place? What do you mean?" demanded Ira. "Don't you do everything for him?"

"Oh, that doesn't count!" Lucia's shattered reserve dropped from her as a mask. "He wants a girl with temperament! What can I do? Nothing! Nothing! I don't know what he married me for! I don't know why I came here with him—here to Paris, where all the women sing, or paint, or laugh—or are beautiful. How can he keep on caring? Look at me! Look at me!" She stood before him, white and passionately beautiful, and she flung wide her arms. "Look at the rags I wear! See what we live in! He demands something more than this. He needs it. He must have it. He is an artist! And I—I am his housekeeper, and nothing more," she finished with a sob.

The man was on his feet. He caught her two hands roughly from before her face.

"You are the mother of his child!" he cried. "How can you talk so?"

"Because of that!" She wrenched away and stood defying him. "He loathed that child, and then he learned to hate me!" Her hands dropped heavily, and the words fell limp and dead. "We came here on our wedding-trip. We were to stay four months. Then—that happened. We had to linger on, and the money that was to last four months was made to stretch a year. I would have tried to return to America, but he would not go. He likes Paris! So we came here, and here our child was born." Her eyes swept the ugly room with a horror that had never forgotten. "And here—our baby died!"

"Lucia!"

"And he was glad! Oh, yes, I know, I know! He wanted to study, to write, to be a great power in music; he did not want a child! He does not want a wife! He

wants his paltry little sixty dollars to himself each month, and a life! A life"—her voice fell back again—"in which I have no place. I ought to leave him. I have no right to be here, now, at all. I ought to, for I hinder him. But I do not quite know how."

For a moment the soul-swept eyes of Ira Hutchinson held hers. Again his unleashed heart cried out to her:

"Lucia!"

He would have taken her; but the woman hardly saw him.

"I am his housekeeper," she repeated softly. "And"—the lamp did not sputter, but she bent over to fix it, and he could not see her face—"he is a great musician."

"He is a great—" Ira Hutchinson caught his breath, and searched his mind, in vain for a word that would comprehend it all.

"Musician," she insisted; and held out her hand. "Good-by, Ira—till to-morrow."

The man staggered slightly as his cold fingers touched her own. He turned, and groped his way out through the door.

II

DON GRAIL did not come home that night. The little dinner waited. The lentils grew cold and the chicory withered. His wife finally put them away for to-morrow, untouched; it was a way she had. She ate her *petit suisse* with a roll, and went to bed.

Don Grail did not come home at all that night. This was the third—no, the fourth time it had happened.

He danced at the Bal Bullier. After that, well, it was far too late for a man to go home. And next morning it seemed too early; so four o'clock in the afternoon found him loitering at the Café des Dômes, sunk back in a great leather-covered divan, a glass of coffee on the table before him, and *Le Rire* and *Le Sourire* crackling their vile pages, fresh from the press, at his elbow.

It was a garish hour, before the glamour of dusk. Paris had done strange things to Don Grail. A man of talent, if not of genius; a man who had worked hard all through his student days in a Western city; a man who had been powerful enough to wrest a living out of music, and ambitious enough to lay his little income by for future study—he had come at last to the Mecca of all musicians, and had bartered

his birthright on the very threshold of the muse.

It was not that he had forgotten his vision, but rather that he did not know how far from it he strayed. He did not realize that his art was slipping from him, and his grip on life. He had never squarely thought of his own wife. He continually looked forward to to-morrow as the day when he would work. He was caught in the vortex of that great whirl of Parisian life that sucks its victims down while they still think they dance.

This afternoon, nauseated with too much pleasure, he fell to contemplating his resources and his vitiated energies. His reflections nettled him. Seeking diversion, he glanced around the stagnant room.

Two ill-looking youths sat opposite him, sipping their *café au rhum*. He caught a word of their conversation.

"No, what's the use of being married? The American girls are just the same!"

Now, Don Grail had never noticed that his countrywomen were anything but admirable. He woke up quarrelsome.

"Oh, I say," he interposed, "you can't prove that!"

"How about Christobel Anderson?" one of the young men asked.

"How about Mary Beeman?" said the other. "She and that Russian on her third floor paint all day from the same model!"

"I heard Trix say the other day that she thought Paris was just lovely—it didn't make any difference whether a man was married or not, you could go around with any one."

The sallow youths grinned at each other. Don Grail was disgusted, and started to withdraw, but the next question held him. They spoke of a man he knew.

"What's the name of that girl that Ira Hutchinson is in love with?"

The first youth shook his head.

"I don't know. She's married."

"Where does she live?" asked Don.

He was ashamed, but he was interested. He had always seen Ira too full of schemes to associate him with women.

"Somewhere off Raspail—Rue Boissonade, I think. I see him going up there all the time."

Don started, looked at the speaker strangely, and then stared down into his empty glass.

"What does she look like?" he asked inscrutably.

A French girl had drawn near them, and was listening.

"She's slender," replied the impartor of information, rejoiced to find himself with an audience. "Rather artistic—eh, Will? Wears a green suit, has fuzzy hair, and looks innocent." Again the two youths grinned. "But the minute her husband leaves the house, they say—"

"You lie!" Don sprang to his feet with an oath that whipped the whole room standing. "You lie!"

He struck at the stranger with knotted fist. Some one leaped to restrain him. A glass crashed to the floor.

Don threw back his head without a smile, laughed, burst between them all, and broke away.

The café was in an uproar. The girls giggled shrilly. The men swore and crowded up. The *garçons* deserted their customers, forgot their sous, and, flourishing their *serviettes*, ran as one man to pick up the broken glass. The proprietor wrung his hands in sympathy, and moaned, but was secretly glad. It was just such scenes as this that kept his trade alive. Only the little French girl sat unconcernedly on, sipping her curaçoa.

"*C'est sa femme*," she kept repeating calmly. "*Mais oui, alors*, hees wife!" And she rattled the bangles on her arm that Don had given her.

III

IT rained outside. With lowered head, and breath that came and went and fought the raw wind brokenly, Don Grail stumbled on through the dark streets. He longed with a driving passion to reach his wife and his home. He wanted the touch of her cool hand, the candor of her eyes. He remembered, as if he had never thought of it before, the sweetness of her breath, and the look of the lamps, and the feel of the little fire.

Yet at his door he trembled, with his key upon the latch. And when he found the rooms all dark and empty, he said:

"I knew it!"

He barely looked around, but fled; and reeling out into the storm again, he found himself pushing toward the place where she might be—to the courtyard of Rue Campagne Première, 8 bis, where lived the man who had done this thing to him.

A figure brushed by under the iron arched gateway—a woman, holding an umbrella

low before her, so that she did not see the man whom she passed.

He turned. It was his wife.

All the suspicion that his own experiences forced upon his power of conception flamed up beyond control.

"Lucia! Stop!"

She wheeled, surprised, and smiled when she recognized him. With sudden weakness, the man leaned back against a tree within the shelter of the yard.

"What is it, Don?" She came quite close and watched him curiously. "Are you drunk?"

"No! I wish I were!"

A something in his voice came home to her. She saw, at last, their tragedy upon them. She could not know, as yet, in just what guise it came; but she felt the horror closing down, there in the cold rain, on the cobblestones.

"What is it, Don?"

She drew the umbrella close behind her, and partly over him.

"You have been at Hutchinson's!"

The girl went white. Could he seize on a horrid pretense like this—a silly little thing, so easily explained? How he must have searched and watched, to find a peg to hang his hate upon! And she had endured so much, so long, to wait in the end for this!

She drew her umbrella closer.

"Well?"

His words jerked along as if he could not form or control them.

"You and he are always together now. He loves you! I am never home—I did not know! Every one knows but me!" His anger against his humiliation rose like a wind; and as she stood there, mute, before his accusations, he fairly shrieked: "Why don't you say something? Deny it!"

"Why should I?" All that she had endured in a long, bitter year was unsmothered in those few words. "Suppose"—her voice fell between them like a stone—"suppose I said that it was true?"

"We should have to leave each other."

Blindly the man tossed the hard words into the yawning gap of their lives; and the girl caught them and hugged them to her.

He had said it. That was the way—the way to cut forever this chain that was dragging down to the dust her womanhood and his genius! His opinion of her, or the world's, did not enter into her mind. He would be glad for her to go, she thought.

He would be free again, and would achieve some great work. And she?

Triumphantly Lucia raised her head and looked him in the eyes.

"Then we must leave each other!" she declared.

And surprised, after all, to find it such a simple thing, she shifted her umbrella a little and walked away.

The rain continued to pour down, the carts to roll by on the streets; and the news-boy on the corner kept on calling his evening paper:

"*La Patrie, La Patrie, La Patrie!*"

But something within the man who leaned against the dripping tree had ceased to live. And at last it occurred to him, too, that this was true, and that he had better take the rest of himself away from Paris for a while. So he crept back to his *petit appartement* to make ready for a journey.

With purse in pocket, he hesitated as he closed his door. He remembered that Lucia might have need for money, and he went and put the purse back again. It was then that he smelled something burning. It was the soup on the kitchen stove, which had boiled down dry.

IV

THREE months later, an envelope reached Don Grail in the little French hamlet where he had thought none knew of his coming. It had been readdressed several times, and had been on its way for weeks. The handwriting looked like Hutchinson's, and Don was surprised to see that the first postmark was Tours. Were they not, then, in Paris? And why write to him? All that he asked of them was to be left alone. The past three months had been one agony of introspection and remorse. What now?

He tore the envelope open, and there was nothing in it but a newspaper clipping, cut from the *Paris Herald*. Across the top was scrawled:

Did you see this? It haunts me. Is all well with Lucia?

I. H.

A queer pain shot across Don Grail's eyes, and the table spun before him. He gripped its edge, and read the paper through.

As his eyes ran down its meager length, the whole world changed. The lurid clouds in which he had lived seemed to burst in one last flame, and a strong white light lit

up the tortuous caverns of his brain, until he cried out against the cruelty of seeing all, at last, so vividly.

Then the white light faded, and everything was gray; nor was there ever any color, after that, in the whole life of Don Grail.

He dropped his head upon his arms, but he did not cry. After a while he rose and slowly packed his things, and journeyed down to Tours, to find the man from whom he thought he was fleeing—the one man, now, who might be able to explain.

He sought out Ira Hutchinson; but when they had exchanged a word or two there was nothing more to say. Hutchinson had left Paris, on business, the very night that Grail went north. He had not seen Lucia since she had left his studio, laughing, in the rain. Each man had supposed that she was with the other.

It only remained to look up this account that had been printed so casually, days before, in the corner of a newspaper. So they made their pilgrimage to Paris together, each assuring the other that what they dreaded could not possibly be, that such things did not happen in real life, that there was some mistake.

Don Grail sat crushed, with grim, gray face, and planned how different life would be, if only he might have his wife again. Ira Hutchinson, as the train crawled on, could only cross and recross his long knees, and thrum the window-pane, regretting all, and trying to interpret what Lucia might have been to him.

The train pulled into the Gare St. Lazare. The two men hurried out and approached the place they sought, their steps alternately quickening, as their hopes rose, and dragging again, as they dreaded to make sure.

It was all true enough—hideously true. They verified it so easily that even after all was ascertained they still stood dumb before the fact, and could not quite believe.

Each man found that there was nothing left in the dregs of their lives except to linger along together, and talk sometimes of her, and try to find a little peace before the shrine that they built in their hearts. Don Grail never attempted his great work. How could he, with his face set toward the past? And Ira never accomplished much, because of wondering.

They drifted back to their own land. Few knew of their coming. They were

pointed out, sometimes, as men who had once shown promise, but now were washed up on the back-waters of life's sands.

V

AN office-boy in a New York music-publishing house was cleaning up after hours. It was summer. The dust he raised half stifled him, and he paused to breathe, and to listen to the street noises, which reverberated faintly through the thick walls of the empty building, as from a long distance off. He heard the sound of a violin—no, two violins—being played in an empty room.

He jumped. He was a new boy, or he would have known. This same sound came from that empty room almost every evening after the work of the day was done, and the toilers had all gone home. Passers-by often stopped outside and listened, as the strange strains stole from the dusk of the deserted building.

The office-boy approached the doorway cautiously, and leaned over to look through the keyhole.

All that he saw was two old men, playing on two violins—the same two that he had seen entering together, arm in arm, and working all day side by side, before their high-piled desks; two old men, sitting perched up on their office stools, playing two old violins.

The last rays of the sun fell through the streaked windows, and checkered the littered floor. The great desks and the crowded shelves fell into blending shadow; and the faces of the two old men grew farther and farther away, till one saw only their eager eyes, alight once more with youth.

The taller slid down from off his stool, and laid his violin by. With stealthy steps he advanced, and bowed, and swayed. Slowly he moved his long, thin body, gently raised his arms, and with sinuous, seductive movements seemed to draw all things to him through his finger-tips. It was a strange old dance that he danced; it was the dance of Khor.

And as he bent and swung, a paper fluttered from his pocket, and, like a butterfly, settled on the floor. The dancer did not notice it. When they had finished, they put their violins back in their shabby boxes, picked up their old straw hats, and went away, arm in arm.

The office-boy stole into the room. He found the paper, picked it up, and carried it to the window.

It was old and yellow, and rotten to the touch. Once it had been torn, and a piece of cloth was glued upon its back. Across the top some faded, illegible words were scrawled; but the boy could make out the old-fashioned printing that formed the paragraph below:

Yesterday morning an American woman was found dead from cold and starvation in her room near the Gare St. Lazare. The *conciierge* knows only that she came there two months before, and said she was a teacher looking for work. She went out every morning and returned at nightfall, always alone. There was no fire in her room, nor had she any clothing except that which she wore. A handkerchief was found, marked with the single letter "G." No friends have come to claim her.

The office-boy lost interest. He threw the old clipping into a scrap-basket, and burned it, with the rest.

ANNO DOMINI

In a candle's glow we said a prayer,
Those years ago;
And we kissed a little band of gold
That bound us two.
My head was dark as yours was fair.

Now of one whiteness is our hair
In the candle's glow;
You'll find no whiter anywhere;
But we grow young instead of old,
As we kiss again the band of gold
That makes us so—
As we kissed it first and said a prayer
In a candle's glow,
Those years ago!

Witter Bynner

THE STAGE

PLANS AND PROSPECTS FOR NEXT SEASON

THE managers have been unusually frank this year in letting the public know about their plans for 1911-1912. As to the prospects—well, that is another matter altogether.

From the side of the public, which will have much and varied entertainment offered it, and from that of the American play-

wright, whose wares are now in greater demand than ever, the outlook is cheerful enough; but the manager has no slight cause for trepidation. The piper must be paid, and with theaters still multiplying faster than paying audiences, the financial problem grows all the while more difficult.

Paris alone seems to be the happy spot where the theaters are turning in splendid profits—in spite of the tax levied on them,



LOUISE LE BARON, A PRIMA DONNA IN ONE OF THE ABORN OPERA COMPANIES, AS CARMEN

From her latest photograph by Baker, Columbus, Ohio



MILLCENT EVANS, LEADING WOMAN WITH WILLIAM H. CRANE IN "UNITED STATES MINISTER BEDLOE"

From her latest photograph by Moffett, Chicago

which is the reason why the receipts must be made public. The French managers bitterly object to this system, I understand; but think of the howl that would go up from Broadway if there were such a regulation in New York, exposing in all their hideous scantiness the real takings of each house!

At present it looks as if the earliest New York theater to open would be the latest

one built—William A. Brady's Playhouse, inaugurated by Grace George the day before Easter. Here that favorite young star, Douglas Fairbanks, is scheduled to ring up the curtain on August 16 with his new play, tried on the dog last spring—"A Gentleman of Leisure." It is a comedy, of course—the collaborated work of John Stapleton and P. G. Wodehouse, the latter an English author of considerable reputation in his line.



BILLIE BURKE, WHO MAY APPEAR IN PARIS THIS AUTUMN AS AN ENGLISH GIRL
SPEAKING BROKEN FRENCH

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York



EDNA BAKER, TO APPEAR IN A NEW PLAY UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF COHAN & HARRIS

From her latest photograph by White, New York

Mr. Brady has promised, you may remember, to make this Playhouse of his a repertoire theater while the new New Theater is building; so in case "A Gentleman of Leisure" makes the hit which is always expected with fresh offerings — and which, I scarcely need add, is seldom realized — we may find Mr. Fairbanks transferred elsewhere while Grace George takes his place, first with "Sauce for the Goose," and later with a round of plays that may include another glimpse of her enjoyable *Lady Teazle*.

Another August booking is Mr. Fairbanks's late running mate, Thomas A. Wise, who will pass to the management of Charles B. Dillingham, and will star in a comedy by James O'Dea and Anne Caldwell. I never heard of James O'Dea, but I have no trouble in identifying Miss Caldwell as the author of that clever farce, "The Nest Egg."

Mr. Dillingham has borrowed from another management — Cohan & Harris this time — taking John Barrymore, whom he has assigned to still another product of Miss Caldwell, "The Life of the Party." If this is as clever as its name, and if young Barrymore is fitted with a rôle as snugly as he was in "The Fortune Hunter," we shall very likely see him in nothing else for the next two seasons. This switching about of actors from one management to another emphasizes anew Shakespeare's dictum, "The play's the thing." Control the rights to a piece peculiarly adapted to a player, and you are pretty certain to get him or her. Mr. Dillingham, by the way, will equip Montgomery and Stone with a new play as a successor to "The Old Town."



JANE COWL, LEADING WOMAN FOR THE SECOND SEASON IN THE NO. 1 COMPANY OF "THE GAMBLERS"

From her latest photograph by Bangs, New York

"Early in August" reads the lettering on the hoarding in front of Weber's, preceding the announcement that Vera Michelena will be featured there in a musical comedy, the character of which is not difficult to guess from its title, "Señorita." Jean Briquet composed the music. This is to be followed, later on, by a play with Edmund Breese as the star, called "A Man of Honor," and written by Isaac Landman. The subject matter of the Landman piece is shrouded in mystery, as is the new vehicle



JUSTINE JOHNSTONE

From a photograph by White, New York



EDNA MAYO

From a photograph by White, New York



ETHEL LEVEY

From a photograph by Schneider, Berlin



JANETTE DENARDER

From a photograph by Gerlach, Berlin

A GROUP OF PARTICIPANTS IN THE SHOW AT THE NEW YORK
FOLIES BERGÈRE

for William Faversham, of which nothing is said beyond the facts that it is by Edward Sheldon, and that it is "big" in theme. Mr. Faversham yearns to act *Hamlet*, and as the best-laid plans of men and managers

A new male star is to be placed in the dramatic horizon during the autumn in the person of Richard Bennett, late of "The Deep Purple," who is to act the dashing young American typewriter agent of Mrs.



FAY WALLACE, WHO IS DOROTHY WELLES IN THE NEW YORK COMPANY OF
"GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD"

From a photograph by White, New York

so often gang agley, we may yet see him as the melancholy Dane. Offhand, I should say that he possesses not a few natural advantages for the part.

Burnett's novel, "The Shuttle." Yet another elevation to display type at the top of the program will be Donald Brian, scheduled to open at the Knickerbocker in a new

musical comedy by the makers of "The Dollar Princess."

To get back to drama, the Lieblers, under the able direction of George Tyler, will cut a big dash in the theatrical pond. They have taken over the lease of the New Thea-

adapted. The first of these will be a dramatization of Robert Hichens's most famous story, "The Garden of Allah." Mr. Tyler, his stage-director, Hugh Ford, and the author made a special journey to the East, last spring, to acquire local color, and if the



FOLA LA FOLLETTE, DAUGHTER OF SENATOR LA FOLLETTE OF WISCONSIN—MISS LA FOLLETTE LAST APPEARED AS THE HEROINE IN "THE SCARECROW"

From her latest photograph by White, New York

ter, changing its name to the Century, and they propose to follow a revival of "The Blue Bird" with two spectacular productions of new pieces, for which the ample stage of this beautiful house is peculiarly

piece doesn't run the season out every one will be disappointed except Louis N. Parker, whose biblical play about Joseph and his brethren, called "The Deliverer," will have the next chance at the Century.

The biggest card among the Liebler stars is Mme. Simone, the French actress, who is a daughter-in-law of Casimir-Périer, late President of France, and who created the leading rôle in Bernstein's "Thief" when it was originally produced in Paris. She was the first *Hen Pheasant* in "Chantecler," and as she speaks English fluently she possesses a big advantage over most of her compatriots who come to this country. The indefatigable Louis N. Parker has made for her an adaptation of Rostand's "La Princesse Lointaine," in which Mme. Simone La Bargo (to give her the full name) will impersonate *My Lady of Dreams*.

While on the subject of Louis N. Parker, whose "Pomander Walk" brought him back into the forefront of American theatricals, where he had been rather under a cloud since his "Rosemary" and "Mayflower" of the season 1896-1897, I might as well add that he has contracted to do still a third play for the Lieblers, founded on a legend in English history, and intended for Viola Allen's use. Meanwhile his "Disraeli," for George Arliss, is booked to open the season at Wallack's. It has some dozen weeks to its credit in Chicago, after an inauspicious start, followed by a boost from the Drama League of America, which set people talking and going to see for themselves.

Margaret Anglin has become a Liebler star, and is announced to appear at the Thirty-Ninth Street Theater in repertoire—which is the ambition of every actor, just as the long run is the goal of all managers. Her opening bill is "Green Stockings"—which have already been worn, if I may so express myself, on the road.

Slated by the Lieblers for an autumn Chicago run is C. M. S. McLellan's newest play, "The Affair in the Barracks," a serious drama, not to be confounded with "The Girl in the Barracks," which served Clara Lipman some years since. Two plays already seen by Chicago, with a New York showing yet to follow, are "The Stranger," with Wilton Lackaye, and "The Great Name," in which Henry Kolker occupied the spot-light for ten weeks at the Cort Theater. He broke with the New Theater a year ago, or less, and is now under the management of Henry W. Savage.

At this writing the only really new offerings under the Savage banner for the coming year will be "The Million," an adaptation of a very funny and really clean Palais Royal farce, made by Leo Ditrichstein, and

"Lord Piccolo," adapted by Edward Paul-ton and A. E. Thomas under the title "Boy Blue." Mr. Savage is also arranging to give Puccini's latest opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," in English.

Speaking of A. E. Thomas, who is no relation to Augustus, but a former dramatic editor on the New York *Sun*, his comedy "What the Doctor Ordered" is down to open in September at the Astor Theater. Its electric lights were up at that house last April, but were switched off by the sudden death of its leading player, Jacob Wendell, Jr., a clever member of the New Theater stock.

Another announcement for Wagenhals & Kemper is a modern drama, "The Boomerang," by Frederick Truesdell, evidently the actor who was the original leading man in "The College Widow," and who now fills the same post for Rose Stahl in "Maggie Pepper."

Nothing daunted by Charles Frohman's hard luck with importations last year, A. H. Woods, once the king of melodrama, and latterly dallying with "Girls" of the "Taxi" type, returned from a trip abroad in the spring with a bulging bundle of contracts picked up on the other side. In fact, save for the brothers Dustin and William Farnum in a play made from a vaudeville sketch, "The Littlest Rebel," and Julian Eltinge in "The Fascinating Widow," the twenty-odd Woods' productions for 1911-1912 bear the foreign stamp.

Speaking of musical plays, the year's sensation in this line promises to be the opera "Rosenkavalier," by Richard Strauss. It was originally produced with much pomp in Dresden last winter. F. C. Whitney, grown rich on the receipts of "The Chocolate Soldier" in the United States and England, captured both British and American rights, while the Metropolitan Opera Company was hanging back. He has signed a new German tenor, Fritz Sturmfels, of the Leipsic Opera.

Ever since "The Merry Widow" days we have been hearing of new scores by Franz Lehar, but that is all it has amounted to. At last, this spring, Daly's Theater in London brought out his "Count of Luxembourg," which is accounted a big success, and the American rights of which have been acquired by Klaw & Erlanger.

Meantime, "The Quaker Girl," which has had more than six months' run at the Adelphi, on the Strand, has been secured

for the Majestic, on Columbus Circle, by Frank McKee, who seems to hanker for some more active, if more hazardous management than simply taking in the rent for the motion-picture occupancy of his Savoy Theater. "The Quaker Girl" is English-made, with music by Lionel Monckton, that master hand at turning out tunes in which the comedian and the soubrette take the part of boy and girl, and sing of toys, chicks, or kiddies.

Of Viennese origin is "The Jolly Peasant," by Leo Fall, composer of "The Dollar Princess." This Werba & Luescher are to give us, as well as Alice Lloyd in "The D butante," and Louis Mann in a new play by Samuel Shipman and Clara Lipman—the latter being Mrs. Louis Mann.

Of purely American manufacture will be "The Middy," in which Clifton Crawford will star. This piece, by Melville Baker and Mr. Crawford himself, was to have been called "Navy Blue," but perhaps the supposed ill-luck of this color dictated the change of title. Mr. Crawford has made himself a big favorite in "Three Twins," and—what the public perhaps does not realize—he is as clever at turning out tunes and lyrics as he is at mimicry. Similar to "The Middy," at least in its background, will be "The Jolly Tar," which Jefferson de Angelis has prepared for himself, with the assistance of William T. Francis at the keyboard.

Extensive preparations are being made, I understand, for Blanche Ring's new vehicle, possibly to be called "The Wall Street Girl." The libretto is to be done by that happily mated team, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, the latter known on the playbills as Margaret Mayo. Otto Hauerbach is to furnish the rimes and Karl Hoschna the tunes, as they did for "Three Twins" and various other productions of Joseph M. Gaites, including "The Girl of My Dreams," which is to be seen at the Criterion.

Apparently, nothing daunted by the trail of disaster that has followed the attempt to make the people in front pay money to see what goes on behind, Marie Tempest has selected "Lily, the Bill-Topper," for her new vehicle with which to tour next season under her own management. It is classified in the advance announcements as "comedy melodrama," which one would think a handicap in itself. Miss Tempest's r le is that of a trick cyclist in the music-halls, and the melodrama is supplied by a brutal

father, plus a drunken husband. The play was adapted from the French of Castaigne by Paul Kester, the American who furnished Julia Marlowe with the dramatic version of "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

ORBITS FOR HARRIS STARS

Rose Stahl, who found fame, fortune, and a four years' run with "The Chorus Lady," has accomplished the difficult feat of duplicating so pronounced a hit along the same lines. This at any rate so far as Chicago is concerned—which, as I pointed out two months ago, is not so bad a criterion as to what is likely to happen to a play in New York as is popularly supposed. "The Chorus Lady" ran in the Illinois city for thirteen weeks. "Maggie Pepper," Miss Stahl's new piece, lasted fourteen, and could have stayed longer had not the star required a summer rest to fit her for the New York engagement. This is to begin August 31 at the erstwhile Hackett, now the William Harris Theater. The house has been re-decorated in mulberry and ivory, and has come under the management of H. B. Harris, who has named it in honor of his father.

As to "Maggie Pepper," there is a lot of human nature in the piece—I saw it in Chicago—and while it lacks the bustling atmosphere which made "The Chorus Lady's" second act so striking, the key-note is possibly more in accord with the public's every-day experiences.

I rather fancy the New York critics will say that Mr. Klein's play gives Miss Stahl abundant opportunity to make good, but that the melodrama is piled on a bit thick. With the people, I predict a success that will carry the piece through the season at the Harris Theater, which is the same one where "The Chorus Lady" played most of its nine months' term in New York.

The second offering of H. B. Harris will be presented a few nights later, on September 4, at the Hudson, elevating to the post of star Frank McIntyre, the good-natured fat man who did so much for "The Traveling Salesman." The name of the new play is "Snobs," and it is the work of George Bronson-Howard, who is no relation to the author of "The Banker's Daughter."

After nearly two years' absence from Broadway, Robert Edeson will return there with a new play by a man who has not hitherto written for the stage—Gelett Burgess. The piece is entitled "The Cave Man." Without knowing, at this writing, anything

of its scheme, I trust that Mr. Edeson has not been carried away by a part which he will enjoy playing, without paying due attention to the question whether the public will get its money's worth from the drama. You see, the title leads me to fear the worst, but we will all hope for the best.

George Broadhurst is due for a New York hit with "The Price," for Helen Ware, as his last Broadway showing—"The Call of the North," for Robert Edeson—was a frost, although proving to be a big road property. To show how plays run in cycles, a stock company man told me the other day that the poorest takings they did were for business plays like "The Man of the Hour," the drama that coined money for Mr. Broadhurst a few years since.

Elsie Ferguson had three failures on tour last season, and, like Mr. Edeson, did not play Manhattan at all; but she has determined to give her last venture—"Dolly Madison," by Charles Nirdlinger—a showing in New York. "The Arab," by Edgar Selwyn, is also to be staged on Broadway after a late spring try-out in Los Angeles.

COMPREHENSIVE FROHMAN

Charles Frohman has two hoodoos. Perhaps, after his last year's experience, I should add French plays, and say three. But the two I had in mind were plays by new names, and plays by well-known authors who had just achieved success under another management.

Evidently, however, Mr. Frohman has plenty of courage left, for his column-long announcement, given out on his return from Europe in mid-June, led off with a new comedy by Augustus Thomas, followed by "Sex," from the pen of Porter Emerson Browne, and by a trio of offerings from those lucky young American dramatists, Thompson Buchanan, A. E. Thomas, and Winchell Smith. If we follow out the law of averages, I have more hope for the works he has secured from Martha Morton and William Gillette, whose last ventures were both failures.

With respect to the vehicle for Mme. Nazimova, who now comes under Mr. Frohman's management, he has been positively daring, having arranged to present her in two plays by an American writer who has never before had anything produced. And, what is more, the scenes are laid in this country. Mr. Frohman has not been addicted to encouraging the native product, and

I cannot blame him, as he has invariably been bitten badly when he has tried to give our playwrights a chance. William H. Crane is also to have a comedy of American origin.

After his sad experience last year with the Gallic brand, this most prolific of the announcers has returned to his first love—British goods—and promises to show America no fewer than ten dramas made in England. Among them will be John Drew in the comedy, "A Single Man," written by Hubert Henry Davies, a young Britisher long resident in this country, who peddled his plays in vain here, and finally went back home to find success in London with his "Cousin Kate" and "Mrs. Gorrings' Necklace," which had been repeatedly refused by the American managers.

Mr. Drew's niece, Ethel Barrymore, will follow him at the Empire Theater in "The Witness for the Defense," by A. E. Mason, a spring feature at the St. James's Theater, whose proprietor, George Alexander, was knighted by King George as one of the coronation honors.

Another English-built play, "Passers-By," by Haddon Chambers, author of "Captain Swift," will be housed at the Criterion, possibly with Richard Bennett in the leading rôle before he goes into "The Shuttle." Mr. Frohman will also show us Pinero's newest comedy, "Preserving Mr. Panmure." An English play, "A Butterfly on the Wheel," is to serve Marie Doro, and other British authors to be represented by new work are Hall Caine, Somerset Maugham, and R. C. Carton, whose "Lord and Lady Algy" was one of the delightful features of the Empire Theater's old stock days.

At the time of Mr. Frohman's June announcement, the new vehicles for Hattie Williams and Kyrle Bellew were not named, which probably meant that they were not picked yet; but Otis Skinner was slated for the A. E. Thomas piece, and Francis Wilson must have finally consented to let go his clutch on his own darling work, "A Bachelor's Baby," as he was put down for "The Magic Ring." I mustn't forget Billie Burke, who still sticks to the French, and is booked for "The Runaway"; nor must I omit mention of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whom Mr. Frohman proposes to bring over in her London Haymarket hit, "Lady Patricia," a comedy by Rudolph Besier, author of "Don."

Maude Adams is to continue in "Chanticleer," supplemented by some special afternoons in new short plays by J. M. Barrie, who is also reported to be engaged on a long work for Mr. Frohman. But I haven't the heart to go further with the Frohman announcements.

It has been suggested that I should ask my readers to preserve this list of his promises, and to compare them next spring with the record of his performances. There may be many reasons, however, why a manager does not produce all the plays that he announces. One of them may be the fact that his first offerings are so successful that he has no room in his theaters for others. So if Mr. Frohman falls short in this respect, let us hope that it may be for so satisfactory a cause as this.

By way of striking contrast with C. F.'s many announcements, I will pass on to a manager who makes but one—Maurice Campbell, husband of Henrietta Crosman, who is booked to open as early as August 10 at Maxine Elliott's Theater in "The Real Thing," a comedy by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, whose "Miss Ananias" has already played a season on the road. "The Real Thing" may be said to show the reverse of the shield as displayed in "A Woman's Way" and "Sauce for the Goose," where the man strays away from his own fireside for no apparent reason. The reason in this case is that the wife devotes all her time to her children and her household, neglecting the amenities of life. Miss Crosman's rôle is that of the good fairy who seeks to set matters straight. Frank Mills is to be her leading man.

"Thy Neighbor's Wife" is the catchy name of the new comedy by Elmer Harris, with four people in the cast, which Daniel Frohman will offer as the opening bill at his Lyceum.

"The Woman" is the non-committal title of the play that David Belasco will produce at his Republic Theater early in the season. As it was tried in Washington last winter, with Helen Ware, we know that there is a telephone-girl in the piece; but I believe the principal part is that of a man.

David Warfield comes to the Belasco after a revival there of "The Concert." The new Warfield play, "The Return of Peter Grimm," is striking in subject, showing a man moving about, invisible, among his relatives after death. It is said to impart the sort of thrill that one seldom expe-

riences in the theater. The drama had a two-months' run in Chicago, and much is expected of it in New York. If both this and "The Woman" fulfil Mr. Belasco's hopes, it is a problem what theater will house Frances Starr in her new vehicle, still shrouded in Belascoesque mystery.

The most uncertain thing about the Cohan & Harris forecast, oddly enough, is the vehicle which George M. Cohan is preparing for himself and family. Last winter, it may be remembered, he wished to open the new Cohan Theater with one of his old-time musical comedies. Then the big hit of his straight play, "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," at the Gaiety, induced him to discard music, and "The Love-Sick Kings" was announced. But this did not develop in a way to suit this particular young author-composer-manager, so it never saw the footlights. He is now engaged on another George Randolph Chester dramatization, "Ballyhoo Bill," which may or may not be a feature at the Cohan Theater if "Wallingford" ever ceases to run there.

J. E. Dodson, after two seasons in "The House Next Door," is to appear in another by the same author, J. Hartley Manners, at this writing bearing the name, "Gauntlet's Pride."

Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf have prepared the libretto, and Charles J. Gebest, Cohan's musical director, the score for "The Red Widow," in which Raymond Hitchcock will impersonate a retired corset-manufacturer. This should fit him as neatly as the products by which, in the play, *Butts*, the manufacturer aforesaid, made his money.

In spite of "The Aviator's" failure, Cohan & Harris have faith enough in James Montgomery to accept from him two new comedies, "Ready Money" and "Jimmy, Jr." Mr. Montgomery, by the way, who is an actor, is collaborating with William Collier on the latter's new vehicle, "Take My Advice."

Lew Fields's next mélange of fun, frolic, and tunes is to be called "The Never Homes," and Fritz Scheff will show New York "Mlle. Rosita." Another Shubert star to be provided with a new background is James T. Powers, who is booked for the Casino. But Shubert announcements are scarce at this date, as Lee Shubert is only now about to sail for Europe to look up attractions.

Matthew White, Jr.

STORIETTES

The Friendly Fog

BY JOSEPH IVERS LAWRENCE

GRAHAM sat tilted back in his chair, looking pensively at a picture of a girl which stood in a small silver frame upon his desk.

"To-morrow!" he said softly, and smiled a little. "To-morrow!"

An office-boy entered the room and handed him a letter bearing a foreign stamp and postmark. He frowned slightly, tore open the envelope, and spread the letter out on his desk.

DEAR OLD HARRY:

Just a line after all these months, to tell you I'm coming home. I sail by the *Altonia* next Saturday, so I'll be with you soon after you read this. I believe the ship docks on the 25th. I have tried to be happy over here, but it's no use; I've got to see Broadway again, and you and the boys. And then—I guess you know—I never thought I'd see Alice again, but I've simply got to—if only once more. Please don't tell her of this. I haven't made my plans yet. Don't bother about meeting me at the pier. I'll blow in on you soon enough. Love to you and the bunch.

Yours,
DICK.

Graham laid the letter aside without a smile, and sat for a long time in deep thought, his brows knotted and an unpleasant droop at the corners of his mouth.

"He'll be here day after to-morrow," he said at last; "and she promised to tell me to-morrow. I mustn't slip a cog by any chance. And no one must hear of it. Thank fortune he told me not to tell her! I—I'll feel a little less of a blackguard."

It had rained all day, and when the rain ceased, toward evening, a thick fog set in. The people of the summer colony at Myrtle Beach stayed indoors and lighted fires in the grates against the chill which came with the fog.

A station-wagon splashed through the watery sand and drew up at the Buckley cot-

tage. From it emerged a young man in a rain-coat, with light luggage. He mounted the steps of the veranda and was welcomed by a pretty girl.

"I'd given you up, Harry," she said. "I didn't think you would make such a trip in this wretched storm."

"It would have taken more than storms to keep me away, Alice," said the man, looking earnestly into her eyes. "You told me to come to-day; do you think there's anything in the world that could prevent it?"

The girl blushed and smiled a bit uneasily, and began to busy herself with the disposition of the visitor's luggage.

Greetings were exchanged with the family, and the man and the girl were not left alone together until after dinner. Then they sat before the log fire, and were strangely silent.

"Well, Alice, what is my sentence?" asked the man at last.

The girl gazed into the fire and bit her lip.

"It takes such a long time to make up one's mind, Harry," she answered slowly. "I feel almost the same as when you were here before. I'm a coward, I suppose."

"You certainly have had time enough, Alice," he said with polite severity. "I haven't attempted to force you to a decision. You wanted time, and I gave it to you. Now, what do you want? Must I go away again and wait till it pleases you to think of the matter seriously?"

"Oh, you know how I feel about it!" she said miserably. "You know I don't really love you, Harry Graham. If I take you, it will be because I respect you, and you have waited and striven for me so long."

"We've been all over that—I think we understand each other perfectly," said the man. "I want you whether you love me or not. In time you will forget Dick Temple.

I know all about it. It was a pretty, sentimental case, but he left you and went abroad, and that's the end of it."

"I—I sent him away," said the girl faintly.

"How many times have you sent me away?" laughed the man. "But I didn't go. Dick was a bit too faint-hearted to succeed in love. He didn't know any better than to take a girl at her word."

The girl was silent for a while, and her chin quivered slightly.

"I'm afraid I'll never forget Dick," she said after a while. "You ought to know how it would be if he came back."

"I know all about it," replied Graham, "and I'm satisfied to take you, at that. The ocean is a pretty safe thing to have between you. And I know *you*, Alice. When you say you'll marry me, the bargain is sealed, and you'd die before you'd break your word!"

The girl stifled a sob.

"That—that's the very reason I hesitate," she faltered. "When I say 'yes' to you, it—it's all over, forever. And Dick might come back!"

"There, there," said the man tenderly, as he perceived the danger-signals of tears.

"We must stop mooning about it—it's foolish. Dick is not here—we don't know what he's doing or thinking. I am here, Alice, and I've offered you everything a man has to give. You promised to answer me to-night. I've come a hundred miles for the answer, and I know I shall get it."

The girl got up, pale as a lily, and walked to the window.

"Oh, I know it! I know it!" she moaned. "I'm very weak, Harry, but I'll try to—to decide."

For a time she looked out into the blackness of the night and the impenetrable fog. The man remained in his chair by the fire and waited, with an anxious look upon his face, but something of an expectant smile.

At last the girl turned away from the window and came slowly toward the fire. She twisted a handkerchief between her hands, and her mouth twitched and trembled. Graham got up and faced her.

"What is it, Alice?" he asked softly.

She stopped and hung her head.

"Tell me, Alice," implored the man.

The quiet of the evening was broken by a moaning roar, somewhere out in the fog. The girl seemed to welcome it as a diversion—a respite.

"What was that?" she inquired, with a startled glance at the window.

The man scowled.

"I don't know," he said shortly. "It sounded like a ship's whistle."

Then, as they both faced the window, a bright spot of light appeared in the fog, and grew larger.

"Why, they're burning a flare at the life-saving station!" exclaimed the girl. "Something is the matter. There must be a steamer in distress. Let's go out on the veranda, Harry. It's the first time the life-savers have had to do anything since we came here. Perhaps they'll put out one of the boats."

The man smiled grimly. He noted the girl's unnatural manner, and knew that the flare and the activities at the life-saving station were but welcome subterfuges; but he put a scarf over her shoulders and went out with her.

They could see lights at the station, and men with lanterns hurrying about. The great whistle sounded again, and it seemed very close to the shore. Another flare was burned, and in its light they could see the boat, and the men making ready to launch it.

"Look, Harry! Look there!" cried Alice suddenly.

The man looked, and saw tiny points of light appearing in the fog bank.

"By Jove, it's a steamer—stuck on the bar!" he exclaimed. "Now watch those fellows get busy!"

She took his arm, and they left the veranda and walked down the beach toward the station. Like firemen responding to an alarm, the life-guards rushed their boat into the surf and pulled mightily for the guiding lights.

Half an hour passed, and then the boat returned, loaded with hysterical women and fretful children. The surf was no rougher than on many a windy day, and the work of rescue had been simple. Graham helped to take the women and children from the boat, and Alice joined the neighbors who had assembled on the beach in bidding them to the warm shelter of the cottages.

The hospitality of the beach was taxed by two more boatloads of women, and then the lifeboat came again with a mixed company—women, still hysterical, and men passing light jests and comforting counsel.

"What shall we do with so many people?" said Alice to Graham. "The hotel is full, and the cottagers have little enough room for themselves. The poor people can't

possibly get food enough to do them any good before morning."

She was bright-eyed with excitement, and for the hour she seemed to have forgotten her mental struggle.

Another boat came ashore, and more men leaped out upon the beach.

"Great Heavens! Who is that?" cried Graham suddenly, leaning forward and staring at a tall young man in the crowd.

The girl stifled a cry, swayed against the man, and caught his arm.

"It's Dick!" she gasped. "It's Dick Temple!"

And then the young man saw them and ran toward them.

"Hello, Alice! Hello, Harry Graham!" he cried. "Isn't this a bully way to land on your native soil? I had to come back, Alice. Couldn't stand it any longer. I saw that the old tub couldn't make Hoboken before to-morrow, and I couldn't have got to you before to-morrow night; so I had her come ashore at your door!"

Alice seemed scarcely to hear what he said, but both her hands were in his, and she gazed at him as if he had saved her life from a stormy ocean.

Mamie's Millionaire

BY C. MACLEAN SAVAGE

"WELL," I said, "Mamie Westly struck it lucky, anyway!"
"Mamie Westley?" echoed my chorus-girl friend. "Say, kid, didn't you hear about *her*?"

There was a significant raising of her delicately arched eyebrows, followed by a toss of her head that sent the long black plumes in her picture-hat a nodding. I intimated that I hadn't heard. My chorus-girl friend dropped a lobster's claw clattering to her plate, and Mamie's story came, Broadway-embellished, with gilded palace music on the side.

"Of course you know she was married? Sure thing, you do, for you was a chorus-man yourself at the time. You remember how she worked it? It was slick! I think when Rosie Alvarez done so well by hookin' up with that tire-salesman, it started Mamie to thinkin'. Mamie was every bit as good-lookin' as the Spanish kid, and she had some sense in her head, too. If Rosie married well, why couldn't she?"

"At first I thought I had the laugh on her when I heard his name—Edwin Norcross Briggs. He had quite a reputation among us. Nothin' shady, you understand—just a wild kid that swore by a blonde on Monday, and by Saturday was having a rarebit with a dee-cided brunette. Regular out-and-out butterfly, that's what *he* was."

"He stuck to Mamie for the whole New York run. Things looked suspicious; and one day I thought I'd kid her about it."

She took it kindly, and then handed me a knockout.

"Take it from me," she said, "you won't see little Mamie mixin' up much longer with number eighteen and the rabbit's foot! Just watch me!"

"Bad as that?" said I. "Think he'll come across with the plain gold ring stunt?"

"She winked, and says, kind o' sassy-like:

"This ain't no piker's bet—I'm stakin' big and playin' it straight!"

"In a week the show jumps to Philly, as you know yourself, for that was when you quit us with this writin' bee in your bonnet. Well, Mamie got a letter every day. Don't ask me how I know—I'm the original busybody. Thinks I to myself, letters on all kinds of paper, bearin' every hotel mark from the Waldorf to Brown's, don't mean weddin'-bells an' organ music. I'm figurin' that Mamie's millionaire is doin' the butterfly act while she's gone."

"One night there was a chorus-man doin' a dance without a partner, for Mamie flew the coop without notice. How's that? Easy enough. Our friend Mr. Briggs, instead o' fallin' for somethin' new, had spent his days in Turkish baths tryin' to cool a certain feelin' he had in his head. Mamie had him, though; so what does he do but take his tourin'-car, *chug* to Philly, an' him an' Mamie does the *eel*ope act, same as they do in all the swell movin' pictures."

"Of course you know who this Briggs guy is. His father has the long green stuff by the hogshead, an' he's the only son. Oh, I was sore! Mamie Westly—she that had trouped all over these United States with me—same dressin'-room, sharin' our cheese sandwiches at night, an' then to have her marry into the aristocracy! I couldn't dance or do anything that night, an' when the music director give me a call—I just up and boo-hoed like a big kid.

"The season slipped by, an' I managed to pull through the summer on delicatessen grub, lunch-rooms, an' an occasional treat from a friend. About August I signed up with the Original Boston Pony Ballet, gettin' my twenty-five per with a big extravaganza; so things began to pick up.

"Somehow or other I missed her at first rehearsal. Maybe she wasn't there; but the next day, when I got a flash of a big black hat with a sassy red feather in it, I sat up and took notice. That hat I remembered—I was with her when she bought it. That hat belonged to no one else but Mamie Westly; it was just as much a part of her as her bang. I thought for a minit I had gone loony. I *knew* Mamie was doing the cut glass and solid silver act with her millionaire. You can't blame me for bein' slightly disturbed.

"But it was her, all right! Maybe she played an alimony game; maybe her old man beat it. At any rate, she wasn't flashin' any fourteen-carat sparklers. She was dressed plain but neat—same as always, and mindin' her own business."

"'For goodness' sake, Mamie,' says I, rushin' up to her, 'what are you doin' back in the chorus? Did he quit ye?'

"'Nope,' says she, lookin' me square in the eye.

"I had it in my head to spring that laugh I had on her, but her face put a stop to that. Ain't no use hittin' folks when they're down, you see.

"'Tell me about it, Mamie,' says I. I felt kind o' soft-hearted.

"'Eddie ain't the sort that quits,' she says. 'He's out in—'

"Just then Heinie Schulz yells for us ponies, and that was the end of it for a while.

"This show we was with wasn't a New York stunt. We beat it on the road; an' got some weeks; but it was mostly one-nighters. Of course Mamie knew me bet-

ter than any of the other girls, and we got chummy again, same as before. The poor kid used to get fits of nerves when we had a long jump. She used to cry a little; and then it was that she told me all about her millionaire."

My chorus-girl friend had finished her lobster, and was calling for Nesselrode pudding. I ordered an ice myself; I confess my curiosity was aroused. The orchestra was playin' the barcarole from the "Tales of Hoffmann." She commented on it being a "swell tune," and continued the story of Mamie and her millionaire.

"Mamie told me that the first three weeks of her married life was sure enough peaches and cream. They went to Washington, stoppin' at the best hotel, an' havin' everything money could buy. Then her hubby lets it out that he's kind o' worried. Mamie, of course, wants to know why, and he says that his remittance from his old man is sort of overdue. They wait another week, an' still there's nothin' doin'. Edwin Norcross Briggs then makes up his mind to go call on his dad—leavin' Mamie behind.

"I'll bet that poor kid suffered some the three days he was gone. She didn't have a cent, and didn't know that her hubby's name was good for the hotel-bill. They was stoppin' American plan; but Mamie said she hardly ate a thing, for fear it wouldn't be paid for. She was country-bred, that kid, an' not like me, as have had the ringin' of the street-car bells in my ears from infancy.

"At last her millionaire come back. He was cheerful-like, but Mamie said it was all put on. Not one plugged nickel would his old man give him—put his foot down an' called him some names. Of course, he tried to cheer Mamie up, an' tell her that the gov'nor would come around; but there was cold, hard American dollars needed right then, so Mr. Briggs had to sell his forty h.-p. car.

"They moved to Philly—young Briggs said he had friends there who would give him a job. They put him to work as a wine-agent, and for a time things went smooth.

"Personally, I don't know Mamie's hubby at all, but I know his kind. He's one of these guys that can plunk a banjo, sing bass in a college quartet, and treat a lady swell, whether it's a dance or a dinner; but as for knowin' how to earn his livin'—

he might as well try for the heavy-weight champeenship of the world.

"He lost his job as wine-agent—not because he didn't *try* hard, Mamie said; but it was because he wasn't built that way. He was brought up to be a gentleman, an' a gentleman's all he could be. He did all kinds of things—sold bonds on 'commis-sion, played piano at dinners, tried to beat the ponies—any old thing he could get.

"Mamie said those months were awful! If her millionaire had been grouchy about it, she could have let herself out; but there he was, always smilin', always tellin' her to cheer up, that his guv'nor would come across yet. What's a girl goin' to do with a guy like that, huh? He never was cross to her; always pettin' her when she felt bad; a regular out-and-out good fellow all the time. An' she—I guess she was mighty fond of him, even though that wasn't the life she looked for when she quit the boards.

"He was sore, of course, when Mamie told him she was goin' back in the chorus; but it was the only way out of it. I know that girl better than anybody else. All season long she just lived as cheap as she

could—I *know*, for she went to hotels that even *I* wouldn't tackle; an' you know me when it comes to puttin' by a bit o' small change. The papers says it will be a case of 'get the hook' for the chorus-girl, so I'm goin' to be on the soft side of the money question.

"It may be that her millionaire will get his yet, an' Mamie will be glad she stuck. I hope so. Where Edwin Norcross Briggs is, I don't know. All I *do* know is that I've gone into a small town post-office, and there would be Mamie standin' in front o' the money-order window, black hat with the sassy red feather, bang, and all. I'd see her slip somethin' through the window, and I'd hear the clerk bawl out:

"Ten dollars—correct—here's your receipt, miss!"

"I don't know, kid, whether to have that laugh on Mamie after all. I started in to-night by kickin' about the life we girls lead; but my little twenty-five bucks per is my own. I don't have to send back ten plunks every week to help support the son o' a millionaire—although Mamie says he's an awful nice boy!"

The Masterpiece

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

OUT near the rail fence that roughly paralleled the dusty country road, and almost concealed by the tall grass, lay a discarded soap-box. The cover, partly torn off but still attached, slanted into the summer air, showing its bent nails like the teeth of some abused animal.

A ragged and barefoot boy, his head hatless, weather-beaten, his face covered with freckles, came along. He saw the box, stopped still, and thought.

Then he picked it up and examined it carefully. The soapmaker's name was still bright on its side. It was clean.

The boy fished down deep into his pocket, and drew forth from among a choice collection of treasures a large knife, with only one remaining blade. He considered again, and then laid his plan. He was possessed with a supreme idea.

Upon one half of the cover he proceeded to draw roughly two circles. Then, with great labor and patience, he cut out the

circles, and bored a hole in the center of each.

This done, he carefully split, from the remainder of the cover, a piece of wood, which he whittled—paring off thin shavings—until he had made it round and smooth. It became a problem how to make appropriate holes in each end of this axle, in such a manner that the wood would not split. He did it by flattening out the places where the holes were to go, and then used a nail for a gimlet, very slowly and laboriously.

He discovered eight nails in all. He counted the holes and found there were ten, but the remaining two nails eluded him. Doubtless the man who opened the box had thrown them away.

He focused his eyes on several trees, and discovered one from which a branch had recently fallen. From this branch he cut a straight limb about three feet long that was in the right condition for his purpose. He trimmed off the ends neatly, stripped it

of its bark, and flattened one end down with his knife-blade.

Then he took a rock, and, upon another larger rock, straightened out the nails. He put the axle across the bottom of the box, and nailed it on with three nails. He had a hard time doing it, because the nails were too long, and the wood thin; but he finally succeeded, by bending the nails over inside with the rock.

Then he cut a strip of leather from an old shoe that he discovered about an eighth of a mile down the road. He had seen it as he came along, but as he had no use for it at the time, he had left it lying there. Only now he remembered it, and ran back to get it.

He had to test the shoe in various places, but he finally found a space of leather that was strong enough. He cut a strip from this, and nailed one end to the under side of the box, and the other to the end of his handle.

Then he put on the wheels, inserted two nails in the holes just outside, bent them so that they would not fall out, and started off toward home with his chariot.

Not a nail left! How could he have completed his work if there had been one less?

All this had taken the boy some time. So absorbed was he in his occupation that he did not realize that the sun was setting. He hurried homeward, with the great joy of creation in his breast.

His home was by the side of the road. From the upper story of the ramshackle building two paneless windows stared out defiantly at a respectable world. Beside

it there was a decrepit wood-shed. A few decaying agricultural implements lay rusting in odd attitudes. In the rear, a woman bent over a wash-tub.

The house, or the apology for a house, was on a corner. As the boy drew up in front with his chariot, he did not perceive his father, who now staggered into view from the other street, after spending at least an hour in making his way home from the village saloon.

It was too late to retreat. The man gave one revengeful look at the boy. His leering eyes fastened themselves upon the regenerated soap-box.

With a yell, he lunged toward it and grabbed the handle before the boy could prevent him.

He waved the chariot in the air, his feeble mind exulting in destruction.

"Huh!"

He gave the cart a kick, and then another. He jumped on it. The wheels split. The sides fell in. Then he tossed it aside, and, throwing himself through the door, fell flat on the floor.

The boy's mother, hearing the commotion, hurried around the side of the house—just too late. She looked at the wreck of the chariot. Then she gathered the sobbing boy in her great red arms, casting a fiery look at the prostrate form across the sill.

"Never mind, sonny!" she whispered. "You can make another."

The boy looked up and shook his head, two tears running down his grimy, freckled cheeks.

"No, mum!" he answered. "I never could make another—like that one!"

Further Orders

BY BUFFINGTON PHILLIPS

THERE was no sign that death and danger stalked abroad. Across the grassy plaza of the *barrio* fronting the nipa-thatched church, with its cracked old bell brought across the seas from the Spain of two centuries ago, the silvery moonlight fell in velvety silence.

It turned the square into an argent field, the armorial bearings of which were the huge circular shadows under the flowering trees. In their dense gloom loomed the shapes of

huge rough carts and their carabaos with legs wide-spread and heads lowered taking their rest.

A buzzing metallic sound cut into the stillness. It issued from the house of Amran Cardinama, *presidente* of the town under the new American civil establishment in Mindanao. Quickly the jumble of voices within, chattering in the choppy insular dialect, grew hushed, and there broke out on the night the verberant tones of a phono-

graph playing "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

At the sound, Sergeant Crane, commanding officer of the tiny post, sprang to his feet in savage anger. He caught his hat by the brim, and hurled it with all his force into a corner of the humble hut dignified by the title of "military headquarters." What idiot in Washington had conceived the idea of distributing music-machines together with parcels of civil liberty, with but ten records, and those patriotic airs of the home-land? The mockery, the mockery of it this night!

For a wholly uneventful two months he and his eight men had been in Tabarac, detailed to the duty of giving martial support to the civil government of the municipality just out of its swaddling-clothes. Every night, except for the last week, they had listened to that hateful machine grinding out its once melodious lessons of Americanism, to the unflinching delight of every member of the first set of the village who could crowd into Cardinama's house.

To have things from the other side of the world, of which a good soldier must not think too much, raised in his mind each night, at the hour when the most powerful homesickness creeps out of the forests, was conducive to madness. Sergeant Crane stood very still for a minute, looking at the battered hat. Then he strode over to the door, and looked out on the moonlight, without consciousness of its beauty. He seemed to be listening for ominous things in the air, for he *knew* they were there.

Then he turned back to the makeshift table where he had spread the exhibits of his heart-breaking problem—a plain photograph of a sweet-faced girl; on one corner of the cabinet card, the name of the Indiana country photographer; on the other, "With all my love, Ruth." How clearly rose the vision of her, as she went with him, the day before he left—he in his new uniform, she in her simple white dress with its knots of blue ribbons—to have that picture and his own taken.

Beside the photograph lay a letter to him, signed "From your lonely sister, Nell." On one of its pages, which was crushed from agony and creased from re-reading, were these words:

I was down at Ruth's house last evening, Bob, and she had a letter from George Manley. She did not let me see the letter, as she has some others she has had from him; but she told me that he said he was in your squad, stationed at

Tabarac, that he had been marked for a sergeancy also, but as his time was up next month he was coming home to stay. Now, bud, don't feel badly about it, but I must tell you something. She has his picture on her bureau, and she took it down, kissed it, and cried a little; then she seemed to remember that I was your sister, and tried to make a joke of it. That is why I want you to come home as soon as you can. Something will happen that will make you very unhappy if you don't.

On the other side of the picture was spread a water-soaked military order, which read:

Hdqrs. 54th Inf. U. S. A.,

San Mateo, Mindanao, P. I.

SERGEANT ROBERT CRANE, in command, Tabarac:

I am informed that at a late hour to-night there will be a secret meeting of hill chiefs and discontented representatives from the village of Tabarac, in an old fort about two miles beyond your post, where the road turns toward Saminol. It is impossible to get reinforcements to you in time, so you are hereby ordered to take or send half of your detail and arrest all persons found at the meeting. Colonel Olham is very much concerned that this should be carefully done, as failure would mean an outbreak. I have expressed confidence in your ability to do it without mistake.

Circumstances must guide you as to adopting my suggestion that you should remain in Tabarac to prevent an uprising in the village, and send the detail in charge of Sergeant Manley. Bring in your prisoners alive, if possible, but capture the whole meeting. Telephone me when this order is received.

JOHN P. HOWLAND,

Capt. Co. H., Fifty-fourth Inf. U. S. A.

When the dripping Batanen courier had come up from the flooded valley, bringing the order, Crane had demanded in disgust:

"How in thunder does he think I am going to telephone him with the wires under water?"

Since then, "Wires" had come up from the low lands, soaked to his neck, to report that the military line was not grounded by the flood. *It had been cut.*

Quietly two men had been sent through the village for signs of anything unusual. They had come back to say that all was as it should be, save that the two gambling-games were not running, because nearly every able-bodied man in town had taken his bolo after nightfall and stolen away to the hills, or, perhaps, had secreted himself outside the town, ready to fall on the little handful of men at the post.

"Take or send—send Sergeant Manley."

Why had Howland opened the way for such a thing? Any man going on this hike

stood less than an even chance of coming back.

"She kissed his picture and cried a little."

The words seemed to fire him with purpose—a purpose which the cold, monitive hand of conscience could not quench. He brought his big fist down on the written phrase:

"With all my love, Ruth."

Fate had given him this chance. It was his only chance, and with a hot, blinded sense of fury he determined to use it. White and calm as death, he rose and strode to the door.

"Sergeant Manley!" he called in the direction of the adjoining hut, where the squad was quartered.

"Yes, sir!" answered a tall figure standing by the door.

Crane closed the door behind the other as he entered and faced him. The older man's eyes were set and stony, and he had covered the picture, the letter, and the order. The other stood at careless attention. They had been boys together in Indiana.

"George, an order has been carried in by courier from San Mateo. Some hill men and the bad lot from town here are going to hold a meeting up in the old fort to-night. Howland orders me to split the force here and arrest the lot of them. You will take command—"

Crane stopped short, and the words died on his lips. Singing through the night came a call from over seas. It dinned in his ears and pierced his tortured heart. The phonograph was voicing the thing that had halted the soldier in the midst of his terrible act. Clear and trenchant, it bore through the silence of the night into Sergeant Robert Crane's soul of souls the venerated hymn of American loyalty, devotion, and God-fearing courage; the hymn that the children sang in the red brick schoolhouse in the cornfields along the Wabash:

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty!

His country! The land where his fathers died!

Crane's lips moved wordlessly for a moment; then he slowly drew up to his full height, and his chin went out. A smile trembled about his mouth as he spoke on:

"As I said, you are to take command of one of the details. You will therefore remain in command of the village."

In an hour, the little band had stolen away behind the huts into the shadows. The lights were out in the *presidente's* house, and all seemed at peace; but Manley, as he sat before the door of headquarters, his rifle across his knees and two ammunition-belts beside him, could see that at each corner of the plaza, deep in the shadows of the flowering trees, were two silent figures—his own men, stationed at points commanding every approach.

But the *barrio* was not asleep. Hardly a household was there from which some one was not in the hills that night. To Manley's eager ears there came the low hum of wide-awake life from behind the thin walls. Here and there a baby cried, and its mother hushed it hastily. Now and then a door would creak, and a dark head appear, to be withdrawn quickly at the sight of the grim white men in the shadows.

The moon was swinging into the northwest when, far and faint, came the sound of a single shot breaking the calm of the night. Then there came a fast and furious fusillade, which alternately fell and rose in intensity, bespeaking a close, hard fight.

At every door appeared white-clad figures, and from the houses rose wails and excited cries. Manley whistled shrilly, and the men on guard stepped into the light, facing every house, their arms showing dully in the moonlight. Like magic, the figures before the doors vanished within.

Manley smiled, laid down his rifle, and rolled a fresh cigarette. The sounds in the hills were dying away, and in ten minutes all was still.

When the first burst of the dawn was turning the mists into masses of pink and rose-tinged gray that hung over the treetops, a striking procession wound into the grassy square.

Leading the column were twenty-nine men of Tabarac, bound to a sinuous vine freshly cut. Beside them walked the ten soldiers who had gone up into the hills. Two had white windings on head and shoulder that showed fresh red stains.

Then came two bough litters, on one of which reclined Corporal Dwyer, wounded, but still able to hold his rifle and help his comrades to mount guard over the half-dozen crestfallen hill chiefs.

On the last litter was a prone form in khaki, with a sergeant's chevrons on the sleeve and the hands tied across the chest so that they should not dangle.

THE BARTICA COMPANY

ANOTHER MUCH-ADVERTISED PROMOTION OF THE STERLING
DEBENTURE CORPORATION. THE "FISCAL AGENTS"
OF THE TELEPOST

BY JOHN GRANT DATER

I HAVE been much interested recently in reading a little book on rubber-culture in British Guiana, and in comparing the actual conditions of the industry as set forth by the government of that colony with the highly picturesque presentment found in the literature sent out by the Sterling Debenture Corporation, in offering for subscription shares of the Bartica Company.

The publication is entitled "Balata and Rubber Industries." It is brought out by the Permanent Exhibition Committee under the auspices of the Department of Science and Agriculture of British Guiana, and is therefore official. It bears the date of January, 1911, and is therefore timely.

From the book I learn that rubber-culture in British Guiana has not passed the experimental stage, and that the commercial success of planting Para rubber is yet to be demonstrated. The colonial government is conducting experiments at five different stations, and reports encouraging results everywhere, "outside the flat coastal region." The latest statistics, however, show that in the entire colony, which is of about the same area as Great Britain, there are but seventeen hundred acres under rubber cultivation, of which about one thousand are planted with true Para.

In Brazil, the home of the true Para rubber-tree, or *Hevea brasiliensis*, trees are not tapped until about ten years old. The little book lays stress upon the similarity of conditions in the interior of British Guiana and in the neighboring country of Brazil as a reason for the hope of future successful rubber-culture in the colony.

True Para trees are not indigenous to British Guiana, and the inferior native varieties

—*Hevea guayanensis* and *Sapium Jenmani*—give poor results. For ten years the colonial government has issued, for a small fee, licenses to applicants, giving them the privilege of gathering rubber within territories ranging from fifty to two hundred and fifty square miles. The commercial results of this exploitation are indicated by the rubber shipments from British Guiana. In the year 1904-1905 total exports were 951 pounds. They increased in the year 1909-1910 to 6,369 pounds, valued at \$3,250. The rubber is shipped in scrap form.

After reading the results of rubber production from native trees in British Guiana, as reported by the government, I am somewhat skeptical of the profits which the Bartica Company has estimated that it will obtain from wild trees, pending the long interval which must elapse before it can determine the outcome of the experiment with Para rubber on its concession, which has a "tide-water river frontage."

AN OFFICIAL WORD OF WARNING

Readers of this department may recall that in the March number, page 859, a brief reference was made to "Rubber in British Guiana," in the course of which we quoted the following general remarks contained in a recent official report by Arthur J. Clare, United States consul at Georgetown:

Prospective investors in stock of rubber plantations in British Guiana should exercise great care in learning the location of the plantations, as Para rubber will not give good results on coast lands. Care should also be taken to find out the financial standing and business reputation of the promoters and officials of the companies before any money is invested.

Efforts were made in New York, a short time ago, to float a rubber company whose plantation was supposed to be in this colony, the promoters of which had a doubtful claim to a tract of land on which the "plantation," consisting of only a few wild rubber-trees, was said to be located.

Before investing in rubber plantations here Americans should make inquiries of the registrar of British Guiana as to whether a company has a grant of land; and of the Commissioner of Lands and Mines, as to whether operations are being carried on.

I happen to have before me a letter of the Sterling Debenture Corporation, bearing the date of January 26 last. It may be only a coincidence, but oddly enough it mentions wild rubber-trees, as follows:

The Bartica Estates have thousands of trees growing wild ready for the tappers' cups as fast as paths can be cut through the forests.

The number of rubber-trees said to be growing wild on the Bartica Estates is made somewhat more specific in a letter written by the Sterling Debenture Corporation on December 6, 1910, from which I extract the following:

When the officers of the Bartica Company first applied to us for our financial representation we despatched two of our officers to British Guiana to make a thorough examination of the estates, and at the same time retained Mr. Henry C. Pearson, a recognized authority on the subject of rubber-culture. When Mr. Pearson made his report, he suggested the advisability of making a complete exploration in order to determine the number of trees that were already growing wild on the estates.

When this exploration was completed, a short time ago, it was found that the trees would approximate 280,000 on the 14,500 acres of uncleared ground, and would range from 25 to 90 inches in circumference. On the most conservative estimate they will produce at least five pounds of rubber each from the first year's tapping, with an increasing amount in succeeding years.

MILLIONS FROM WILD RUBBER-TREES

Five pounds each from 280,000 trees would give 1,400,000 pounds of rubber on the "most conservative" Sterling Debenture estimate. A further estimate made by that company is that the rubber would be worth about \$1.20 per pound. "As it costs about 24 cents to gather, ship, and market it," says the letter, "you can readily appreciate the large margin of profit, which should result in the payment of substantial dividends to the stockholders."

The above "conservative estimate," made

after "this exploration was completed," would give the Bartica Agricultural Estates an immediate annual income of \$1,344,000 to apply to the \$2,000,000 capital stock of the Bartica Company.

But I am afraid shareholders are not going to obtain these tempting rewards. Under the date of March 17 last, the Sterling Debenture Corporation has written a letter offering stock in the Bartica Company at the cut-rate figure of \$10, against \$12.50 a share a few weeks before. The reason given for the reduction is interesting.

"Each incoming steamer from British Guiana," says the letter, "brings additional evidence of splendid progress on the Bartica Estates." Continuing in true Sterling Debenture style, the writer waxes eloquent over the healthful condition of "planted trees." In fact, "even the most sanguine expectations have been surpassed," until it comes to "wild trees," when enthusiasm is tempered as follows:

But in the one matter of wild rubber-trees, the exploration of the forest thus far indicates that there was an overestimate as to the extent of the extra income to be derived from this added source of revenue.

How much wild rubber is growing upon the unimproved portion of the Bartica Estates it is still impossible to state definitely, for it is slow and difficult to explore a tropic wild.

It is "difficult to explore a tropic wild," as I know from observation, but how about the "exploration" of the Bartica property which, as announced on December 6, was "completed a short time ago," and which resulted in the discovery of 280,000 growing trees, ranging from 20 to 90 inches in circumference, and capable of producing five pounds of rubber each "from the first year's tapping"?

THE WILD RUBBER-TREES DISAPPEAR

Some literature which accompanies the letter of the Sterling Debenture Corporation, dated March 17, interests me very much. It is headed "Progress at Bartica," and gives the results of an official's inspection of the British Guiana property in the previous September. It was about that time that the Sterling Debenture Corporation increased the price of Series C stock to \$12.50 a share, ascribing the advance to the discovery of the wild trees. It now appears that the company was informed that these wild trees would have to be hewn down and cast away. This long-deferred report says:

One thing is practically certain—it will be next to impossible to leave the wild rubber-trees standing when we clear for planting.

The reason given for this destruction is that "forest trees which are left in the open appear to lose their stability rapidly. They die, rot, and fall." In consequence, the plan now is "to tap to the utmost those trees situated on land to be cleared, clean for planting, and proceed in like manner in successive years." By this process the wild trees, which figure so prominently in the prospectus, in all the company's literature, and in numerous letters in my possession written in November, December, January, and February last, will conveniently vanish.

Again, it may be only a coincidence, but it is strangely interesting that the estimate of wild rubber-trees should undergo a sudden revision after *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for March printed the cautionary remarks of the United States consul at Georgetown concerning rubber-plantation schemes in British Guiana. It interests me also to note that as long ago as September of last year, officials of the Bartica Company claim to have known that the wonderful wild rubber-trees would have to disappear from the Sterling Debenture literature.

COST OF AN EXPERIMENT IN RUBBER

A most important feature which I find in the book on rubber-culture is the liberality of British Guiana in assisting experimental work in the colony. Recognizing the uncertainty of the outcome, the government, which has nine million acres of unalienated crown lands in the interior suitable for such attempts, donates the land rent free for ten years to reputable and financially responsible persons who desire to undertake the work.

The terms for acquiring a plantation, as set forth in the publication, are as follows:

Leases may be obtained for areas of any size for the purpose of cultivating rubber thereon for a term of ninety-nine years. No rent is payable during the first ten years, an annual rental of twenty cents an acre is charged from the eleventh to the fifteenth years, and an annual rental of fifty cents an acre during the remainder of the lease.

The fees exacted by British Guiana are not heavy, nor are the requirements from the lessees onerous; and the estimated cost of experimental work with Para trees is quite modest.

There is an application fee of \$5, survey fees of 30 cents per acre for the first 500 acres, 20 cents per acre for the next 500 acres, and 10 cents per acre for each acre above 1,000 acres, together with stamp and registration fees of \$16.20. The lessee is required to plant, each year, one-twenty-fifth part of the concession with rubber-trees, with an average of not less than sixty trees to the acre, and is required to pay a royalty of one penny per pound on all rubber collected for the first ten years.

The Department of Science and Agriculture of British Guiana estimates the cost of experimental work with Para rubber-trees at from \$48 to \$70 an acre for the first year, and from \$25 to \$30 an acre in subsequent years.

I find no provision which enables any one to acquire a rubber estate in fee simple in British Guiana without complying, for a period of ten full years, with the terms of the lease as set forth above. The object of this regulation is to make experimental culture with Para rubber complete, and to prevent concessionaires from abandoning the enterprise, or from using the property donated for the experiment for other purposes. Bearing upon the acquirement of land, the book says:

After the expiration of ten years, provided the conditions of the lease have been complied with, the lessee has the right to purchase the land at 16s. 8d. (\$4) an acre.

WHERE HAS THE MONEY GONE?

The Bartica Company is a Maine corporation with an authorized capital of \$2,000,000. This amount provides for a capitalization of \$133.33 per acre for the British Guiana plantation. For a time there was a doubt in my mind if the company actually proposed to capitalize the concession granted to the Bartica Agricultural Estates at this very high figure; but all doubt was removed the other day on receiving a piece of Sterling Debenture literature entitled "Rubber Plantation Profits," in which prospective investors in Bartica stock are informed that "the company is capitalized at only \$133 an acre."

In all the heavy mass of letters and advertising material bearing upon the Bartica Estates which has reached me from British Guiana, London, and this country, I have not as yet run across a financial statement or a balance-sheet of the Bartica Company

of Maine, or of the Bartica Agricultural Estates, Limited, of British Guiana. The latter would be the more important of the two, as it should show whether the company owns any real estate in British Guiana, or has merely obtained a lease, rent free for ten years, as any reputable competitor might do, in order to conduct experiments in tropical farming with the assistance of the colonial government.

The prospectus of the Bartica Company is obscure on the above point. I find a reference to the acquisition of a small tract of property under a ninety-nine-year lease, which is the period of a British Guiana rubber concession, accompanied by a statement that the company could not purchase this specific parcel. This might create an impression that the major portion of the land cultivated by the Bartica Agricultural Estates has been purchased; but I have been informed that such is not the case, and that the Estates company is operating like others which have obtained land, rent free, for tropical enterprises, experimental rubber-culture, and the like.

This is borne out by a comment which I find in what purports to be the report of "Progress at Bartica," which document reached me with other literature dated March 17. In speaking of cultivating the land, it says:

We must clear and plant to rubber 600 acres per year until we have cleared and planted a total of 6,000 acres, after which no further clearing is obligatory.

The above are the precise requirements applicable to a fifteen-thousand-acre rubber concession in British Guiana. As set forth in the official book to which reference has been made, the government's terms call for the cultivation of one-twenty-fifth of the rent-free land annually for ten years, making 600 acres a year, or 6,000 acres in all, for a 15,000-acre tract.

IS THE LAND OWNED OR LEASED?

In the company's prospectus I note also this statement:

The capital stock of the Bartica Company, \$2,000,000, is represented by 200,000 shares. Of this amount a clear 70 per cent has been paid into the treasury, only 30 per cent having been required to secure all the rights, title, and interest in the Bartica Agricultural Estates, Limited, and provide for the purchase price of the 15,000 acres, payable to the government of British Guiana.

If I were a shareholder on the Bartica Company, I think I would find out if the Bartica Agricultural Estates or the Bartica Company owned any land at all in British Guiana, or if the company was simply conducting an experiment in tropical farming on leased coastal land, which is disadvantageously located for Para rubber-culture, and which it can purchase for \$60,000 ten years hence. I should also want to know something about the financial conditions of the Bartica Company and its *alter ego*, the Bartica Agricultural Estates, Limited.

If I interpret the prospectus of the Bartica Company correctly, the Sterling Debenture Corporation purchased for a comparatively small sum some buildings erected upon a tract granted by the government of British Guiana to the Bartica Agricultural Estates. By so doing, it appears to have assumed the concession granted to that company.

Whether this is in conformity with the conditions under which the concession was granted to the Agricultural Estates I do not know, for my book on rubber-culture in British Guiana is silent on the feature of assigning a concession; but if I were a shareholder, I should look this matter up, for, in order to prevent concessions from falling into the hands of adventurers or unworthy persons, South American countries and colonies usually insert very stringent provisions in the contracts of concession as to a subsequent transfer of interest.

Incidentally I may say that nearly all the trouble that has arisen between the United States and the Central and South American countries, growing out of concessions, is traceable to some disregard upon the part of American proprietors of the due formalities of transfer, or to ignorance upon their part of the precise terms and conditions which the concession was originally granted.

The land leased to the Bartica Agricultural Estates, and now exploited by the Bartica Company as a rubber-plantation, was devoted at the outset to the culture of sisal. Incidentally, the concessionaires set out fifty Para rubber seedlings obtained from the Botanical Gardens at Georgetown. It is stated by the Sterling Debenture Corporation that the outlay up to the time when the estate was acquired represented \$60,000. The Bartica Company seems to have bought the buildings, setting aside

\$600,000 in stock—thirty per cent of the 200,000 shares—for that purpose, and to provide for the rubber-culture experiment and for the ultimate acquisition of the land at the government's price of four dollars an acre, ten years hence, if the experiment should prove successful.

SUGGESTIONS TO THE STOCKHOLDERS

The concession does not appear to differ in any material way from any other concession that reputable and financially responsible individuals might secure on liberal terms from the government of British Guiana. If such is the case, shareholders should bear in mind that \$600,000 is ample, and more than ample, according to official estimates, for a ten-year experiment in rubber-culture on 15,000 acres. They ought to determine how much of the \$2,000,000 in stock has been sold, and upon what terms the remainder—\$1,400,000, or 70 per cent of the 200,000 shares in the treasury—is to be sold. I should also want to know how much of each share goes into the treasury of the Bartica Company, and how much remains with the Sterling Debenture Corporation.

Among other things which I should want to know, if I were a stockholder of the Bartica Company, are these:

How much the Sterling Debenture Corporation paid for the buildings and other interests acquired from the Bartica Agricultural Estates, and whether it was paid in stock or in cash.

How much stock or cash the Sterling Debenture Corporation received from the Bartica Company for its advances.

Whether, under the arrangement between the Bartica Company and the "fiscal agents," the latter were permitted to reimburse themselves from the first sales of stock, or if the proceeds of such sales went directly to the treasury of the Bartica Company.

A determination of the above features is an important matter for shareholders. It is suggested because I note, in the prospectus of the company, a "foreword" by the Sterling Debenture Corporation, which says that "we decided to advance all the money needed to meet the Bartica Company's requirements," and elsewhere that "everything is paid for." The requirements must have been inconsiderable, for only \$60,000 was originally expended on buildings, the land cannot be purchased inside of ten years, and, as already set forth, the annual cost of cultivation is trifling.

I should never buy, or recommend for purchase, shares in any non-reporting prospectus company, for I do not like leaps into the financial dark; but I may say of this particular Sterling Debenture flotation that I have never studied a prospectus, or the literature of any undertaking, where a balance-sheet, showing actual assets, was of greater necessity for a shareholder than in the case of the Bartica Company of Maine and the Bartica Agricultural Estates, Limited, of Georgetown, British Guiana.

LOVE'S HOUSE

I BUILT myself a house of straw,
That Love and I therein might dwell.
I said: "A perfect house is ours!"
The summer winds blew sweet of flowers,
The stars looked in when evening fell.
"No palaces of queen or king,"
I said, "would I go envying,
Oh, Love, in this our house of straw."

All wrecked, all wrecked, our house of straw!
The winds blew down, the rains beat through;
The stars were hid and summer fled,
And Love 'mid withered leaves lies dead.
How frail it was too late I knew!
Love's house must be built firm and warm
To stand the winter's gale and storm,
No summer thing of flimsy straw!

Edna Valentine Trapnell

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

BY JOHN GRANT DATER, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF
THE MUNSEY PUBLICATIONS

THE NEW GOVERNMENT BONDS

FROM several points of view, the most interesting of recent financial developments was the sale by the government, late in June, of \$50,000,000 Panama Canal three-per-cent, fifty-year gold bonds. The total subscription covered the loan about three and one-half times over. More than ten thousand separate bids were received at the Treasury Department, of which about twelve hundred were successful, at prices ranging from 102.21 to 110. The average figured out at approximately 102.50. This establishes the sale of the securities upon an interest basis a little above 2.9 per cent.

Although the successful outcome of the sale is highly gratifying, the features of interest involved in the loan do not center wholly upon that point. Of all United States government issues, the Panama Canal threes stand in a class by themselves. Unlike other Federal obligations, they have no circulation privilege—that is, national banks are not permitted to issue notes against them. This is historically interesting, for it is the first time since the National Banking Act was passed, in 1863, that the government has thus discriminated among its own obligations.

In the matter of interest rate, the new bond is the first brought out by the government since the Spanish War loan of 1898 which bears as high a rate as three per cent. All other loans negotiated during the intervening thirteen years have carried the low rate of two per cent. To the casual observer this may seem a trifling matter, but it is really an important point.

The loan was made for the purpose of reimbursing the Treasury for advances made on account of Panama Canal construction, and the bonds sold are part of an authorized issue of \$290,500,000. It was orig-

inally the government's intention to meet the expenses of building the canal through sales of two-per-cent bonds, and \$84,600,000 were issued, in two lots, before it became evident that no more two-per-cent bonds could be marketed without serious injury to the finances of the country. Aside from national banks, which could use such bonds as security for notes, there were no purchasers, for a two-per-cent security is unattractive to the individual investor. The banks had purchased all that they could use, and if more two-per-cents were issued, the price would decline below par. This, it was feared, would have a bad effect on the public, because it would force the collateral underlying a bank-note to a market value below the face of the note.

It was therefore decided to make the new bonds unavailable as security for bank-notes, and to fix their interest rate at three per cent. In one way, this is an expensive move. For instance, let us assume that the Panama Canal will cost, in round figures, \$500,000,000. The difference between two and three per cent, or a mere one per cent annually, spread over the life of a fifty-year bond, amounts to fifty per cent, involving an increase of \$250,000,000 in the cost of the canal.

Of course, this extra payment is in the shape of interest, and is spread over a period of fifty years, so that future generations will bear much of the increased cost. Moreover, should it result in giving us a sound monetary system, the country will not have paid too dear a price for its object-lesson. It was this matter which President Taft had in mind when, a few days ago, in addressing the New York Bankers' Association, he said:

"There is no legislation—I care not what it is—tariff, railroad, corporation, or of a general political character, that at all equals in importance the putting of our banking

NOTE—All matter in this department was written before the end of June.

and currency system on the sound basis proposed in the National Monetary Commission plan."

Aside from the increased cost of securing the money, the new loan was in every way a success, and the outcome shows that the United States enjoys a credit which places her at the head of the list of the great nations of the world. Taking the average recent price and income yield of the new bonds as a basis, the comparison is as follows:

United States (Panama Canal threes) yield 2.9 per cent.

England (consols) yield 3.10 per cent.

France (rentes) yield 3.15 per cent.

Germany (imperial threes) yield 3.30 per cent.

Whether the remaining portion of the loan will be equally successful remains to be seen. The recent offering was specially favored by the relaxed money market, and by the ability of some banks to substitute the new and higher interest-bearing securities for others less desirable on deposit with the Treasury as security for public money. Such advantages may not exist upon the occasion of future sales.

The recent offering demonstrates two things very clearly—the sound condition of the present investment market, and the urgent necessity of putting our banking and currency system on a sound basis.

LISTED SECURITIES

A CORRESPONDENT in Wichita, Kansas, asks a series of questions which may be of interest to many people little versed in financial matters:

What is a listed security? I know that it is a stock or bond dealt in on a stock exchange, but how does it get there? That is, what are the requirements of listing? Is it not a fact that listed stocks are the kind of stocks that Wall Street speculates in? If such is the case, why is it not better for an investor to buy some other kind of stock that cannot be manipulated?

It is quite true that the listing of a security upon the New York Stock Exchange gives it a broad market—that is, a place in which it may be bought and sold readily. An unlisted stock has a narrower market for resale than one which is listed, or no market at all. This last is the case with ninety-nine out of every hundred companies whose securities are sold by "fiscal agents" through misleading prospectuses, flamboyant advertisements, or glib salesmen.

It is true that stocks which have an immediate market are of the class favored for speculative purposes, for brokers and speculators are live men, and the latter will not deal in dead property; but there are countless stocks and actually billions of bonds listed upon the New York Stock Exchange which never are, and never have been, the playthings of speculators. The fact that a stock is listed on the exchange does not make it speculative; that is the work of men whose inclination leads them to speculate, and who carry on their operations in the recognized market-place.

There are two distinct divisions of the Wall Street market, one speculative, the other dealing with investment. The latter is by far the more important, but it does not appeal to the imagination. It is not the thing that newspapers exploit and muck-rakers denounce, for it is without sensational features.

Vast quantities of listed stocks—the same stocks, in some cases, that speculators choose for their gambling operations—are bought outright for cash by investors because of the elements of marketability and safety that listing gives to a security. Practically all bonds are bought outright for cash. It is through these investment purchases, and not through the speculative operations, that the great enterprises—the railways and the industrial companies—were built up. It is through the investment division of Wall Street that such enormous sums have been furnished to municipalities to build waterworks, gas-plants, trolley-roads, school-houses, public buildings, and the like, throughout the United States.

The vendors of shares of non-reporting and undeveloped enterprises, or of doubtful and worthless propositions, frequently advertise their shares for sale under the pretense that they are non-speculative securities, and therefore better than listed stocks of the Wall Street variety. These men are practising an ingenious form of deception. They are quite well aware that the most important feature of a listed stock is the fact that listing assures the regularity and validity of the issue. They know that the most important function of Wall Street is to provide capital for legitimate enterprises through investment sales, and that the speculative features of the market are its least considerable part.

The most speculative of all securities are those of non-reporting, undeveloped, non-

dividend-paying, prospectus companies. The plausible promoters who play upon the credulity of inexperienced persons do not tell their victims that it is far more speculative and hazardous to put money into a wholly untried enterprise than to embark it in the most speculative of listed stocks. Statistics show that of all the corporations promoted by "fiscal agents," including mining ventures, oil companies, and those dealing with all sorts of patented devices, less than one-half of one per cent ever develop into successful commercial enterprises. From this you may infer in what a tremendous speculation you embark when you buy shares in any prospectus company.

Our Kansas correspondent asks how a stock gets into the "stock list." It gets there on the application of a corporation which is prepared to comply with the listing requirements in force at the New York Stock Exchange. These provisions are stringent, and very few prospectus companies, if any, could comply with them.

For instance, the exchange requires that all corporations admitted to the stock list shall print, publish, and distribute to stockholders, at least fifteen days prior to each annual meeting, a full report of their operations during the preceding fiscal year, a complete and detailed statement of all income and expenditures, and a balance-sheet showing their financial condition.

Of course, none of the wild-cat companies can comply with these provisions. Their ability to sell stock at all depends upon a concealment of the true status of the enterprise. Many of them have no operations at all, or none that they would care to disclose; and as for a detailed statement of receipts and expenditures, or a balance-sheet, if some of the prospectus companies made a truthful report, their officials would subject themselves to criminal prosecution.

Of course, a doubtful company will naturally incorporate in a State which requires no report of operations, and then it will explain its failure to make reports on the plea that to do so would "disclose its affairs to business rivals." This may safely be set down as pure buncombe. There are only a few concerns in the country to-day that can justify the withholding of reports; and a company which will not make a report always has something to conceal.

The necessity of making a report of earnings and presenting a balance-sheet and an income account annually are only a few of

the things demanded of a corporation by the New York Stock Exchange. Here, for instance, are the requirements for the original listing of a railroad company:

The application shall recite the title of the company, date of organization, and authority for the same; amount of authorized capital stock and amount issued; par value, rate of dividend; voting power; if full or partly paid; if personal liability attaches to ownership; if preferred stock is authorized, whether cumulative or non-cumulative, and nature of preference as to dividend, voting power, and distribution of assets; location and route of the road; description of property and total mileage in operation; contemplated extensions; total equipment; amount of mortgage lien; date of maturity and rate of interest, amount of other indebtedness or liability, jointly or severally, for leases, guarantees, rentals, and car-trusts, and terms of payment thereof; distribution of securities, disposition of proceeds of sale; name and location of transfer agent and registrar; address of main office of the company; list of officers and directors; date of annual meeting, end of fiscal year; agreement with the exchange to publish annual reports, to maintain a transfer office in New York City, and to give at least ten days' notice of the closing of the books for any purpose.

The above provisions apply simply to railway stocks. The requirements for the listing of bonds are perhaps four times as long as the above, and go into most minute details as to every feature of the mortgage, to assure absolute validity. The provisions for listing the securities of corporations other than railroads are also exhaustive as to the class and character of property, the former owners—if a consolidation—the evidences of legality of transfer, and countless other particulars.

In addition to all this, innumerable legal papers are required—articles of incorporation attested by secretaries of State; copies of by-laws; resolutions of shareholders authorizing security issues; copies of mortgages and trust deeds; reports of civil engineers as to the completion of work; opinions of counsel as to the validity of issues, the life and special privileges of charters, and the ownership of property in fee; trustee certificates setting forth the amount of securities and the actual numbers of certificates issued; and many other things too numerous to mention in an article like this.

There are in the United States many excellent and well-established corporations whose stocks are not listed on the exchange, and there are a variety of reasons why such is the case. Some of these properties are

"neighborhood concerns"—that is, their stock is held in the immediate vicinity of the plant by persons who know all about them, and they require no general market for their shares. Others have relatively small capitalizations, and the shares are so closely held, and appear for sale so rarely, that it would scarcely be worth while to list them. Still others—and this is the chief reason for the non-listing of some important companies—do not wish to make as full a report of their organization and operations as the exchange requires. The most conspicuous example of this latter character is the Standard Oil Company.

Of course, no intelligent person will confuse a non-listed property, long established, which makes proper reports, with the prospectus companies. The former are not seeking a national market for their shares, for they have already found a market. In directing attention to listed securities, this department is actuated by one motive only—that of indicating to readers the stocks and bonds which, as a class, possess the greatest element of safety.

Naturally, our recommendations are not

to the liking of a certain class of promoters. It appears that some of these men have recently united in an effort to break the force of our warnings by circulating the preposterous yarn that this magazine is the head center of a tremendous scheme to lure unsuspecting persons into the dangerous game of Wall Street speculation. This is really amusing in view of our frequent cautions against speculative operations, and our repeated advice that inexperienced investors should either keep their money in a savings-bank or should confine their transactions to real-estate mortgages and bonds, or, if they wish to purchase stock, should limit themselves strictly to high-grade, dividend-paying securities bought outright for cash.

In the effort of vendors of worthless stock to create the impression that this department is serving some malign purpose of speculative Wall Street, intelligent persons will see nothing but the last desperate effort of certain stock-swindlers to land a few more victims before they light out for foreign parts, or abandon their fraudulent operations under the pressure of criminal proceedings.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

THE SPAR PRODUCTS FAILURE

Please let me know something about the Spar Products Company, promoted by W. H. Green. I invested \$100 in that company after reading in the investment column of *Pearson's Magazine* that it was paying eight per cent dividends and was considered good. I have received only one quarterly dividend. Is there anything the matter with the company?

A. C., Flagstaff, Arizona.

Can you give any information in regard to the Spar Products Company? A new president was recently elected, but the stockholders were not notified.

H. B. P., Greenville, Ill.

Enclosed is a circular recently received from A. B. Young & Co., of 66 West Thirty-Fifth Street, New York, offering stock in the Spar Products Company, which I hear, is bankrupt. Is that the case?

C. A. G., Gallup, New Mexico.

The Spar Products Company has recently informed shareholders that it is insolvent, and that its affairs have been placed in the hands of a receiver. As a company does not usually make admission of insolvency unless it is insolvent, I assume that such is the case; but it might repay shareholders to make further inquiry into the receivership proceedings. They may be regular, but some of the actions of the Spar Products Company are unusual in my experience.

For instance, an undated letter signed by the treasurer announces that a receiver was appointed on May 1. Neither the name of the creditor bring-

ing the action, nor the amount or nature of the defaulted obligation, nor the court in which proceedings were taken, nor the name of the receiver, is given. Simultaneously with the announcement of receivership, a meeting of the shareholders was called for May 15, to discuss a reorganization plan; but as the call is undated, and other details are lacking, I do not know if all the requirements of a legal notice were fulfilled.

At this meeting a readjustment plan was approved which, so far as I can see, amounts to nothing more than a proposition to sell \$120,000 additional preferred stock, par value \$5, at \$4 a share, throwing in an equal amount of common stock as a bonus, and then assessing the common stock twenty-five cents a share and giving it full voting power. A copy of this plan, sent me by a shareholder, does not mention the amount of the company's financial obligations or requirements, and it seems that shareholders were given but eleven days to subscribe to additional stock in an insolvent company.

The proposed plan appears very remarkable to me. Four dollars for preferred stock of a par value of \$5 is 80 per cent. Shares of solvent companies paying dividends sell around that level. I never heard of an insolvent company offering shares to investors at such a figure. From ten to

fifteen cents on the dollar would be nearer the normal price.

An assessment of twenty-five cents a share on the bonus stock, par value \$5, amounts to five cents on the dollar, or 5 per cent. We have the authority of William H. Green, vice-president and treasurer of the Spar Products Company, when that concern was advertising stock for sale, that not a single share of the preferred was owned by the officers of the company; that variety was, and probably still is, in the hands of the public.

The officers had such faith in the project and its tremendous earning capacity, according to Vice-President Green's advertisements, that their holdings in Spar Products were entirely of common stock. Perhaps that is why the company offers additional preferred shares of the insolvent concern to the public at 80, and approves an assessment of five per cent on shares of the class that the officers are said to own. Until I carefully re-read the enthusiastic predictions of Spar Products, contained in the company's booklet "A Million Dollars a Word," and ascertained how the common and preferred stock was distributed, I could not solve the reorganization plan at all, or figure out how shareholders could approve it.

There are said to be sixteen hundred holders of Spar Products Company stock, and every one of them, I feel sure, recalls the enthusiastic reading notices concerning the project which appeared in *Pearson's* and *Hampton's Magazines* and in the booklet circulated by the company. I note that my copy of "A Million Dollars a Word" is marked "Copyright, 1910, A. B. Young." As set forth in one of the letters printed above, A. B. Young & Co., who offered shares of Spar Products a few days before the receivership, have an office at 66 West Thirty-Fifth Street, New York. The Spar Products, when selling stock, aided by Mr. Young's copyrighted book, maintained an office at 47 West Thirty-Fourth Street. The addresses look different, but they are the same; the building runs through from street to street.

Many stocks are offered from this building, sometimes from one end, sometimes from the other. *Hampton's Magazine*, for instance, maintains an office for the sale of stock at the A. B. Young end, 66 West Thirty-Fifth Street; shares of *Pearson's Magazine*, until recently, were distributed from the Spar Products end of the building, 47 West Thirty-Fourth Street. The Potomac Refining Company, now offering untold treasures, of which you may read, just as you did about Spar Products, sometimes in *Hampton's* and sometimes in *Pearson's*, advertises its wares from Young & Co.'s end of the structure, 66 West Thirty-Fifth Street. I have been informed that Mr. Young supervises the distribution of the Potomac Refining shares upon a modest basis of fifty per cent commission, plus five per cent expenses, leaving less than half for the company.

Included among the circulars and papers sent me dealing with the Spar Products receivership is a strange jumble of figures termed a "treasurer's

statement." It contains some interesting items, but no balance-sheet. The amount of outstanding common stock is stated nowhere in the reorganization plan, or the treasurer's statement, but these items do appear:

From sale of preferred stock. \$275,473.68
Commission on sale of preferred stock. . . \$112,447.56

In other words, the company paid nearly 41 per cent to procure its capital in commissions alone, and I suspect that it paid even more, as unspecified sums are credited to advertising.

How does it happen that this small company has paid such an enormous sum as \$112,000 for selling its pitiful \$275,000 of preferred stock? Its advertising, which ran for many months, in the form of reading notices in *Hampton's* and *Pearson's* mentioned no "fiscal agent." The notices appeared over the name of "William H. Green, vice-president and treasurer, Spar Products Company; director, Border State Savings Bank, etc." Inexperienced shareholders naturally inferred that the company was selling its own shares, and that its treasury was receiving the full benefit of the sale.

Perhaps A. B. Young & Co.'s special offerings of Spar Products, just before the receivership, and the fact that the Spar Products Company used A. B. Young's copyrighted book, "A Million Dollars a Word" when it ostensibly was selling its own stock from the same building may serve to identify the "fiscal agent" who first subtracted \$112,447.56, and then turned over to the concern \$163,026.12 out of total sales of \$275,473.68 preferred stock. If I were a shareholder of the Spar Products Company, before buying any more shares in the concern, I would make searching inquiry into the matter of the original sale of stock.

The Spar Products is a Delaware incorporation, with an authorized capital of \$1,000,000, divided into \$400,000 preferred and \$600,000 common stock. How much of this was outstanding on May 1, the date of the receivership, is not stated, but it is important for shareholders to know. It is a provision of the stock corporation law of Delaware that upon the written request of a stockholder or creditor, the principal officers of a Delaware company shall make a signed and sworn statement as to the amount of stock outstanding, the amount paid in, and the manner thereof. The laws also make directors liable for false statements published or given out in written form; those responsible, or assenting, being subject to damages. The payments of dividends from capital make the directors liable for the amount, with interest, during six years succeeding the transaction. Spar Products paid dividends while selling stock.

Shareholders should prosecute a vigorous inquiry into the operation of the company. Furthermore, even if the reorganization plan is adopted, they should ascertain all the details of the stock vote and the new stock issue, and the pedigree of the officers and directors. That is, they should ascertain if any of those newly elected had any

part in the transaction by which so much of the shareholders' money was voted into the pockets of a "fiscal agent."

Personally, I should have no faith in the future of a concern if any of the men who had reduced it to a receivership should continue in the management after being supplied with \$96,000 additional funds by preferred shareholders, who had already contributed \$275,000, of which at least \$112,000 never reached the company's treasury. An assessment of 25 cents a share on the whole common stock issue calls for only \$30,000, and it is this variety of stock which the officers own and which controls the concern.

AN EXPLODED SWINDLE

I write to ask if you think United Wireless Telegraph a good investment at \$22.50 a share? I fear it is a little high. I have about \$6,000 to invest, and will await an early reply.
H. R., Edmonton, Alberta.

It is extraordinary that such an inquiry should be received at this date. Five leading officials of the United Wireless Company have been found guilty of fraud in connection with selling its stock, and have been sentenced to prison for terms ranging from one to three years. Receivers have been appointed for the concern. The value of the stock, in view of the tremendous issue of about \$14,000,000 against property appraised at about \$400,000, has entered the class of things which may be sold by weight instead of notation. A person who has contemplated putting \$6,000 into a venture of this character, and who has escaped doing so, should thank his lucky stars.

The unfortunate experience of thousands of investors who have lost everything in United Wireless ought to serve other thousands as a warning against putting their money into companies dealing in mechanical and electrical devices, oil-wells, mines, and land schemes, the stock of which is offered by prospectus, advertisements, or canvassers.

Our Edmonton correspondent will be well advised if he invests his \$6,000 in municipal or high-grade railway bonds, or in a first mortgage on improved real estate.

A NERVOUS STOCKHOLDER

In view of the fact that the government is proceeding against all corporations, I would like to ask if shareholders of the United States Steel Corporation would lose the sums invested if that company should disband, and would it be wise to sell at once? H. A. B., Providence, R. I.

The United States government is not "proceeding against all corporations." Even if the Department of Justice should decide to take legal action against certain companies for alleged violations of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, the proceedings are not likely to create serious business disturbances.

Naturally no one relishes litigation, or a prosecution for some real or supposed infraction of law; but the Supreme Court of the United States, in its decisions in the cases against the

Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company, has very much clarified the atmosphere for industrial corporations. Both companies were declared illegal and ordered to dissolve or reorganize; but not one dollar of actual property has been destroyed thereby; there was no panic in the stock market, and no added disturbance to general business, as a result of the findings of the court.

The Standard Oil Company is proceeding with the work of resolving itself into its component parts as the Supreme Court directed. The work of reconstructing the American Tobacco Company, so as to render it a lawful corporation, will be carried out under the supervision of the United States Circuit Court. The details of the adjustment plan will not be known much before January, but in the meantime all corporation managers feel assured that the recasting of the companies will work no serious injury to these corporations, or to any others that may find themselves in a similar predicament.

This feeling of assurance grows out of the principles enunciated by the Supreme Court in rendering its decisions. In the first instance, the tribunal holds that the fundamental purpose of the Anti-Trust Act "is to protect, not to destroy, rights of property." It rules that a corporation is not necessarily illegal because it is a big concern, but that legality or illegality should be determined in accordance with "the rule of reason governed by the principles of the common law." It is, therefore, only such corporations as exercise an unreasonable restraint of trade that are illegal; and in all future actions against industrial trusts the reasonableness of the combination will determine its status.

This was evidenced by the recent action of the Federal circuit court in the so-called Harriman merger case, in which the tribunal held that it is lawful for the Union Pacific road to own control of the Southern Pacific.

Whether the government will proceed against the United States Steel Corporation is a question that I cannot determine. Many political demagogues, egged on by stock gamblers and corporation blackmailers, and very possibly by some persons of a higher degree of respectability, have been urging such action. The government itself has been investigating the company through the Bureau of Corporations, and a Congressional committee has been delving into its history; but as Judge Gary, the chairman of the board of directors, has stated, "the corporation is prepared to stand or fall on its record." The company makes exhaustive reports of its affairs, it conceals nothing, and its officials repel the charge that it is a monopoly or monopolistic in tendency.

Judged by the outcome of the government actions against the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company, I see no reason why an investor in United States Steel Corporation securities should be alarmed into sacrificing his holdings on account of any threatened Federal

suit. The Supreme Court decisions in the cases cited safeguard the shareholders' interests. If proceedings should be instituted, even though the case should go against the corporation, no real property would be destroyed. Should it be found that the organization or methods of the company are in any respect illegal, there is no doubt that it would conform to the law, and that the court would grant it every reasonable opportunity to do so, as was done with the Standard Oil and the American Tobacco Companies.

The corporations of this country are not doomed to destruction; they are destined to survive and prosper.

"NEIGHBORHOOD CONCERNS"

Will you kindly give me your opinion of the six-per-cent bonds of the Pottstown Brewing Company, of Pottstown, Pennsylvania, as an investment?

S. D. W., Lewisburg, Pa.

In making the above inquiry, this correspondent adds some words of praise for the financial department of this magazine. These are much appreciated, and make us more than ever anxious to oblige a reader seeking information. But we regret that we cannot do so; and we select this letter of a friend, rather than one from some carping critic, to explain our reasons.

Scattered throughout the United States are countless corporations, such as breweries, potteries, brick-works, foundries, stove-works, broom-factories, furniture-factories, local electric light, traction, gas, and water companies, textile factories, and others in endless variety. Considerable concerns these are, too, in many instances; well managed, good money-makers and well worth the consideration of local investors, who should always give some attention to investment opportunities near at hand.

Companies of such a character are known as "neighborhood concerns"; that is, the industries are supported, for the most part, by the demands of the communities in which they are located, and their securities are owned chiefly by local interests. They have no broad general market, and they seek none. In most instances, it would be undesirable if their securities got into alien hands, and were distributed among persons who had no local pride and no personal interest in the undertakings or their management, and who were concerned solely with what they could get out of the companies.

This department cannot consider such concerns, for two reasons. The wide circulation of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*, which carries it to every habitable country on earth, precludes its consideration of undertakings which have only a very limited market, and which can be of interest to relatively few readers. We have to make it a rule to confine our attention to securities already possessing or seeking a general market, or to types of securities and propositions which are desirable for general investment, not overlooking, from time to time, some questionable or undesirable com-

panies, to illustrate the character of securities which inexperienced persons should avoid.

Moreover, it is very difficult to obtain sufficient information about a "neighborhood concern" to afford a basis for intelligent and authoritative opinion. Very few of them figure in any of the recognized manuals dealing with outside properties; their reports are not readily obtainable; and it is not practicable in every instance to seek the commercial agency reports. Such investigations as this department can make of a "neighborhood concern" can be made as readily by the individual interested in the company, if he will inquire from local banks, from the officials of the company itself, or from shareholders with whom he is acquainted.

This department cannot undertake to make investigations or express opinions upon the desirability of an investment in "neighborhood concerns," small local building and loan associations, or land companies, and a wide variety of miscellaneous enterprises, concerning which information is sought continually. Whenever it is possible to do so, we are willing to assist a reader with a suggestion as to the manner in which he should proceed to secure information about such undertakings, but we cannot assume either the work of investigation or the responsibility of expressing an opinion.

It is unnecessary to say that the foregoing comments have no special reference to the company of which S. D. W. makes inquiry, and that these views are expressed without prejudice to any "neighborhood concern" or local enterprise of which recent inquiry may have been made.

AN OSCAR ADAMS TURNER COMPANY

Can you tell me anything about the Waldo Consolidated Gold Mining Company of Oregon? Are the people O. K. who are promoting it? Do you think it a good buy from a speculative standpoint?

H., New York.

This department does not recommend mining stocks. As a general rule, it does not consider that a mining stock constitutes an investment, and it is unwilling to make any guess on the outcome of a hazardous undertaking. Waldo Consolidated may be a "good buy" from the speculative point of view, or it may be a "good-by" from the point of view of the speculator's money. Time alone can determine this delicate question.

The literature which accompanies the above inquiry mentions Oscar Adams Turner as the promoter of the company. I have been inundated with Mr. Turner's imitation typewritten effusions. They have been reaching me ever since January last. Most of them are marked "confidential," and they proceed upon the assumption that the recipients have previously lost money in mining ventures—a charge which most of my correspondents indignantly resent.

It was reasonably safe for Mr. Turner to assume that any one who had ventured into speculative mining promotions had lost money; but in the case in point, he appears to have confused a list

of genuine investors with one of another variety. Mr. Turner confesses that he himself has been a loser—which, it seems to me, is a mighty poor recommendation for the present venture; but then there is a reference to a rich, ripe, juicy "melon" hidden in the background. If Mr. Turner gains your confidence, and you write inquiring about his game, you will hear something about the Waldo Consolidated Gold Mining Company.

In his confidential communications Mr. Turner directs attention to the fact that he promoted a mine, the Tonopah of Nevada, and that it developed into a dividend-payer. One does not have to rely wholly upon Mr. Turner's statement that he actually floated this mine. Repeated references are made to it in articles now appearing in a monthly magazine, in which George Graham Rice tells the story of his various promotions and activities, under the appealing title: "My Adventures With Your Money."

Mr. Rice is under indictment, awaiting trial for what he did, or is charged with doing, with the money of some twenty-eight thousand clients of the so-called banking-house of B. H. Scheffels & Co. The activities of this concern in promoting and selling mining stock were brought to a sudden and—for the promoters—a most vexatious termination last September, when the United States government raided the concern, seized its books, papers, and "sucker list," and carted off several of its members to jail.

Several times, in the course of his articles, Mr. Rice speaks in warm praise of Mr. Turner as a successful mining promoter, but he makes no reference to the Waldo Consolidated. Mr. Turner, at this writing, has not disclosed his associates, and, in consequence, I am unable to answer my correspondent's question as to other persons back of the undertaking, or to determine whether they measure up to the initials "O. K." Mr. Rice's indorsement of Mr. Turner may satisfy our correspondent, but, as I have said before, this department does not recommend mining stocks.

GERMAN-AMERICAN COFFEE

I own some German-American Coffee stock that cost \$35 a share. The stock is now offered through a broker at \$18.75. Would it be wise to buy some more and reduce the average cost?

Mrs. L. S., Denver, Colo.

I find no reference to the German-American Coffee Company in any of the recognized manuals dealing with outside industrial companies, or anywhere except in the circulars of certain brokers who make a specialty of trading in the shares of prospectus companies and doubtful propositions.

I have been informed that the company started as a retail coffee concern, merged into a coffee-growing enterprise in Mexico, and then took on rubber-culture as a side issue—all without success, except as to the sale of stock.

In its later stages the company passed under the control of one Abraham Lincoln, an individual bearing no known relationship to the martyred

President, who was the author of the famous saying: "You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

It does not seem to me that L. S. would improve her position by adding to her holdings of German-American Coffee stock. It is a security of a sort in which we do not advise investment.

THE POTOMAC REFINING COMPANY

What do you think of the preferred stock of the Potomac Refining Company as an investment? It is offered at \$5 a share, with forty per cent bonus of common stock.
J. H. F., Sac City, Iowa.

It is not an investment. If he wishes to take a highly speculative chance on the company's development, J. H. F. can do so if he pleases; but before buying stock in an enterprise of this character, promoted as this company is promoted, he should determine whether the concern is selling its stock, or whether it is being sold by a "fiscal agent," ostensibly through the company. A shareholder should always know how much of his money reaches the company's treasury, and how much stays in the pocket of a selling agent.

J. H. F. might also read some remarks about the Potomac Refining Company which appeared in *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE* for February last, on page 689.

SOME SAFE RAILROAD BONDS

Will you please give me a list of first mortgage prior lien or underlying bonds of standard railways bearing four per cent? I want such because I am living upon an income with a small surplus, and I am unable from poor health ever to resume active work. Safety is what appeals to me first of all. I desire to purchase bonds whose price will not exceed their par value.

RETIRED PHYSICIAN, Washington, D. C.

Confining the selection to the bonds of standard railways, the following ten issues conform to the requirements of the inquiry:

Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé general mortgage fours of 1995.

Baltimore and Ohio first mortgage fours of 1949. Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, Illinois Division, fours of 1949.

Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul general mortgage, series A, fours of 1989.

Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific general mortgage fours of 1988.

Central Pacific first refunding fours of 1949. New York, Chicago, and St. Louis first mortgage fours of 1937.

St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba, Montana Extension, fours of 1937.

Northern Pacific prior lien fours of 1997.

Reading Company general mortgage fours of 1997.

All the foregoing bonds, at this writing, are selling at prices slightly under par, and, in consequence, net four per cent or a trifle better. The holder of such securities need never lie awake at night worrying over his investments, for his principal is safe and his income assured.

THE KINGDOMS OF THE WORLD*

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURER," "THREE SPEEDS FORWARD," ETC.

XLI

AT this the old man bent forward, and breathed the name of that emperor-king whose dominions embrace a dozen countries, and are, with one exception, the largest in Europe. Here, for obvious reasons, it must be omitted, though in that cabin it was uttered aloud, and quavered on the lips of the emperor-king himself.

Matt repeated it with amazement, as a hundred pictures of the man before him recurred to his mind—pictures in magazines and newspapers, in geography books and school histories. He rose respectfully, and bowed.

"Your majesty!" he exclaimed.

"Be seated," commanded the benignant voice. "Yes, I am that personage, who, whatever his faults, deserves the consideration—the compassion—of mankind. Now is it clearer to you who it is I seek?"

"No," returned Matt, with ill-suppressed agitation. "No, your majesty."

"I will tell you," said the emperor-king, hardly less moved, his trembling hands plucking at the coverlet. "The friend whom you served with such devotion is—my son!"

That terrible tragedy in which the crown prince was supposed to have taken his life came back to Matt in waves of recollection. He remembered the stir it had made, the shock of horror, the profound mystery in which the affair was shrouded. He remembered the endless speculations as to what had actually happened in that lonely hunting-lodge; some maintaining that the beautiful young baroness had killed herself rather than be forsaken, causing the prince to blow out his own brains from remorse; others, that it had been a double suicide, a death-pact, deliberately conceived and as

deliberately executed by the heir to one of the greatest kingdoms of the world.

Matt was dumfounded. He could not utter a word. Was it possible, was it conceivable that John Mort was the—

"You know the story that the world knows," continued the old man. "You know the story that I myself believed for thirty-six hours, till—" He hesitated, lowered his voice, and looked about him. "Listen," he went on. "I mean to hide nothing from you. It is true that the young baroness threw caution to the winds and followed the prince there; it is true that she shot herself; it is true that my son in his frenzy tried to turn the same pistol against his own breast.

"To face such a scandal seemed impossible; to escape seemed worse. In either event the throne would be shaken to its foundations, and my son's name blackened beyond redemption. He had a valet named Zeitz—Ludwig Zeitz—one of those faithful simpletons who are sublime in that devotion which our house has ever inspired. This fellow, who affected to copy the prince, and who was proud beyond measure of a resemblance which no one saw but himself, threw himself at my son's feet. He would shoot himself, he said; his body would be mistaken for that of the prince; death atones for everything, and my son, unpursued, might pass the frontiers without detection, and lose his identity in the countless millions beyond.

"His proposal was disregarded, and treated as a gross impertinence; he was roughly silenced and ordered to hold his tongue, while my son, in the midst of his comrades, persisted like a madman in his desire to die. Suddenly there was a report, and they rushed in to find this Zeitz lying beside the woman, with the top of his head blown off. He had dressed himself in my

* Copyright, 1910, by Lloyd Osbourne, in the United States and Great Britain. This story began in the January number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*

son's clothes; had taken my son's rifle, and had resolved the matter in his own hare-brained way. But at that moment, in their dismayed state, it seemed to my son and his friends the solution of everything. They did not wait to ask how the corpse of the valet could pass the examination that would necessarily follow. My son mounted a horse and fled.

"As I said, for thirty-six hours the imposture was not questioned. But the doctors could not be deceived; the body was unmistakably that of Ludwig Zeitz. I myself stood before it, as it lay naked on their table, and confirmed their opinion. My feelings toward my son were very bitter; he had dishonored the imperial name; I exaggerated in my heart the harm he had done my house and me—though God knows that that harm was great enough. With the connivance of the doctors, I accepted the imposture. The public had accepted it, and I decided to leave the world in ignorance.

"It was not until years afterward—in 1898, when the empress was taken from me under the most horrible circumstances—that I found in her papers some facts of startling import. Her extravagance, which had been the talk of Europe, and to me a perpetual source of discord, had its origin in a great debt, incurred in 1890, on which she had since been paying excessive interest, as well as steadily diminishing the principal. And the one who had obtained that great sum was no other than my unhappy son, who had gone to her in his extremity, and had thus acquired the means to hide himself in the uttermost parts of the earth.

"There is nothing the world will not condone or forget, and in twenty years a new generation arises, to whom the scandals of the old are of slight significance. Men, too, are less uncharitable than we believe them. I began to ask myself whether my son might not return; whether, indeed, his act were so irreparable as it had seemed. Was not the reunion of father and son, so long separated, calculated to soften the hardest? My people love me; I have no need to surround myself with guards and secret agents; as I move among them, often with my little grandchildren on either side, clinging to my hands, my reception is one to touch the heart. I can see eyes moisten; honest faces brighten; everywhere that look of good-will, of affection, not—I am proud to believe—for the old emperor alone, but for the man he is and has tried to be.

"Surely, I said to myself, they will be with me if I recall my son. The sight of an old father, white-haired and broken, holding out his arms in forgiveness, is one too human, too affecting, to be met with scorn. They also will forgive, every father among them, every mother, every son. Then it was I began my search, sending forth agents to every corner of the globe. It went on for years without the least success, until my special bureau, whose service it was to read every paper printed, learned of you in Manaswan, and seized a clue we were not slow to follow. I sent my chief of the secret police to New York, with unlimited powers and unlimited money. He surrounded you with an army of spies, who reported to him, and then to me by cable; everything was done, permissible or sometimes not permissible, to gain from you that information for which I would have given all the life I have left.

"There is the story, Mr. Broughton. I make no offers of reward; I make no threats; both, I appreciate now, were mistaken. I simply ask you—beg you—to tell me where my son is."

For a while Matt remained silent, too dazed to answer.

"I must make a single stipulation," he said, at length; "that we land together, alone, you and I—and, if your majesty will permit, my wife—and if your son decides to stay, you will promise to respect his wishes."

"He will come," said the emperor. "My son will not refuse."

Matt thought of Mirovna, and was less positive. He debated whether he should inform the old man of her existence, but refrained.

"I can do nothing without your majesty's promise," he said. "The decision must be left to the prince; he must be free to choose—free to stay if he prefers."

"Certainly I promise that," returned the emperor, with a touch of querulousness. "Compulsion would be worse than wrong; it would be ridiculous. Why do you still hesitate? It is not kind to keep me in suspense."

"I am not hesitating, your majesty; I am only asking myself whether you may not be mistaken in thinking my friend to be your son."

"Mistaken? How is it possible to be mistaken? That ring he gave you—it was one he always wore. The tenacity you have

shown in guarding his name and his story, does it not speak of the most peremptory instructions? The money you spent on his behalf in Sydney, Brisbane, Thursday Island, Tahiti, Guayaquil, San Francisco, was it not invariably in Bank of England notes, whose numbers accorded with those given us by the English officials? Why, for eleven years, those notes, which we knew came from him, formed the clue which we ceaselessly attempted to follow. Moreover, Mr. Satterlee is positive that you recognized the miniature he showed you. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, the resemblance was remarkable."

"My son is now forty-seven years of age. Does that not accord?"

"It does—though he appears somewhat older."

"Is he not a violinist of exceptional talent? It was that reference in the newspaper accounts of you which first attracted our attention."

"Again you are right—though I should not call it talent, but genius."

"Look at this photograph—almost the last taken of him. Have you still any doubts?"

"No, it is John Mort."

"John Mort?"

"That is the name by which I have known him."

"Mort, you say? Mort! Ah, how like him to choose such a name! Tell me of him; describe him to me; I want to know everything—everything."

"But who was the gentleman who offered me a hundred thousand dollars in Manaswan?"

"A celebrated criminal lawyer of New York, whom Frankasch, my chief of the secret police, retained, among others, to assist him—a very clever, able man, who proved himself invaluable."

"And the schooner, the Esmeralda—how was it contrived to have her timed to meet me?"

"She had been bought from the first, and was manned by a special detail of picked naval officers. Frankasch suspected you would return to San Francisco, for that is the gateway to the Pacific, and it became a part of his plan to get you there as soon as he discovered he could not bribe you. The vessel lay there for more than four months, while no efforts were spared to make it impossible for you to remain in

Eastern America. Admiral von Tripwitz—to you, Brandeis—spoke too little English, and therefore, for that as well as other reasons, it seemed wiser to have as nominal commander an agent of the secret service—Schwartz."

"And how were those jewelers—Snood & Hargreaves—induced to treat me as they did?"

"Oh, that was simple. They were shown long official cablegrams from Europe, vouched for by our consul, warning them that the ring had been stolen. All they required was to be indemnified against a possible lawsuit, and to have returned to them the money they had advanced you. When these matters were settled to their satisfaction, and a substantial bond given, they made no difficulty in surrendering the ring to the consulate. Your letter, and then your telegram, were handed to the consul, who, on the telegraphed orders of Frankasch, replied to you as he was directed. Of course he knew nothing; he merely obeyed orders. But you must not think our surveillance was limited to San Francisco. The whole western coast, from Vancouver to San Diego and Mazatlan, was under a constant watch."

"Your majesty will, of course, give directions that Snood & Hargreaves shall be undeceived? It would not be fair that I should remain in their estimation—a thief!"

"No, no, no; you do not understand, Mr. Broughton! Frankasch never accused you of theft. It suited his purpose to make you out innocent—a sailor who had picked up the ring for a trifle, for he would have been glad had you brought suit against the jewelers, in order to force you to tell how you came into possession of the ring. It was even arranged to guide you to a lawyer who should betray your confidence. Shameful, yes—detestable—but were we not justified?"

Matt paused, trying to grasp the immensity of the conspiracy of which he had been the victim. What tens of thousands had been lavished, what care and skill had been employed—to close the net about him. Every Western seaport watched; New York the headquarters of a veritable general of detectives; the Esmeralda in ambush with her picked crew—on what a gigantic scale it all had been prepared, with what secrecy and thoroughness!

And more stirring even than this was the

thought of John Mort, now revealed as a prince of imperial blood, and soon, perhaps, to be a king, an emperor, with armies, fleets, and palaces, with salvos of artillery as he moved in state. John Mort! With his wild past, his self-imposed exile, his tragically divided life—what a poignant figure, pacing the sands of his lonely island, and seeing, not the combers thundering against the coral, nor the palms bending in the wind, but that far-off lodge in the mountains of his native land, and the blood trickling from a woman's breast!

But the old man did not suffer this reverie to continue. He had unrolled a chart, and had flattened it out, not without difficulty, on the bed. Painfully excited, with his emaciated hands shaking, and his voice senile and broken, he besought Matt to show him the spot where his son was.

"There," said Matt, running his finger over the sheet to a speck marked "Reef, e. d." "There, your majesty!"

The chart bore a number of little crosses roughly penciled and strung together, each with its date—the ship's course, plotted from day to day. Matt regarded the last cross carefully, and estimated that Lotoalofa was some five degrees to the eastward and about a degree and a half south of their present position.

The old emperor bowed his head over the chart, and seemed to be struggling with a terrible emotion. Then he looked up, white and drawn, as if on the point of fainting; but he silenced Matt's exclamation with a gesture.

"Call Admiral von Todloben," he gasped, falling back on his pillows. "I must instruct him to alter the ship's course at once."

XLII

By dusk the next day, wind and sea had fallen to a profound calm; the masthead vanes drooped; the ship might have been steaming over a summer lake. In her sweltering depths her engines, pressed as they had never been pressed before, throbbed hoarsely, with the needle of every gage shivering at the zenith. Her decks seemed to arch and fall back at each mighty revolution; the great stacks darkened the evening sky with the deeper black of smoke, belching forth a fourfold torrent, sometimes lit by a fury of sparks, or high-leaping tongues of flame. The enormous hull, urged to the limit of her speed, rolled up before her a wide line of broken water,

gleaming with phosphorescence, as if turned to liquid gold, and crisply splashing in an unending cadence.

Lotoalofa was in sight, a straggling row of dots to those on the bridge; surf, beaches, palms, and shining shadowy lagoon to the watchers in the foretop.

Gathered on the bridge, and surrounding the venerable monarch, who reclined in a deck-chair, was the little party privileged to be with him—Matt with binoculars to his eyes, standing beside stout old Todloben, and overtopping him by a head; Chris, in an officer's cloak, seated on the elongated end of the emperor's chair, a position of honor to which she had been specially called; Brandeis, now Admiral von Tripwitz, in a borrowed, ill-fitting uniform, punctiliously remaining aloof from the frequent consultations; Captain Count Hoyos, the nominal commander of the ship, a dark, fine-looking man of aristocratic appearance; the navigating officer, an eager, guttural, energetic person; and, last of all, Schwartz, who sat by himself on a camp-stool, very humbly and respectfully, as if much overcome at being in such exalted company.

As night closed in, an animated discussion took place, with Matt in the center of the group, and for the moment the most important individual there—for it turned on him whether or not the vessel was to hold her position till morning, or venture the entrance of the lagoon by moonlight.

Matt's own counsel was for caution, for the man-of-war drew twenty-six feet of water; and while he felt reasonably sure of piloting her safely through the northern channel—there was another, the western channel, deeper but more tortuous—he shrank from assuming so great a responsibility in the dark. Twenty-six feet made an immense draft; a cloud across the moon might easily imperil the ship; the lagoon was thick with coral patches, any one of which might pierce her plates.

Admiral von Todloben sided with Matt, as did the captain and the navigating lieutenant; but the old emperor, lying in the deck-chair, could not be made to appreciate the risk. He reiterated his request to have the ship taken in at once. From suave he became impatient, and the strain of his suspense showed itself in an outburst that cowed all but Matt into a sullen submission.

"Your majesty is unwise," he said

bluntly, waiting till the old man had recovered his sorely shaken composure. "If you will permit me to suggest it, why not take one of the steam pinnaces in, and let the ship hold off till dawn?"

This simple expedient was hotly resisted by the officers, to whom the personal security of the emperor was of almost sacred importance; but the latter was more than pleased with the idea, and welcomed it enthusiastically. He scouted all objections, and seemed to put aside his bodily weakness, rising in their midst, and astonishing every one by his unexpected vigor as he ordered the pinnace to be made ready.

After that there were no more protests; one may argue with a sick man on his couch, but on his feet the emperor was enhaled by an authority which none dared question. The boatswain's whistle piped; men and officers came running to their stations; the winches rent the air with their irritating clack.

While the pinnace was being hoisted out, and steam raised in her boiler, the warship's search-light began to flash its dazzling and spreading beam; and as if in answer, a spot of light glimmered on the horizon like a red-hot coal. It was a primitive beacon, brightly burning on the beach of the island, to help the ship keep her position and ride out the night without danger.

Such concern for strangers surprised Matt, and made him wonder. In his whole previous experience but three vessels had ever entered the lagoon; and John Mort had resented their intrusion and shortened their stay with the utmost bitterness—refusing them water and fire-wood, banning any intercourse, and disputing, rifle in hand, their right to land. In contrast, this friendly beacon struck Matt as odd indeed, and at variance with everything he remembered. But he had little time to give to such reflections, for the pinnace was soon ready, and they descended the gangway and took their places in her cockpit—the emperor, Chris, and Todloben, with himself at the tiller.

Although the island seemed near, it was half an hour before they reached the edge of the breakers, and skirted them, groping for the entrance. The night was pitch-black, and the hiss of the surf was Matt's only guide. In his fear of overshooting the pass, he kept the pinnace in so close that she was caught in the back-wash, and occasionally rolled her gunwales under. The

launch was a heavy little tub, and for all her noise made very poor speed.

When the moon finally rose, and showed them the low, whitened shores of the island, densely fringed with palms, Matt, as he picked up his landmarks, was annoyed to find his pains had gone for nothing, and that he was still a good six miles from the break in the reef.

It was another hour before they turned into it, and opened the lagoon beyond. The beauty of that vast lake in the moonlight hushed every mouth. Not a breath stirred on it; its silvery expanse stretched away unbroken, unruffled, to the rim that held it virgin from the sea. There it lay within its cup of coral, ineffably peaceful, mirroring the moon. Far over the water were the lights of a settlement, sparkling like fireflies among the trees.

The old emperor drew his cloak more closely about him, though none but he was conscious of any chill, and stirred restlessly, as if in the throes of an uncontrollable impatience. His silence had the weight of a command; no one spoke; the bustling launch, throwing up on either side a ripple of phosphorescence, alone disturbed the stillness.

The settlement, embowered in palms, grew more distinct; roofs showed, coral walls, drawn-up canoes, the long stone pier—all touched with the magic of the tropic night. How familiar it was—how exquisitely beautiful! To Matt it was a homecoming; he inhaled with joy the scent of frangipani and pandanus blossom wafted over the lagoon; his hand clasped his wife's in delight.

The end of the pier was clustered with natives, who stood waiting without a sound for the boat to approach. It made a bumpy landing at the stone-steps, the boathooks scraping the slimy sides of the pier, and bringing it slowly to rest. Matt leaped out first, crying "*Talofa!*" right and left, and was mobbed in the throng of half-naked humanity that surged about him, calling and repeating his name with unrestrained joy. Then what nose-rubbing! What excitement! What a rush and jostle of Kanaka affection!

But what was Peau saying? Peau, grave and dignified even in that press, with his chiefly carriage and earnest eyes. To be prepared for evil tidings? What did he mean? Where was the chief? What was all this about the hand of God?

"*Oifea le ali'i?*" he asked again, in an agony of apprehension. "*Se'i faamatala mai le uinga o lau puapunga. Po ua ngasengase le ona, po—*"

"*Ua maliu, Matthew!*"

"*Maliu?*"

The words went through his heart like a knife. For a moment he could not speak. It was the emperor, clutching at his sleeve, who roused his stricken faculties.

"Where is he?" quavered the old man. "Why is he not here?"

Matt did not know how to answer.

"*Ma le tamaita'i so'o?*" he inquired of Peau, beset with a fresh dread.

"*Aue, ua maliu fo'i, Matthew. Na ia fasiotia e lona lava lima ma le fana faataamilo.*"

"Where is he?" reiterated that quavering voice.

"His majesty addresses you," added Todloben, scandalized at the American's backwardness.

Matt could hardly say it. He looked helplessly from the one to the other.

"He is dead!" he said at last.

XLIII

THE old man tottered, and would have fallen, had not Matt sustained him. He was assisted to an upturned canoe, where he sat, half fainting, supported by Todloben. Here, in a space left by the natives, who had withdrawn respectfully to a little distance, he gradually rallied. He beckoned Matt to him, and in a tone strangely colorless, and so low that it was almost a whisper, he asked:

"When did it happen?"

"He tells me it was about four months ago," returned Matt. "It was a fever; he was hardly ill two days, though for some time before he had suffered attacks of pain; he passed away suddenly, and was conscious, and without any thought that he was in danger till little more than an hour before the end."

"And did he leave no word, no letter?"

Matt translated the question to Peau.

"No, excellency," replied the latter in Samoan. "Though I asked him for one in our protection, lest we be accused of his death. But he answered mockingly that he did not intend to die, and that Mirovna was there to speak for us."

Matt repeated this with some omissions. Then, determining to conceal nothing, he went on:

"He was not alone, your majesty; he had with him here a young and beautiful woman, who loved him devotedly, and who killed herself on his grave. He called her Mirovna, and I knew her by no other name. She was a very beautiful woman. They are buried side by side.

The old man listened unmoved.

"It is not for me to judge her," he said; and with this comment never referred to Mirovna again.

For a long while he remained silent, and sunk in a sort of stupor. At last he rose unsteadily to his feet, and asked to be taken to the grave.

"It is the end of my long journey," he said. "The end of many, many things!"

The little party, guided by Peau, took their way ashore, and followed him along the path that led across the narrow width of the island. The moonlight streamed through the palms, outlining on the sandy floor the giant branches that met overhead. Here and there a spreading jack-fruit cast a blacker shadow through which they struggled like men in a cavern. Occasionally they passed boggy pits, steaming miasmatically; orange-trees of penetrating fragrance, groves of bananas, rustling their tattered leaves, and grown together in an impenetrable jungle.

Soon, however, they emerged from this zone of cultivation, and with the drone of the seaward breakers in their ears, found themselves in a barren region, broken in little hillocks, and open to the unshaded brilliancy of the moon.

Here, in a shady hollow, and unutterably melancholy in their aspect, stood two small wooden crosses, painted white, surmounting a pair of narrow mounds, side by side.

They stopped before them; the white men uncovered; Peau, who wore nothing on his glistening black hair, reverently inclined his head.

"Which is my son's?" asked the emperor, gazing at the ground.

Peau pointed to the nearest grave.

"The chief sleeps there," he said in native to Matt; and then, with a shudder of recollection: "The stones were wet with Mirovna's blood, and the *fana faataamilo* so clenched in her hand that I could not take it from her—no, excellency, I could not; and thus it was buried with her, all marveling at the fierceness of her grasp."

The old emperor had fallen on his

knees in prayer, with one arm about the cross. It seemed a sacrilege to watch him, though not an eye was dry, and the rugged Todloben was shaking with sobs. The unceasing moan of the surf, the weirdness and loneliness of the spot, that frail, tragic figure crouching in the moonlight—all affected the little company profoundly. It was a relief to every one when the emperor staggered to his feet, and with pitiable resolution turned away.

Nothing was said; the unspoken wish was obeyed; they slowly retraced their steps, the old man walking apart, unassisted. In this funereal manner they reached the pier, where the emperor at last broke the oppressive silence.

"And you?" he asked, turning to Matt. "Tell me what I may do for you; tell me how I can reward you."

Matt did not know what to say. In fact, as he began to realize his own situation, he felt greatly cast down. What, indeed, was to become of him and Chris? To go or to stay appeared equally impossible. Here they were with nothing but the clothes they stood in, waifs where they had expected a home and welcome. He did not answer, though perplexity and dismay were evident on his face.

"You are right," continued the emperor. "It is for me to give, not for you to ask. Would it please you—would it content you—to remain on this island, and receive it from me as a gift?"

"Oh, your majesty; nothing in the world could make me happier!"

"Then assemble these natives, and let us inform them that you are now the master."

"It is not necessary, your majesty; they will believe me when I tell them."

"And I must do more," went on the old man, with pathetic earnestness. "That sum once offered you as a bribe, and so honorably refused—it must also be yours. I shall send it to you by a vessel, and if then you find this isolation greater than you can bear, my officers will be instructed to take you wherever you wish."

Matt was overwhelmed.

"I should be most glad of the vessel," he said, after stammering his thanks. "But as for money, what there is here must already be a fortune."

"Accept the one from me, and the other from my son," returned the emperor. "Good-by, my friend, and keep us both in your remembrance, as I on my part will ever cherish you in mine."

With another word to Chris, whose hand he bent over and saluted with stately courtesy, he descended into the pinnace and took his place with Todloben. The latter looked up and raised his cap; as he did so, the boat was pushed off, and the water began to boil under her stern. A moment later she was skimming over the lagoon toward the lights of the man-of-war, now twinkling at the entrance of the pass. Matt and Chris, hand in hand, gazed after her spellbound.

A deprecatory cough brought them back to earth.

"The great house has been prepared for the reception of your excellencies," said Peau. "And if it be in your high-chief desire, a trifling repast of turtle and *palusami* awaits your condescension."

THE END

THE HOUSE OF SONG

THIS is the house of song!
Violin and guitar,
And the zither there belong,
Bar upon perfect bar!

Bird-note, stream-note—list!
Every subtle sound
Of the wind, rapt lutanist,
These may be therein found!

Hearkening, I rejoice;
Love, how the visions throng!
All through your golden voice
This is the house of song!

Clinton Scollard